

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

September

Ten Cents



THE LEADING MYSTERY
STORY OF THE YEAR

“Calamity House”

BY MABEL
BROUGHTON BILLET

180,000 Net Paid — “Canada’s Greatest Magazine”

STRONG SOAPS

did this

SOAP ROTTED
THREADS TEAR
EASILY

not
Johnny



"Look at Johnny's blouse!"
said Beth, "I can't see
why it TORE so EASILY!"

* * *

I had to WARN her against
her STRONG granulated SOAP
"You know how HARD
it is on your HANDS," I said.
"Well, it must be just
as HARD on your CLOTHES.

* * *

"I want you to try CHIPSO,"
I said, "It's GUARANTEED
to have NO FREE LYE!"

* * *

It's HONEST RICH SOAP
in CHIPSO that SOAKS
the clothes so CLEAN!
And you'll know that
CHIPSO is SAFE by the way
it SMOOTHS your HANDS!"

MADE IN CANADA



"Who says cheap
soap chips are
a saving?"

I trust only Chipso—
that's guaranteed safe!

I didn't use my HEAD when I tried
out those CHEAP SOAP CHIPS!
I got what I PAID for—POOR SOAP—
and COLORED clothes got FADED!

* * *

My best FRIEND said to try CHIPSO,
"It's MADE by PROCTER & GAMBLE,
and it's GUARANTEED to have
NO free LYE to weaken CLOTHES!"

* * *

CHIPSO gives the BIGGEST VALUE in
SUDS that I've yet to SEE—
They certainly SOAK OUT DIRT—
but leave the STRENGTH in MATERIALS!

* * *

GET WEAR out of your CLOTHES
—with safe CHIPSO SUDS!



"My hands tell
me that

Chipso is safe . . .
safe even for colored silks"

I've DEAF EARS to any talk about
CHEAP CHIPS or GRANULATED SOAP!
I changed to CHIPSO when my GROCER
told me, "Mrs. Johns, CHIPSO is
SAFE—even for SILKS!"

* * *

SHEER STOCKINGS and SILK UNDIES
—even colored SILKS—wash perfectly
in those rich safe CHIPSO suds!

* * *

And now I wash DISHES with CHIPSO
my MANICURIST says my HANDS
are so much SMOOTHER!

* * *

It's wonderful to DEPEND upon CHIPSO.
It SOAKS clean the FAMILY WASH—
yet it's so SAFE for
EVERYTHING!

CLOTHES
COST
MONEY

Chipso

MAKES CLOTHES WEAR LONGER





WOMEN *must* *break down the* BARRIERS

that have been placed
about an intimate subject
of a generation older
than ours . .

WOMEN today would not care to be bound by the restrictions that hedged in their mothers. Intelligent though they may have been—those women of a former generation—advanced though they may have been for their time—those women often knew fear. There was no reliable source of information for them, no safe place for them to seek the knowledge they so badly needed.

It may have been just as well. For the practice of feminine hygiene was then fraught with danger. More than knowledge was needed. There actually was no safe method to follow.

Why there was no safe way

The only strong antiseptics in other days were terrible, caustic poisons. And no matter how much doctors were in sympathy with women who demanded surgical cleanliness, they could not, they would not approve the use of

poisons. Their attitude is exactly the same today. When a woman questions her physician about certain antiseptics for feminine hygiene he is likely to ask a couple of questions: Would you rinse your mouth with a solution of one of these poisons? How then *can* you apply it to the most delicate membranes of the human body?

Zonite removes all worry

Naturally you would expect that modern scientific research could produce a germicide that was at once strong and safe. It could. *It has.* Many women still do not know, but it has. Look at Zonite. *This remarkable antiseptic-germicide is far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that can be allowed on the human body.*

Zonite removes all cause for worry. Non-caustic, non-poisonous Zonite can never do any damage. Women are most grateful for its strength, its effectiveness—and its safety. Used for dozens of other antiseptic purposes besides

feminine hygiene. No embarrassment, therefore, about it. Bottles cost 30c, 60c and \$1.00.

Intimate information book

Every woman wants to have all possible information. She can never be sure about the advice she gets from friends. However, she need have no fear regarding anything in "Facts for Women." She will really know all when she has finished reading. Might have been daring a few years ago. Not today. It is free. Send coupon. Zonite Products Corporation, Ltd., Ste Therese, P.Q.

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Please send me free copy of the booklet or booklets checked below.

- ☐ Facts for Women
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

NAME
ADDRESS
CITY PROVINCE

Sluggish . . . Irritable Run-Down ?



"By all means try YEAST"

advises DR. ZUELZER
of Berlin

*Don't feel only "half-
well"! Read the advice
this famous doctor gives*

"WHEN we consider that food residues, instead of leaving the body within twenty-four hours, sometimes remain in the intestines for days, it is not surprising that some people have headaches, indigestion, coated tongue, bad breath, poor appetite, skin troubles, irritability, lowered vitality."

That is how Dr. Georg Zuelzer, of Berlin, Germany, explains the effects of chronic constipation. Dr. Zuelzer is physician-in-chief of the great Lankwitz Hospital, and the author of the famous medical textbook, "Innere Medizin."

We asked Dr. Zuelzer what he advised for sluggish intestines.

"For twenty-five years," he replied, "I have fought this battle—that 'cathartics and laxatives injure the intestines and consequently the health. They cannot correct constipation. Fresh yeast does correct constipation.'"

"By all means," he added, "try it, if you 'are sluggish and 'run-down.'"

Eaten regularly, 3 cakes a day—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime — Fleischmann's Yeast has a remarkably stimulating effect on "tired" intestines. At the same time it softens accumulated wastes so they can be expelled easily.

Thus normal elimination is fostered, appetite restored. You digest your meals better. And as yeast continues to "tone" and purify your system, your strength picks up—"pep returns."

If you want to enjoy perfect health, begin eating Fleischmann's Yeast now. Eat it just plain, or in water (a third of a glass). At grocers, drug stores, restaurants and soda fountains.

DR. WEICKSEL, famous German authority on internal diseases, says: "I have prescribed fresh yeast for a very large number of patients suffering from . . . disturbances brought on by chronic constipation. In such cases yeast has, in my experience, been the only effective remedy."



IMPORTANT

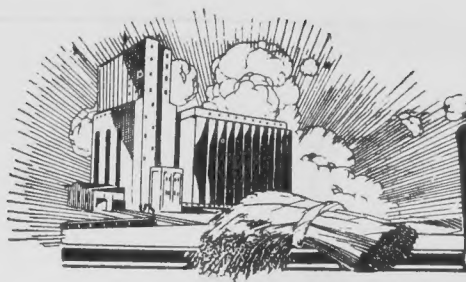
Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in vitamins B, G and D—the kind famous doctors advise. Write for booklet. Dept. W9, Standard Brands Ltd., 802 Dominion Sq. Bldg., Montreal, P. Q.

"My doctor advised me to eat it"

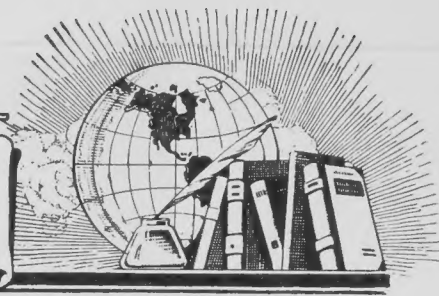
"I was going to business college and trying to do too much work," writes Miss Helen Mitchell of Toronto. "I became terribly run-down. Felt sleepy after meals, lost my appetite and my skin was bad. My whole system was sluggish . . . My doctor told me to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. It cleared out my system and now I feel grand. I have a good complexion, too."

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EDITORIAL



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Equitism

IT IS not a very dignified story but it contains a very useful moral lesson. An unsuccessful fisherman stopped at a spring to quench his thirst, and just as he rose from his knees a young boy came along with a fine string of trout. "How much do you ask for them?" inquired the fisherman. "Three dollars," said the boy. "Isn't that a great sum to ask for half a dozen little fish?" said the man. "Well," said the lad, "You don't pay much for that water right here, but you would pay a million dollars for a drink of it, if you were in Hades."

There is no commodity which has a fixed value at all times and in all places. A bushel of wheat is valued at less than half of its quoted price of three years ago. Real estate has lost from one-half to four-fifths of its value, and even a dollar is worth only eighty-five cents compared with the dollar across the line.

This change in the value of a dollar is embarrassing indeed, and to some it seems unjust. A man who borrows a hundred dollars for a year, may find himself lucky or unlucky when the time of repayment comes. Similarly if he borrowed one hundred bushels of wheat when the market price was a dollar a bushel, he would be lucky if he were permitted to pay back in wheat, the price having declined to sixty cents.

This variation in the price of commodities with time and place naturally leads to confusion, and it is only lessened a little by the use of a medium—gold or other currency. It is now proposed by the equitists that the unit of trade be an hour's work. One could only wish that this would solve the problem. It certainly will not do so unless definite regulations are made and enforced with regard to work. At any time a dollar has a fixed value as between two neighbors, but an hour's work is the most variable thing under the sun. Fifty years ago a bricklayer would set in place twice as many bricks as a workman of today, because the limit is now fixed in many cases by organized unions. And in any business, trade or profession, it is clear that some can and will do twice as much in an hour as others, because they have greater ability or willingness to work. Then again, there are workers with hands, whose output can be measured directly, there are others like preachers, teachers, philosophers, whose work can not be measured at all.

There is in equitism a fine protest against the present theory of exchange, against earning for profit rather than for use and against amassing of great wealth and hoarding, but the practical difficulties in making it a working principle are so many that we do not have very great hope that it will in our day become effectual.

It is quite possible that this shows that we misunderstand the theory advanced by these worshippers of work. If so, the fault lies with them. They have not succeeded in making themselves clear. Any economic theory is workable only if it applies to all members of the community.

After all it seems that the only sure way of bettering conditions is to better the hearts of men. In a well-ordered family there is mutual exchange of services without bickering and fighting. The well-ordered family is the model for society. There is bound to be trouble under our present faulty system of exchange or any other system if each individual or each class is self-seeking.

All the Traffic Will Bear

THERE is a limit beyond which people can not go in safety. When taxes are raised unduly people cannot pay; when street railways increase their fares unduly people find other ways of travelling; when dining-cars charge too much, people carry their lunch with them on the train; when gasoline is taxed too highly, people cease using their cars. The golden mean must be respected.

Nothing illustrates this better than the actions of governments in imposing tariffs. In the American

Supplement to *Time and Tide* appears this paragraph, which is good reading for citizens of every country:

"Look at what has happened to our foreign trade in the last two years. It has fallen off 53.2 per cent. In that same time the foreign trade of Great Britain has fallen off only 36.2 per cent and of Germany only 39.9 per cent. Certainly the depression has not spared Great Britain and Germany. What can be the explanation of the much greater disaster to our foreign trade? The explanation must be that the nations of the world, after they get through buying dollars and shipping gold to pay their public and private debts and a few commodities in which we have a virtual monopoly, cannot earn enough dollars to buy American goods. They are compelled, therefore, to buy goods elsewhere where they can pay for the goods in some other currency. For it is only by our giving dollars for foreign goods that foreigners can find dollars to buy American goods. If they cannot find dollars they must cease to buy with dollars."

The Spectre of Unemployment

DURING the month attention has centered in the Conference at Ottawa, but now that the main issues have been settled for better or worse, people are beginning to concern themselves once more with their immediate troubles. The most pressing of these is unemployment. It is not less than formerly but greater and more menacing. Poverty and destitution have increased, and naturally anger and resentment are more in evidence.

There are new elements entering into the problem. Any one who has watched the freight trains moving east and west will find that they are carrying free passengers by the dozen. Men are going from town to town and from province to province in search of work. They are not just ordinary hoboes who avoid work. They are, many of them, poor, emaciated, because they are undernourished and they are sick at heart because they can find nothing to do.

Just now the prairie provinces are the centre of attack. There is thought to be help needed in the harvest fields. That is true in a measure, but the Western cities have armies of unemployed young men ready to accept positions. Hundreds of those who have travelled from Eastern and Western Coasts will find nothing to do. And the long cold winter is not far away.

In a few months there will be a mad rush to the cities. Winnipeg, Regina, Calgary, will have greater numbers than ever to support, men who do not probably belong to these centres at all. The prairie cities cannot feed, clothe and house the thousands that are asking relief, and they should not be expected to do it. During last election Mr. Bennett was most emphatic in stating that the care of the unemployed during this depression was a federal responsibility. Now, his government seems to be anxious to escape from the position, though there is stronger reason than ever, because of the migration of unemployed from province to province, that the federal authorities should act in the matter.

It is very well known that urban and rural municipalities cannot raise money to meet the cost of supporting all who are without work, nor are the provincial governments in a much better position. The only solution is that the Dominion government should come to the rescue either by assuming a much greater share of the burden, or by guaranteeing provincial bonds.

This is not a minor problem. To get work for people is the first duty of a government and of all who possess public spirit. There is no way of avoiding that issue. Not even the Premier can say that he is too busy with Empire problems to attend to matters of this kind. There are others in the government who can act, men who are fully in sympathy with those who are down and out.

The Sea Way

ONE reason for many of the failures in life is the unwillingness or inability of people to look ahead. If those directing the affairs of the world in 1914 could have visioned the world of 1932 there would have been no Great War; if those speculating in stocks in 1929 could have visioned the markets in the following years they would have exercised greater caution. One half of life seems to be spent in getting into trouble and the other half in getting out of it.

Just now there is apparently pretty general satisfaction because an agreement has been reached to proceed immediately with the construction of the waterway to the head of the Great Lakes. Financially the undertaking should not be impossible for the Dominion as she will receive full credit for all she has already expended on the Welland Canal, and as Ontario will be indirectly responsible for most of the Canadian balance.

But supposing the seaway is completed and paid for. What then? First of all a lessening of the traffic on the transcontinental railways, one of which belongs to the Canadian people and which is not paying its way even now. It may turn out indeed that the indirect cost of the seaway will be greater than the direct. Gain may be swallowed up in loss.

Then there is the Hudson Bay road. This too is going to compete for trade and it belongs to the public. Have those who are congratulating the country upon the waterway agreement looked ahead? We have little sympathy with the Premier of Quebec and the Montreal newspapers in their contentions and claims in this connection, but the Gazette made a real point when it said: "The new route is designed to divert traffic from existing transportation routes and services. The treaty-makers have not yet explained how the expenditure of many millions of public money on the extension of a canal system is going to solve the railway situation, one of the Dominion's most menacing problems."

We are all aware that unless the seaway is completed the money spent on the great Welland Canal will have been practically wasted. We may also join in the hope that if the seaway is completed it will mean the opening of the West in a new way—lowering of transportation rates, opening of seaports at the head of the lakes. Also we may feel that the development of power on the St. Lawrence will mean new industries for the Dominion. Yet it is all more or less of a gamble. Possibly having gone so far there is every reason why we should complete the undertaking. Nevertheless we must not complain if there are costly experiences in store.

The Return of Optimism

IN VARYING degree the feeling of optimism is returning to the people of Canada. It may be that the sight of the wheat fields has had something to do with it. It may be that the holding of the Empire Conference at Ottawa has made every Canadian feel his importance just a little. At any rate the feeling is in evidence everywhere. One thing that gives confidence, is that people, during the last year, have learned to economize and yet retain their happiness. Many luxuries are no longer countenanced, and necessities are missed by most people, yet smiles and kind deeds are more plentiful than ever. There is no failure for people who face hardship with a cheer.

Incidentally the Western Home Monthly has reason for feeling optimistic. It has now the largest guaranteed circulation of any magazine in Canada. It rejoices with its readers in the return of good times. More and more it becomes evident that if last century was for the United States, this century is for Canada—if we all pull together.

Waterman's

shows what happens to Pen Points
after a 38-mile Writing Test



FOUR new pen points . . . a Waterman's and three other makes . . . were fitted to the holders in a writing machine in order to test their comparative ability to withstand wear.

A distance of 38 miles was traversed by each pen point . . . the equivalent of years of average usage.

The Microscope Shows What Happened

Note the microscope-photos herewith . . . the roundness and smoothness of the Waterman's iridium point . . . its freedom from wear, after the severe 38-mile test, in contrast with the roughened writing surface and worn-down tips of the other pen points.

What more convincing evidence of the super-quality of the Waterman's point . . . what greater proof that Waterman's writes with incomparable smoothness not only when new, but after years of usage?

In addition to enduring quality, Waterman's provides a pen point to suit exactly every individual style of handwriting. Whether for yourself or as a gift, it pays to get a Waterman's.

L. E. Waterman Co. Limited, 263 St. James St. West, Montreal
New York, Chicago, Boston, San Francisco



Other Make No. 1—Both point tips worn flat. Ink channel obstructed by worn metal.



Other Make No. 2—Right hand point worn shorter than left. Tip extremely rough.



Other Make No. 3—Ridges worn into entire writing surface. Right hand tip flat and pitted.



Waterman's—Perfect roundness and smoothness unaffected by severity of 38-mile test.



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Do you know you can get a Waterman's . . . the world's finest writing instrument . . . for as little as \$2.75?

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By
MABEL
BROUGHTON
BILLET

Illustrated
by
B. V. V. Matteson



The young man looked at her as though he expected to read his condition in her charming face. "I don't know," he replied dubiously. "Perhaps you'd better keep me under observation for a minute or two. I imagine I have a temperature."

Calamity House

PART I

LIKE a malformed child in the arms of a gracious mother, the village of Glenlogan sprawls on the bosom of the fairest valley in the Selkirks. It has flung one misshapen arm out over the Diamond Vale Flats, the other reaches for the grim crest of Iron Mountain.

Main Street, which starts out pretentiously from the railway station, at Cleasby Avenue loses heart and dwindles to a score of shabby houses, while two blocks to the left and parallel with Main, Nicola Avenue continues to the bridge which spans the Coldwater River, where, with a sharp turn to the

right, it becomes the Nicola Road and a link in the Trans-Canada Highway.

Not until you cross the bridge can you see the house, which, built by an English mine-owner, came into the possession of Doctor Darrach, and was, upon his decease, taken over by his assistant, who married the widow.

There are houses which behind trim window-boxes and crisp curtains conceal their tragedies. This house was not one. Gloom lurked in the dark pines

which bordered its sweeping carriage drive, and on its abandoned tennis-court the ghosts of yesterday contested endless doubles with Time and Decay.

On an afternoon in late September, a young man brought his coupe roadster to a stop in front of the gate which hung limply on a single hinge. With the exception of an Indian village it was the first place sighted in many miles, but he viewed it without enthusiasm. A large house, curiously constructed and deformed by an unoccupied addition, its verandah let into the front formed projecting wings at either end, and of these one had a separate entrance, the

door of which bore a brass plate. The other formed a connecting link between the addition and the house proper.

A most unreasoning distaste for the place swept the stranger. He glanced irresolutely at his watch, the strap of which had cut deeply into his wrist. It was twenty minutes past four and already the sun had disappeared behind the formidable mountain, around which he had crawled snail-like since noon. According to his road-map the next town was sixty-two miles away, and where mileage was concerned he had many times found this same road-map unwarrantably optimistic, so parking his car by the roadside he went up the neglected carriage drive.

The gilded sign inviting him to ring and walk in, he contented himself with ringing. Again the unreasoning distaste for the place swept him. There are moments when we can put out the feelers of our soul beyond its bodily limits and in such moments a presentiment into the immediate future is accorded us. To Clarke Helmer this state of mind was not unfamiliar. Often on the Western Front he had changed his camp to a healthier spot because of it. It had sent him, wounded, from his berth to the deck of the ill-fated *Llandovery Castle*. It had warned him of the bread riot at Rhyl. But like many sensitives, he rather mistrusted this latent faculty. Loath to limit the subliminal consciousness, he yet considered it unwise to subordinate the conscious mind to its imperious control. There was always the tendency to become negative, as the subconscious brain itself was negative. Right now, it was expressing itself in negation. There was no hint of how he was to drive sixty-two miles with a sprained wrist, which grew momentarily more painful. His material senses unperturbed assured him that the somewhat shabby house was the office and residence of Doctor James Townsend. All around him the country was full of the beauty, the scent, and the passion of late dying summer. He opened the door and entered a room which contained nothing more dangerous than fugitive shadows.

The doctor was not at home, and apparently his establishment did not run to an office attendant. Finding himself desperately anxious to be rid of the place, the young man obstinately determined to await the return of the doctor, and seating himself at the untidy table with its litter of old magazines, read the local paper as a further disciplinary measure.

The *Glenlogan Times* set out the news of the village with brevity, and not unattractively. A meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of St. Michael's Church was set for three o'clock that afternoon.

"Evidently," he reflected, "this had claimed the doctor's wife."

Mr. John T. Agar, the progressive manager of the Diamond Vale Mine, had inaugurated a new system for cleaning the coal, and in consequence Glenlogan was to share in the substantial orders placed by the C.P.R.

The Selkirk Pine Mill had completed its apple box factory, and already had sufficient orders to permit it to operate for the next three months, two shifts daily.

From the advertisements the reader gleaned that four churches looked after the religious life of the community. No fancy religions apparently. Two Canadian chartered banks rather frantically invited deposits, and doubtless with equal passion declined loans. A modest notice requested tenders for an addition to the Glenlogan Public School. A display advertisement dwelt morosely upon the fact that unless more citizens availed themselves of the library, one dollar yearly, that establishment must close its doors. Not a literary town evidently. But healthy. There was only one doctor it appeared. Doctor James Manson Townsend, medical practitioner, health inspector, and coroner for the district, office hours from 10 to 12 and from 3 to 5. "By the way! where the devil was the doctor?"

The *Glenlogan Times* fluttered to the floor, as the visitor rose impatiently. Stooping to recover it, he saw, with a sharp intake of breath, that which the table had hidden. Large and well-shod, a woman's foot protruded through the partially closed door which concealed the room beyond.

Clark Helmer belonged to that expiatory generation which had walked daily and nightly had lain down with death, but from what that quiet foot declared to be, he shrank. Again the conscious and the subconscious mind synchronized counselling instant flight.

Evil lurked in the shadows and retreated as he advanced only to leer at him from the next pocket of gloom.

He pushed open the door and knelt beside the pitifully broken body. Some maniac had done this thing, or someone who had hated greatly, and in the lust of killing had struck again and again. The woman had been dead for some time. The blood stains were dried upon her face, and great clots of blood congealed upon the floor.

The tiny surgery revealed no telephone, but in some way he must notify the police and keep guard until their arrival. "It was quite possible," he reflected,



A great shout of laughter rose, circled the hills and, echoing, returned to the truck. It lent the progress at Pan's Altar. Standing beneath a magnificent fir, with his arms pinioned and a rope found life so damned amusing.

"that the telephone was installed in the house, since the wife must have attended to telephone calls in her husband's absence." He looked around for a weapon as the thought occurred to him that the house might contain the murderer as well. After a moment's hesitation he selected a heavily-weighted putter from the doctor's bag of clubs.

Traversing a narrow neck of windowless passage, he located the telephone in a square reception hall, and like the good soldier he was turned his back to the wall while waiting for his connection, which was put through after a trifling delay.

"Major Kettlewell of the Glenlogan police," announced a crisp voice at the other end of the line.

"This is Helmer of Seattle speaking. I have discovered the body of a woman in the surgery at the back of Doctor Townsend's office. Yes, murder. Yes, I'll stay, but make it snappy, Chief, like a good fellow."

Apparently Glenlogan operated its plant on a part-time basis and Doctor Townsend enjoyed the privilege of a flat rate, for, as Clarke Helmer hung up the receiver, and through the gathering gloom commenced a cautious return to the surgery, the acorn-shaped lamp in the hall gave forth a mellow and exceedingly welcome light.

Under its cheering influence the stranger shook off the horror which had followed him down the narrow passage, and gibbered at his elbow while he telephoned. He decided to have a look around before returning to the office. There was always the chance that the murderer was concealed somewhere within the house, waiting for darkness in which to make his escape, or even, his taut nerves tingled at the thought, to commit a further crime.

The long, badly-lighted living-room revealed nothing but an upright piano, a table of wicker with a chair or two to match, and the usual hideously overstuffed Chesterfield set, so dear to small town housewives. There was one nice thing about it, decided the critical stranger, no murderer could possibly hide himself beneath any

of the three squat pieces. In the dining-room, sparsely Jacobean, there was no one to be found, nor in the kitchen, where the murderer had evidently washed at the sink. A tea towel neatly folded on the rack accounted for the roller towel innocent of stain. This fastidiousness rather disposed of the madman theory, since the roller towel had seen much general service, while, save for a few smears of blood, the tea towel was clean.

A locked door led presumably to the unused addition, a handsome stairway to the sleeping apartments above. These he had no desire to investigate, the upstairs landing in the darkness giving decidedly too great an advantage to a lurking foe. Besides, the policeman should arrive at any moment now, and as for Clarke Helmer, he was fed up and wanting a drink.

A twenty-watt tungsten unsuccessfully contested the shadows in the passage, but the surgery and the reception-room beyond were in darkness. Solicitous to welcome the pleasant-voiced policeman, the stranger attempted to reach the reception-room where he remembered seeing a droplight hanging over the library table.

Carefully avoiding that which lay upon the floor, he gained the connecting doorway, to hesitate when a slight but unmistakable movement warned him that he was not alone. The concussion which he had suffered in the war had impaired not so much his sense of hearing as his location of sound. He realized that he had faced away from the danger, when he heard the intruder gruntingly expel his breath, heralding the blow which a moment later fell with crushing force at the base of his brain.

FOR the second time that evening, Major Michael Kettlewell had curtly requested his companion to sit down and keep quiet, but, for God's sake, to sit down, anyway.

The little doctor stopped midway in his prow from the reception-room to the surgery.

"Perhaps," he suggested in a chagrined tone, "you would like me to leave you."



last note of unreality to the grim scene in around his neck, Clarke Helmer wondered who

"Since you mention it," said the other, "I would. You have told me everything you know, and a great many things you only suspect. Not having the flair for police work, which this afternoon made you detective, judge, and near executioner, I want to think things over quietly, which I cannot do while you go poking about discovering imaginary clues."

The eyes of the doctor, blue, and curiously opaque, like little snips of blotting paper, filled with ready tears.

"What would you have done?" he challenged. "My wife was lying dead on the surgery floor, brutally murdered by the maniac, who, with a weapon in his hand, was coming down the passage from the house. The man, I tell you, was of powerful physique and violently insane."

"Rot! How can you form an opinion of the sanity of a man whom you have just knocked cold with a blow from a monkey-wrench? Why should a respectable-looking young man, driving an expensive car, suddenly go raving mad in front of your house, go in and murder a woman he had never seen before, and 'phone for the police? I warn you, Doctor Townsend, that if the man dies there is going to be trouble. Did you notice that he wore a service button?"

"He won't die," said the doctor shortly. "He was conscious when I left the hospital."

"Did he regain consciousness with a maniacal yell?"

"If you put that question in your official capacity, I consider it foolish, if in your private I resent it as an impertinence. In either case, I bid you good night."

The door slammed behind the indignant physician, and producing an electric torch and a microscope the policeman commenced a minute examination of the surgery.

"Rather a clever retort, that," he reflected. "Townsie, as Glenlogan chose to call its medical practitioner, wasn't half the fool he looked." That Major Michael Kettlewell should be acting as

policeman for the mining village of Glenlogan, was no more surprising than many another readjustment which followed in the wake of the great war. British Columbia has her full quota of English ex-service men, who, thrilled by well written and enticingly illustrated literature, invested all they had, which in some cases was only their war gratuity, in fruit farms which will bear fruit moderately in another five years. In the meantime, heroes must live. And so we have Cambridge men distributing milk, ex-lieutenants of the Royal Engineers working for board and forty dollars a month on stock farms, and architects and solicitors rustling freight. And in almost every instance they are making good. The men who stuck it in the mud of Flanders are not going to let the Old Land down where only wind and wave dispute and restrain her far-flung empire.

When Michael Kettlewell said, however, that he had no flair for detective work, he rebuffed the doctor at the expense of truth. Years of garrison duty on the turbulent Indian Border, where the wily Pathan will slit a good English throat for a good English rifle, had sharpened powers of observation naturally acute and added a resilient quality to a mind originally too bureaucratic to admit of intuition. The mining town which he had policed for a year was not the most law-abiding, and the proximity of a large and populous Indian Reserve had not made his duties less onerous.

Without the aid of the microscope, the

The front door banged shut, but the major paid no attention. The draft had closed that and the man was making his escape through the lean-to woodshed. "A Chink!" he breathed and stumbled down the broken steps in hot pursuit.



electric torch disclosed numerous finger-prints, more particularly on the writing-desk, which stood open, a ghastly hand outlined in blood disfiguring its blotter.

Although the hope that this accusing hand might reach out to bring the murderer to justice was voided when finger for finger and line for line the hand proved to be the victim's own, its testimony was not without value.

From a case of surgical instruments which stood to the right of the desk, one was missing, its somewhat massive outline faintly impressed on the dusty velvet pad. So the murderer had stood by the instrument case while the woman searched for something in the writing-desk. This rather disposed of the doctor's theory that a lunatic had committed the crime. The doctor, by the way, seemed immoderately anxious to fix the blame upon the stranger, and Major Kettlewell very naturally wondered why. Earlier in the evening, when he had lifted the unconscious young man from the floor of the surgery, he had noticed the white dust which smeared both elbows of his dark suit. Except for two spots which were rubbed almost clean, the reading table in the reception-room was heavily coated with the same dust. That of the road was darker and of a more gritty nature; indeed all over the interior of British Columbia, the substance which covers the roads and fields and descends upon the motorist in a cloud, is powdered clay mixed with the finest sand.

With remarkable accuracy the policeman reconstructed the entry of Clarke Helmer. He had evidently parked his car at the gate and entered the reception-room with the intention of consulting the doctor about the swollen wrist which the murderous assault later made upon him failed to account for. Doctor Townsend, according to his own story, was at Nicola, and the stranger, having decided to wait, spread out the local paper, supporting it in schoolboy fashion with both elbows propped on the library table.

The chain of thought snapped, as the outer door was flung violently open.

"Damn!" said the major, and turned to apologize to a girl in the chaste uniform of a nurse.

"It doesn't matter," she said hastily, and shivered in her thin cotton gown. "They are hanging the stranger in the hills. Will you come?"

"Hanging the stranger? In the hills?" To his annoyance the major heard himself repeating her words.

"They have been drinking," she explained patiently. "We must hurry."

"One moment."

He disappeared in the surgery, and the girl heard a key grate in a lock.

"Let's go, captain," he said returning.

The familiar war phrase brought a smile to her anxious face.

"Have you a revolver?" she asked. "No!"

"Then you must take my rifle. Fred Gibson has one, and Jim Abbott has his colt, the others—"

"What others? Do you mean the lynchers?"

"No! The G.W.V.'s. When the miners dragged my patient from the ward, I followed. There was a truck standing at the door of the hospital. I took it and drove to the veterans' club rooms. When I told them that the man had fought with the 5th Battalion they picked up any war trophy that looked dangerous and came along. I'll tell you the rest on the way."

The major was only a moment locking the door, but when he reached the road she was at the wheel of a two-ton Republic truck, with the engine humming like a hive of bees. In answer to his offer to drive, she slipped in the clutch.

"There is no time to explain where they have gone. They spoke of Pan's Altar. It may be a lampoon, but we've got to take a chance, and I have driven Republics in France."

It is doubtful that even in France she had driven Republics at the pace at which she took the steep Cemetery Hill. The veterans of a hundred battles hung on and grinned, and above the grinding roar gave the major what information they had. It wasn't much.

She was Marion Crofts, a nurse at the hospital; France and Mesopotamia during the war. Half an hour ago she had turned up at the club rooms, her rifle in her hand, and her eyes like flares over No Man's Land. A mob of drunken miners from the Diamond Vale had swarmed into her ward at the hospital, and had dragged some patient from his bed to lynch him somewhere in the hills. They didn't know where, and they didn't know why, and they didn't know who. She said that the man had a number and unit of the 5th Battalion

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What golden days had followed! He and Lynn driving their cattle along the dim old Yukon trail that led to the ranch by Legend Lake.

The Man and His Wife

By PAUL LOOMIS

Illustrations by Ralph C. Smith

THEY stood, bold-edged and black, against the cold colors of the sunset sky, those two huge spruces whose outlines blended into one. One mighty cone of perfect symmetry! Towering above the surrounding scattered trees, survivors of a forest generation past, they had endured the tests of sweeping fire, of rending storm, of riving cold. Serene, prophetic in the vast loneliness—Lynn Cantrell shuddered as she stared at them. It was so crushingly lonely; the winter Northland was so numbingly vast!

Vast as the sea on which she had embarked so lately—marriage with Big Murray Cantrell! Hardly did she yet realize it in all its aspects; or perhaps *only* now as she stood alone by the bleak, white drumhead of ice-locked Legend Lake, here in the aching farness of the Sikanni Hills. Had a madness possessed her these past months? She, who had never till that vacation trip on the little steamer up the sweeping Peace River last summer, ventured beyond the populous security of the towns, had been swept from all her moorings by a current as irresistible as the great river itself. That was the wooing of Big Murray, man wholly of the wilderness. And like the wilderness, wondrously tender; ruthlessly hard.

Alone suddenly—and oh so terribly alone!—Lynn could see how much their union lacked of perfect understanding—of *any* understanding—or ought else but unreasoning love! So who was it, out here in the emptiness, had dared to see in those two spruces



yonder a symbol of wedlock?—to give to them the name by which Sutch, the *metis* had called them: "*L'homme et sa femme?*"

Lynn had asked that of Sutch, that dreamy day of yellow leaves and blue horizons when first she had seen the two dark spruce. The wrinkled old half-savage had answered only with the enigmatic smile of his people. If then, it were a pagan fancy, how it rebuked "civilized" conceptions!

Straight-trunked and reliant stood the trees, of almost equal height and on an equal footing. Their intermingling branches locked them into one unit, neither dominating nor supporting the other. Lynn's memory leaped from one to another of her sophisticated friends, back there in the life she had quit, questing in vain for such a "man and his wife."

The stillness that was like a weighted shroud, growing heavier as the darkness crept up about Lynn through the trees, was pierced by a desolate wolf howl. She started violently, despite her recollection of Murray's many assurances that it was nothing to fear. For oh, it voiced so the superb emptiness! The loneliness to which Murray in such ruthless haste had left her, shouldering on her a pioneer rancher's wife's full burden, heedless of the

fact that in the bearing of it he had not, till now, allowed her to even test her strength.

SO LITTLE a thing as a whiff of wood-smoke had brought it all about. They had been moose-hunting over on the Porcupine. Murray's keen nostrils had picked from the clear, cold air that scent which had led them to a low-roofed, squalid shanty. Inside, huddled over a spark of fire, they had found a trapper whose eyes, above the scraggle of boyish beard on his sunken cheeks, were reamed out by agony like those of the damned.

At Murray's question he had pointed to his feet, swathed in rags.

"Frozen. Ten days ago."

His lips mumbled; his tone was dead. Listlessly he had told them of breaking through a spring-hole in a muskeg, miles from camp.

"Matches loose in your pocket 'stead of in a waterproof match-box! Fool. Serves you right to freeze." That was Murray exactly, blunt son of this raw-ribbed North! Yet it was Murray also who, refusing even Lynn's efforts to help, had hauled the man all that way through the feathery snow on a wallowing toboggan to their own cabin at Legend Lake.

Then there had been a gulping of meat and scalding black tea, a swift harnessing of a team and packing of provisions. The trapper—Drisner he had said his name was—warned and fed by Lynn, had been carefully stowed in the sleigh to begin the long journey to Peuce Coupe and the nearest doctor. A journey he might not live to finish; one he would never retrace, on his own feet, at least.

It was then, to Lynn, that the blow had fallen. Not so much in the sudden realization that someone—and she was the only someone—must remain to feed and water their horses and sixty head of cattle, as it was in Murray's seemingly unfeeling abruptness.

"Of course you can do it! You've got to. It would take me days to find Sutch or some other 'breed' or Indian. And there's no time to lose. You're my pard, my strong girl. I'll be back in eight days."

No chance for entreaty or protest. A swift, crushing embrace. His hot lips for a fierce moment against her cold, numb ones. "Strong girl—" Whatever else he had said was drowned in the grind and squeal of sleigh-runners in the dry snow, and Lynn had stood alone under the brittle stars listening to the dying tinkle of harness bells. Alone—save for the Presence; the spirit of the awesome, engulfing North that swooped down around her. Eight days . . . Now at weary last she stood at the close of just one of them.

Three more of these life-spans crept past, with Lynn striving valiantly to fill each one with purposeful effort. She pitched hay over the high corral fence to the hungry cattle, chopped open the water-hole in the thick ice of the lake, sawed and split firewood—all with a lack of skill that brought stinging pains and aching stiffness to her joints and muscles. But it brought the blessed sleep, when darkness and the Presence filled the hollow woods around her, when it stole into the cabin to leer at her, when resentment at Murray's thoughtlessness and a realization of the gulfs that yet lay between them might otherwise have driven her to a frenzy of despair. Yet 'way in the night when the horned owl's weird hoot awakened her, then oh, in utter agony did her choking heart cry out for the deep throb of Murray's heart and the hold of his encircling arms!

THE spell of bitter cold which for weeks had gripped the land broke before a damp southeast wind. It rimed the landscape as with a giant silver brush. Then the wind fell. The air was cleared by the returning cold. Each twig on the humblest bush and the haughtiest tree was furred by inch-long needles of frost. When the tardy sun crept up in the southeastern sky he blinked on a world of diamonds whose myriad scintillating facets gave him back his cold rays intensified.

Lynn went forth in wonder to view this fairyland. All nature seemed holding its breath, awed by its own loveliness. To Lynn the ominous threat seemed gone from the clinging stillness. She threw back her head and drew a breath that made her lungs tingle. Almost as though Murray were beside her came the feeling that this land—his land—was surely too beautiful to be cruel.

Her snowshoe webs traced their lacy pattern on the sparkling snow out to the knoll above the lake bank where stood "*L'homme et sa femme*." In this new robe of brilliants the great trees were glorious. Their dark branches underneath the frost gave a bluish opaqueness, a proof of sturdy substance, to the towering cone that would else have been a castle of ethereal silver too beautiful to be real.

It hurt. To a heart already scored by pain, beauty is often too poignant to be a balm. But

it presented an opportunity. Lynn realized that before her was a lesson in understanding, not only of the wilderness but of the wilderness man to whom she was wed. He understood this mystery, loved this beauty; inarticulately, half unconsciously—but with all his fierce power. Grasp it, make it hers, and to that extent was Murray hers. In like manner beat down this land's grim loneliness, wrest from it a portion of its strength and in that measure might she stand beside him in some semblance of the way these spruces stood. And stand she must, she now realized—or renounce everything! The past four days had given her a new understanding of Murray Cantrell. As his sturdy mate he could love her beyond all reckoning. As a tender, clinging leech upon his strength he would, when he realized the fact, despise her thoroughly.

Desperately she asked her heart, "What then?"

With head high and dark, deep eyes that did not always see plain objects near her, Lynn went back to her labors. There was hay to be hauled that day; harnessing a team was almost an adventure, but shoveling the drifted snow from the hayrick in the distant meadow and filling the rack with the packed hay was back-breaking work. When at last all chores were finished she was almost too tired to eat the supper she prepared, yet she stretched on the wolfskin before the blaze in the mud-and-stick

of hay and cutting wood. She little knew what need there would be for this soon. Her only thought was: she would beat the loneliness; she would whip the North. Only when it was conquered would it become friendly to her. So heaven now at the matted hay till every muscle ached. At night she staggered with weariness. But the Fear had been kept at distance. And tomorrow Murray would come!

She could hardly sleep, tired as she was. Would he return the passionate lover? Or the iron man of the trail? Which, deep in her heart, did she want him to be? What was this new, vague yearning—this urge from the primal depths of her that was yet unsatisfied? She dreamed of Murray's caresses and roused up, crying to him in burning anger that he was cheating her—giving to her only, weakening her by taking nothing from her for himself. Taking nothing? . . . she was fully awake now. Was she not giving of her inmost self in this fight against the loneliness? . . . shaking her fist at the grinning Presence. Was she not doing it for Big Murray and for pride that he had called her "pard?"

The eighth dawn was long in coming. Stillborn the day seemed when at last the pulseless light was fully come. Without sun the sky was lead-colored. Likewise the frost-rimmed trees. In earth or sky there was neither brightness nor shadow, no break in the monotony of grey. Lynn went about her work dully. "He is coming today," she repeated over and over. It chilled her that in the unreality of all about her she could not make the words seem true.

Grey light thickened at last to grey darkness. Grey silence hung still unbroken by clink of trace-chain or jingle of approaching harness bell. He had eight days. But the days were so short, really! She shouldn't expect him before the dark. Was she ready for him, anyway? She had done her humble best at



In his pitiful attempt at a camp behind a thicket of young spruces, Murray was not a score of yards from the lost trail and in five minutes Lynn was kneeling beside her husband.

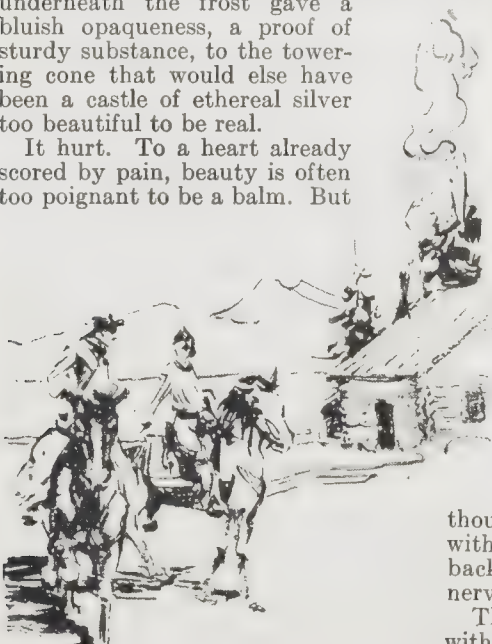
fireplace Murray's hands had so deftly fashioned, with more of contentment than she had known since before that day they went to the Porcupine. And though her head drooped repeatedly, till the chill that crept in with the dying of the fire finally roused her to put on the birch backlog and go to bed, it was fatigue of the sort that loosens taut nerves and brings deep rest.

Throughout the morrow and the day following Lynn toiled with all the strength that was in her, hauling up an extra supply

like the knife-edged chill that went to the core of her. Herself in that bit of chiffon; the gaunt, grim North!

She cowered to the fire. Where was Murray? He had broken his first promise as thoughtlessly as he had made it. The iron man she—hated! Oh he was as far from her in feeling as the yawning emptiness beyond that thin board door!

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Sultan of Zanzibar at Croydon Aerodrome

When Britannia Plays the Hostess

nursing homes in London. Or it may be expedient to impress a political ally—such as the luckless King Amanullah of Afghanistan—with Britain's might and marvels—especially if the potentate is likely to place orders for the complete modernization of a land almost as backward as medieval Japan, when Commodore Perry knocked at the Shogun's door in 1853 (with tons and guns!) to present President Fillmore's "business letter."

Now Great Britain numbers the minor monarchs of her world-realm by the hundred. In the sub-continent of India alone dwell 700 Absolute Rulers, and 108 of these call for a crashing salute of from 9 to 21 cannon at their coming and going. No more deadly insult, no punishment more severe could these despots know than the omission or reduction of these explosive tributes. Then there are the Sultans of Moslem Africa. There is also His Christian Majesty of Uganda (with three minor kings under him); and there are Paramount Lords of the Gold Coast, with nine more royalties in Malaya—whose Courts have been greatly chastened since crude rubber dropped from three dollars to six cents a pound!

What is the routine of keeping this cohort of Kings in a kindly and helpful mood towards the *Pax Britannica*? How are they

invited to London to be amused and entertained—each according to his rank and importance—and then sent home again, awed and delighted with modern miracles they have shared in, from a tour of the skies in a high-powered 'plane to a trip in a submarine—to say nothing of calling on the great *Chakravarti* or King-Emperor at Windsor Castle or

WALK down Whitehall from Trafalgar Square, and you are in the district of Westminster; this I may call the "Ottawa" of a Federal domain which now includes 450,000,000 people of every known colour, creed and climate, scattered over one-fourth of the globe. At the end of that broad avenue are the Houses of Parliament, with Buckingham Palace across the Park on the right. Whitehall itself is a mass of Government Bureaux, but I am only concerned with the Imperial Treasury. For here, in a couple of small rooms, is run a delicate mission of unique interest, though the secrets of it are withheld from the Press, and "releases" of news censored with watchful care for fear of giving offence.

The entire staff consists of just one Civil Servant and his stenographer; the duties are concerned with inviting tributary Kings and Sultans, Ruling Princes and Paramount Chiefs to spend a few weeks at the seat and centre of Empire as "Guests of His Majesty's Government." Thus an Arabian Ruler may have a petty grievance, and need "sweetening." Or some feudatory monarch of the Persian Gulf deserves a "good time," and a glittering Order of Chivalry to sport on his glowing robes as an English "knight." Or again, a native ruler of Malaysia may be sick, and need the care of skilled doctors and



King George and King Amanullah inspecting the Guard of Honour at Victoria Station



The Sultan of Muscat at Portsmouth

Buckingham Palace? And after that, a round of all Britain's roaring forges and factories, from Sheffield and Birmingham up to Newcastle. To see giant gun-tubes cast from the molten steel; to travel by land and water in the new amphibious tank—that armoured "crocodile of war" that spits flame and can shoot as it swims! To go down a Welsh coal mine, or through the cotton mills of Bolton and Oldham. To see the "Daily Mail" put to press, or to dine with the Lord Mayor at the old Guildhall, with a martial blast of trumpets for each toast, and the Prince of Wales greeting the dusky guest by radio from York House.

One has only to recall the mentality of Asia or Africa—even that of a Sovereign Despot—to realize the politico-social value of such a visit as this, ending as it may do with costly or useful presents, with Ministers and high officials at the docks for the farewell, and fast destroyers to escort His Highness' ship out to sea for the final dipping of flags, etc.

How Native Rulers of Empire are Honoured as Government Guests

By IGNATIUS PHAYRE

All these Rulers have suave British Residents at their Courts to see that things go smoothly and the native populations are not oppressed or wronged. It is not so long since the Sultan of Sokoto, in Nigeria, was arraigned for grievous scandals. He was a sorcerer, a money-lender and a perverter of justice in his own Law-Courts. And turning from Africa to India, we find the Maharajah of Idar losing his *gadi*, or ancestral throne, for defiant misbehaviour.

It is the white Resident who may suggest an invitation to London for his local lord, giving reasons of diplomacy for it. Formerly such proposals went direct to the Government Department concerned—the Foreign Office, or the India or Colonial Offices. So this royal

Committee of the Cabinet to arrange all Government hospitality—not alone for Empire Rulers, but also for Continental statesmen and the delegates of Science and Art or Commerce from other lands. In this way did a special Government Fund come into being. It had to be elastic in its outlay, since the guests might range from a Kaffir Chieftain, an Emir of the Aden hinterland, or one of the semi-independent Sawbas of the Shan States of Upper Burma, to that Afghan Ruler whose father was paid a British pension of \$1,300,000, and who was given a Mansion House luncheon that cost over \$17,000, with rare orchids on the tables and the finest of vintage wines.

The Government Hospitality Committee has a secretary of picked capacity for so ticklish a job. He follows the lead of the first official host of the Fund, who was Mr. "Lulu" Harcourt, of the Board of Works; a man of wealth and taste, of imposing presence, as well as a famous gourmet and connoisseur of fine wines. Harcourt was the typical English clubman and country squire, debonair and gay, with tireless patience and sympathy, as well as a real genius for entertaining even the naivest of guests.

So when a barbaric Ruler is bidden to England at the nation's expense, that modest office in the Treasury Building gets busy indeed. Very rarely does the visitor stay at Buckingham Palace with King George as did the ill-fated Afghan Amir and also President and Mrs. Wilson. But he may dine or lunch at the Palace—very likely with the famous service of plate brought from the vaults of Windsor Castle to lend lustre to the occasion. The Secretary must also know the hobbies and

taboos of a coming visitor, since his religion may require special food and drink. Moreover, officials at ports on the way to England must be instructed to go on board the ship and "tote" the august Guest around if he should land—to see the sights. Even here blunders will happen. King Chulalongkorn of Siam once went ashore at Kandy, in Ceylon, to pay reverence to the famous Tooth of Buddha in its Temple shrine. But His Majesty, through some priestly mistake, was not allowed to handle the sacred relic, and great was his fury in consequence. Grabbing up all the money and gifts he had taken as offerings, the King flung himself out of the Temple to ask his Vizier: "Who's that pot-bellied son of Satan inside there?" It was the over-anxious British Governor of Ceylon, who had taken every possible precaution over H.M.'s Temple visit, so that it might go off with due credit to all concerned!

In London are two safe "draws" which never fail to please; these are the gorgeous fireworks at the Crystal Palace and the waxworks of Madame Tussaud's, where English history is shown in life-like tableaux and pictures, from King John to Queen Victoria—to say nothing of classic poisoners in the gloomy Chamber of Horrors!

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Nizam's Sons Arrive in London. Left: Sahibzada Azam Jah. Right: Sahibzada Maszam Jah



King Faud of Egypt inspects the Guard of Honour outside the Guildhall

guest business was somewhat loosely run and often led to awkward "incidents." Thus a Shah of Persia could shock Queen Victoria by ordering a prize-fight on her austere Palace lawns! For the Coronation of King Edward, Sir Hugh Clifford brought over a group of Malayan Sultans. Late one night, the escorting Resident found two of these young monarchs lying on top of luxurious beds in a smart hotel, shivering with cold and very miserable. Sir Hugh turned back the bedclothes, and when warm blankets were revealed, great was the amazement of the royal martyrs. "God!—what an invention!" murmured one. "So you English have sleeping-mats that open!"

YEARS ago W. T. Stead, the famous Pressman, asked an M.P. in the Commons to enquire into the whole routine and cost of this Imperial entertaining. It was then decided by Mr. Asquith, as Prime Minister, that the better way would be to appoint a



The Crown Prince of Ethiopia and some of his entourage visit St. Thomas' Hospital, London

The Pay-Off

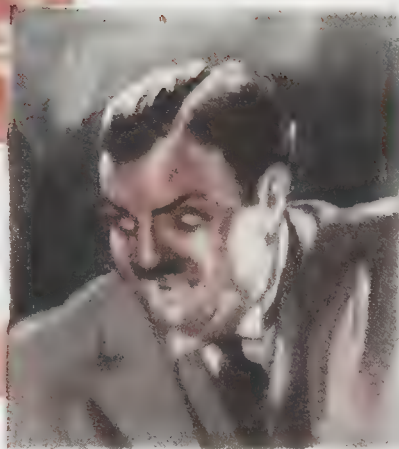
By FRANCIS DICKIE

Illustrations by
A. C. Valentine



Charles Case

Macdougall's hand closed first upon it.



Gordon Bates

"THE meanest man in town!" was the unanimous verdict of the citizens of the industrial Canadian city of Onslow, regarding their fellow townsman Archie Macdougall. Among the one hundred thousand people of this place of many long established, and now wealthy families, Macdougall was one of the best known, not only for the size of his bank account, but for his continued eagerness for money, and the hardness and shifty sharpness of the deals by which he made it.

Almost every day in the later afternoon he crossed the big park at one end of Onslow on his way from two of his large apartment blocks to his home. His tall, alert figure, belying his sixty years, the square, grim face somehow suggestive of a piece of chiselled granite, were familiar to the nursemaids and the loungers who enjoyed the long sunny afternoons beneath the maples, elms and beeches in this tranquil preserved remainder of the vast forest which once had been where now reared prosperous Onslow.

On an afternoon in June as Archie Macdougall moved along the broad pathway crossing the park he casually noted a man rising from one of the benches a short distance ahead of him. A minute later as he came opposite the bench he sighted on the ground beside it a long brown wallet. As he bent for it he became aware of another man also reaching down. Macdougall's hand closed first upon it. He straightened up to look into the good humored round face of a man of about forty, well dressed in a quiet manner.

"I think that gentleman walking away must have dropped it." His pleasant voice was sympathetically friendly. "However, we'd better see what's in it

before we call him, and make him describe the contents if he says he's lost it."

Macdougall, though for the moment vaguely annoyed at having his find shared, could not resist the charm of the other's manner. He slipped off the heavy rubber band from around the wallet, revealing one inside pocket stuffed with hundred-dollar bills. In the other was a folded telegram. As Macdougall held the wallet open, the man beside him picked up the telegram, opened and read: "Charles Case, Langham Hotel, Onslow. Bankroll on Red Bird. Stokes."

"Why, that's the name of a horse that won at the Windsor races yesterday. I remember reading it in the paper this morning," the round-faced man said, his eyes lighting. "Gosh, this fellow must have some good information," he continued, admiration in his voice, "because I remember the paper commenting upon it, as Red Bird was never expected to be in the money." He pushed back the telegram into the wallet, and Macdougall, after counting the money closed it.

"We'd better go after him," he said, almost grudgingly, turning his eyes toward the departing figure moving at a lazy stroll along the pathway. They started at a brisk pace, quickly overtaking him.

"Excuse me," the round-faced man spoke, taking the initiative, "but have you lost anything?"

The stranger turned abruptly, revealing the keen face of a young man of perhaps thirty. Instinctively he reached for his hip. A look of consternation spread. "My bankroll!" he gasped. Then, turning upon them with relief lighting countenance. "You've found it?" He held out his hand.

"Just a minute," the round-faced man continued authoritatively, "describe your loss."

"It was an old brown wallet. In one side were twenty one-hundred-dollar bills, and in an inner pocket five one-thousand-dollar bills and one five-thousand bill. In the other side was a telegram . . . of no importance," he added hastily.

Though he had not noted the inner pocket, Macdougall, satisfied, held out the wallet. "A man's a fool to carry so much cash about," he said reprovingly, yet with a certain respect in his voice.

The young man beamed upon them. "You sure have revived my confidence in human nature, and one is often near to losing it. My name is Charles Case, as you already know, and yours?"

"Bates," the round-faced man replied, "Gordon Bates," extending his hand, which the young man shook with a world of heartiness.

"I am Archie Macdougall. Perhaps my name may be familiar. I'm pretty well known here."

"Tremendously glad to know you, sir. Being a stranger here, I'm sorry to say your name is not familiar. And now gentlemen you must let me reward you." He reached into his pocket for his replaced wallet.

"Nonsense, nothing of the kind for us!" replied Mr. Bates, laying a restraining hand on Case's arm. "At least not for me," he caught himself sharply, to turn a questioning look upon Macdougall whose eyes had lighted on hearing Case's suggestion.

But now, in face of the other's attitude, Macdougall responded gruffly: "Of course not."

"But it is ridiculous," Case protested. "Here you save me twelve thousand dollars, and won't take anything. At the very least, five hundred for you two would only be fair, and me getting off mighty lucky at that."

"Oh, no it's all right," Bates responded, evidently very much embarrassed at this insistence.

"Well," Case stood hesitatingly gazing upon them, "I don't know what to say, except that I sure feel good to have met folks like you. You'll at least come along to my hotel and let me order a bottle of wine?"

Mr. Bates this time turned inquiringly to his companion. Macdougall nodded. "I don't mind." To him whose life had been a monotonous regularity of familiar things, the past few minutes had been replete with thrills. Though still vaguely regretful that Bates' taking the initiative had lost him two hundred and fifty dollars, this feeling was rapidly evaporating under the influence of the genial good fellowship radiated by his companions. And his strong curiosity, so inherent in one who has dwelt a lifetime in a small city, was aroused to know more of a young man who went about nonchalantly carrying a small fortune in his pocket.

Reaching the Langham, the leading hotel, Case led up the stairs. "We'll be more comfortable and quiet in my room than in the bar." On the first

floor he showed them into the large sitting room of what Macdougall realized was one of the most expensive suites.

They chatted on the general topics of the day. But when they had emptied their second glass of wine, Case returned to his previous attack.

"I still feel small about this afternoon. I feel I must do something to show my gratitude. I'm mighty sure there are not two other men in this town or any other that would have done what you two did for me."

He hesitated. Then his eyes brightened. Bates was about to speak. He waved him to silence.

"I've got it," Case continued. "You boys just got to let me reward you. Now, don't interrupt. I know just how you feel against having a fellow dig into his pocket and handing out money. Just the same, I'm all fired grateful, and I'm going to show it. In order to do this I have to explain a few things, take you into my confidence, which I'm only too glad now to do. You see, I'm over here on behalf of myself and three partners. If I was conducting the matter alone, I'd only be too glad to give you all the details, for naturally after what you did for me today you have all my confidence. But I'm not alone, and I'm in honor bound to my friends not to reveal certain matters regarding our operations. But anyway, I can tell you this much, I am over here to place bets in a private poolroom here on the races at Windsor. I place bets that can't lose . . . do you understand?" His compelling gaze went from one to the other of his hearer's faces. "MY BETS CAN'T LOSE."

In spite of the certainty in Case's voice, Mr. Bates shuffled his feet uneasily.

"You doubt me?" Case asked with a flash of asperity. "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do," he said hurriedly before either had a chance to interrupt him, I will make a bet for each of you tomorrow for say two hundred dollars."

"Thanks. But I never bet on a horse in my life. I don't approve of gambling," Macdougall remarked coldly, and got to his feet.

"I'm afraid I couldn't afford to risk anything. Thanks all the same." Mr. Bates added, but in a more kindly tone.

"But I've just told you my bets don't lose!" Case retorted angrily. "Why, I don't bet my money until the race is over in whatever city it takes place, and I know which horse has won." Abruptly he caught himself. Then, as if to cover up this revelation rung out of his chagrin, he added hastily: "Besides, Mr. Bates, as far as you or Mr. Macdougall risking anything, when I said I would make a bet of two hundred dollars for each of you, I wasn't suggesting that you two should give me the money. Not at all. I will bet the money for you out of my own pocket."

Fascinated by the apparently unbelievable words he had just heard, Macdougall reseated himself. Bates took out a cigar and lighted it. Then, the silence becoming awkwardly prolonged, he rose.

It's certainly very nice of you, Mr. Case. And while I'm sure neither myself nor Mr. Macdougall wished anything for doing what we ought, still if you insist, I don't see how we can very well prevent you from placing the money for us."

"Very well, then," Case said briskly, his former geniality returning. "If you drop around here about this time tomorrow, I'll tell you how much you have won." He spoke the last words half defiantly, as if still a little chagrined at their doubt of him.

Leaving the hotel, Bates fell into step behind his older companion. "It certainly was a queer experience," he remarked presently, then added a little questioningly. "But I don't know about taking this money he has promised us tomorrow. From what he told us, and what he let slip, it's evident this beating the bookmakers is not done by honest means."

Macdougall gave him a faintly scornful glance. "Bookmakers are little better than robbers to my way of thinking, and if our young friend can beat them at their own game, I don't see that we shouldn't profit by it."

I guess that's the right way to look at it," Bates smiled, as if this happy suggestion had removed his last qualm.

On leaving the hotel Macdougall had instinctively turned homeward across the park. Mr. Bates now halted.

"Well, I'll leave you here and get back to my hotel. I'm over here from Detroit settling up an estate for a relative of mine who made me his executor. I wish he hadn't. I have a little business in Detroit that needs all my attention, and now it looks like I'd have to stay here a couple of more days. However, one must make sacrifices in this life, I suppose. So goodbye until tomorrow."

A FEW minutes before five upon the following afternoon Macdougall tapped upon Case's door. The young man greeted him warmly. There was an indefinable something of good fellowship about Case which charmed even the crabbed soul of Onslow's meanest citizen. A minute later Mr. Bates arrived.

"Now the council is fully assembled we will proceed," Case smilingly announced. From his wallet he proceeded to count a pile of hundred-dollar bills, handing ten to each of his companions.

"I'm sorry it isn't more," he remarked apologetically, but the winners yesterday were all at a very short price. As you see, I only got four to one for the two hundred I put up for each of you."

"But look here," Mr. Bates expostulated after a minute of pondering, "you are giving us more than our winnings, this thousand you have just given me, if you got four to one odds, includes the two hundred you put up out of your own pocket. I can't accept that." He handed the two hundred back.

Case, with the air of one good naturedly accepting defeat, took the money. "There isn't any way I could succeed in giving you that reward, is there?"

Macdougall, following Bates lead, returned two of the bills.

As Case with apparent reluctance pocketed them, he explained: "This meeting at Windsor has been notable so far for horses winning at very small odds. That's just what my partners and I have been up against. Of course, on the average, horses that win are not long shots. Long shots are the exception or the bookies would have to go out of business. But as my partners and I had only a little money to start with, we have had to pile up slowly since I came here. I only bet one race every few days we're sure of. If I bet too often and won all the time, the bookies in the poolroom here would be sure to tumble something wasn't right. In fact, I've even made a few losing bets just to offset any possibility of suspicion arising. If we had for instance say twenty-five or thirty thousand dollars, we would wait until we had the information of some horse winning at a good price, some outsider the bookies quoted at perhaps twelve to one. With a

sum like that to bet at one time we could make a grand cleanup quick. Even as it is I've run five hundred dollars up to twelve thousand in the last two weeks. The only trouble is there are only three more days of racing at Windsor, and during that time there may be only one horse that will win at a long price. I'm waiting for that to happen now. I won't make any more bets but just this one and put up the twelve thousand. If I get a horse at ten to one, or even eight to one, I'll not do so badly. But after all the time and work my partners and I put upon perfecting this scheme, it's a shame we can't clean up more, and all for the lack of funds," he concluded regretfully. "With another thirty thousand dollars and what I've got there's a chance to clean up perhaps half a million. But then it can't be helped," he admitted in lighter tone. "Anyway, there's no sense in me bothering you chaps with my affairs. If it hadn't been for your honesty I wouldn't have anything at all to bet with. You must have one last bottle of wine with me. Drink to my success, though when one's got a sure thing that's hardly necessary. But we'll take it as an excuse for us to have one more drink together before we part."

As they sat around the table with their glasses filled for the second time. Mr. Bates ventured a little hesitatingly.

"I certainly would like to join you. I haven't any money to speak of of my own except a few thousand invested in my business in Detroit which I can't touch in ready cash. But today I banked five thousand dollars cash from the sale of the estate of my relative. As executor for him I should tomorrow send out checks to the three heirs who inherit equally the sum. But a few more days won't matter to the heirs, and I will be only too glad to put up the money. Even if you only get five to one odds, that will be twenty-five thousand for me. Which all proves the old saying that honesty is the best policy. If we had kept your wallet, and divided our find, that would only have been six thousand for each of us, and on top of that we'd have had a mean guilty feeling. Now in a few minutes I'll make

[Continued on page 26]



With a yell of fury his lean fingers seized the bars of the cage.

Illustrations
by
H. E. M. Sellen
and
Hall Smith



Sir Bock occupied the front seat with a proprietary air and an appraising eye for everything they passed.

Canis

ex

Machina

By
HARRIET FORD

SIR BOCK was in hell, at least, he would have said in his own way that he thought so if he could have found his voice. That was completely lost in the din of creaking couplings, grinding wheels and jangling chains. He was chained himself—an unknown ignominy. He had not only lost his voice and his liberty, but his family. Where were they? Why had they abandoned him to this misery? Where was Aunt Gwendolyn who had always professed to adore him, to whom he had only to speak once or twice, and wag an eager tail, to have his slightest wish fulfilled? Something had happened to her. He was frantic at the thought. It was his particular duty to protect her. Every night he slept at her door, and no stranger would have dared to pass him. In fact he was the only male in the house, except the old butler who could hardly be depended upon as a guard. Sir Bock had enjoyed such responsibility always, and now here he was chained in a prison and helpless to do his part as a faithful dog.

The nearest thing to a chain that he had ever known was the leash everybody fastened on him when he was taken for a walk. He was accustomed to that; it was the way all dogs went for an airing, except stray hoboos. He enjoyed especially going out with Phyllis because she was so light he could easily pull her into a run. Then, too, he was proud of her—she was so pretty. People always looked at them admiringly. Often they knew Phyllis and interrupted the walk, and stood and stood, saying this and that. He was always introduced and wagged his friendly greeting. Not that he was boasting about his good manners. He just tried to do what was expected of him as a well-bred airedale.

His family—Aunt Gwendolyn and Phyllis—oh, where were they? He howled in an agony of fear and strained in vain at his chain in the cramped confines of a baggage car.

The details of this terrible experience Sir Bock never could tell himself, although he tried his doggiest; but they are easily imagined from the report of the brakeman who had been well paid to take care of him, and who decided that all requirements could be fulfilled at a safe distance. He thought perhaps the dog had gone mad, so he merely looked in at him once or twice, threw him a biscuit and advised him to shut up and lie down.

FAR back in one of the drawing-rooms of the train Miss Gwendolyn Page was seated, a table in front of her, playing, with frequent mistakes, a game of solitaire. She did not, to be exact, say that it was hell, but she had almost damned the railroad officials from the president down to the station agent. She said that the railroads were like everything else in this country, now-a-days, all bound up with foolish laws and restrictions, this prohibited and that prohibited, until there was no longer any pleasure in living here. Of course, she could understand that ordinary curs and dirty mongrels should be condemned to the baggage car, but Sir Bock was a thoroughbred, and cleaner than many people who were permitted to ride in Pullmans. It did seem as if a little discrimination might be used. However, she supposed that would be considered as pandering to a privileged class. Poor fellow! She knew how he must be suffering. It was really wicked to compel her to treat a faithful trusting, dumb friend with such cruelty.

So, as she aimlessly placed the cards, she complained to her niece, Phyllis, who sat facing her, an unopened magazine in her hands.

Phyllis was much more sorry for her aunt than for Sir Bock. He would survive his troubles and soon forget them. She looked at her with understanding sympathy. The old lady's hat was tilted over her left ear, her hair escaped untidily, her lips were quivering and tears filled her eyes. What a precious, tender-hearted darling she was!

With affectionate impulse the girl dropped the magazine and left her seat to snuggle in consolingly beside her aunt. "Don't worry, dearest. When the train stops somewhere long enough, I'll go back and tell him everything is all right."

"Thank you, Phyllis. I somehow can't help worrying about him. Think what it would mean to a little child to be treated in such a way. Why, he'd have some sort of a complex when he grew up. Sir Bock knows just as much as any child of his age, doesn't he?"

Phyllis assured her that undoubtedly he did. "Take off your hat, Aunt Gwen. It will rest your head."

"Maybe it will. It doesn't want to stay on, anyhow—I mean the hat," she quavered, trying to smile.

Phyllis gently removed it, then opened her aunt's bag for a handkerchief, wiped away the tears and smoothed back the disarranged hair.

"You're a dear girl. I know I'm behaving like a child myself. I guess I must have been an airedale, or something, in a previous incarnation." She turned an apologetic face to Phyllis, looking from appealing brown eyes that had never lost their beauty.

"I'm sure you were a grand, old, guardian Newfoundland with a nice, warm, shaggy coat, if anything," declared Phyllis.

"Why don't you sit out in the car for awhile? I'm sure it's too hot in here for you with the windows closed."

"I'd rather stay with you," Phyllis hastily assured her.

Privately she had another reason for remaining with her aunt. That man was out there. She had seen him just as they were boarding the train. Strange how she was always running into him. Three times, during the winter in Washington, she had narrowly escaped an introduction to him. Frequently they passed each other on the street. She was conscious that he had observed her, for of late he had given her a look of pleased recognition, and had seemed about to speak—if he had had the least encouragement. Even Sir Bock acted as if he knew him, and one day it had been really embarrassing when the dog stubbornly insisted on stopping, and she had to pull with all her strength to make him come along. Today, for instance, when they met in the station, his face, from a rather bored expression, had been transformed with such a nice smile. She had almost forgotten and smiled back at him. She knew that she had been betrayed into a sort of recognition. It would be delightful to know him—if only he were someone else.

OUT in the car, the young man sat thinking about that attractive girl in the drawing-room. He knew her name was Phyllis Page and that the elderly woman was an aunt with whom she lived. He had learned that they were the last of an old Washington family and that the girl had been reared by her aunt. Once at a crowded reception he had begged his hostess to introduce him and then, to his chagrin, they found that she had gone. And there were other attempts. It almost seemed as if she had deliberately avoided an introduction, but he must have imagined that. Why should she? He was not, he felt, especially puffed up about himself, but he had noticed, since he had been in Washington, that all the matrons with marriageable daughters, in the diplomatic set, were extremely cordial to him. Why should the one girl he wanted so much to know shy away from him? The thing was tantalizing. He had always supposed that he was equipped with average good looks and brains, and he was the son of an honorable father who had recently followed the footsteps of his father and been elected to Congress. What in thunder was back of her reserve? He pondered in perplexity—one eye on the drawing-room door and the other on a morning newspaper. He made up his mind to do something decisive; he was going to speak to her; he would find some excuse—so many mutual friends—that ought to make it plausible; he meant to watch out for a chance. That was a jolly dog she had. He had seen the agonized parting at the baggage car and, afterwards, had paused long enough to learn that the airedale's destination was Bar Harbor. Funny thing—he himself was on the way to join his father and mother in North East Harbor. It was so near—perhaps—

So he dreamed on, building a rather romantic vacation for himself, if only—

The two conductors paused beside him. One of them nudged him and his thoughts jolted back to the routine of travel. He watched the rapid punching of tickets down the aisle. They reached the drawing room, entered, followed by his envious eyes. There wasn't, he thought, a girl in the car whom he would give a hang to see again; but the one in there—

"Do we stop anywhere long enough for me to

go to the baggage car? Phyllis asked the conductor as he looked at their tickets.

"We had to leave our dog there, and he's not used to traveling," Miss Gwendolyn explained.

"We know he must be dreadfully unhappy and—"

"Oh, he'll be all right. Don't worry. Perfectly safe. This is a long train. You wouldn't have time to go to the car." And the uniformed authority hurried out with exasperating unconcern.

Miss Gwendolyn, with a tremulous sigh, placed the jack of diamonds on the king of spades and continued her confused game.

Phyllis, over her magazine, read with a divided mind. Half of it said: "Oh, here's a story by—" while the other half intruded with: "I wonder how far that man is going?" The train thundered on by Stamford and the smaller shoreline towns, paused

briefly at Bridgeport, passed the station of quaint Stratford with its splendid, ancient elm, then over the Housatonic and, a moment later, suddenly stopped with a violent jerk.

Miss Gwendolyn sat back with a gasp and looked out at the stretch of open fields.

"I wonder why we're stopping here. It doesn't seem to be anywhere in particular," she commented.

Moments dragged by, then came a vigorous knock on the door. Phyllis opened it and there stood that man, smiling an apology, but with a look of determination that gave her a startled thrill.

"Oh—" said Phyllis.

"I beg pardon, but I thought you would like to know that we may be held here for some time. There's a wreck just ahead of us."

"Thank you," the embarrassed girl replied, and abruptly closed the door.

"Who was that good-looking young man?" asked her aunt.

"How should I know, Aunt Gwen?" Phyllis was almost snappish, and Miss Gwendolyn looked at her in surprise.

"There was something familiar about him—something that reminded me—" (A look of alarm flashed for an instant in Phyllis' eyes.) "I wonder why he—Oh, perhaps he saw us with Sir Bock. He seemed to be such a nice boy. What made you cut him off like that? He might be willing to help us."

"I don't need his help. I'll find out if there's time to see Sir Bock." As she spoke she opened the door cautiously, found the aisle of the car clear, and ventured forth.

Passengers were aimlessly walking about a small station on the other side of the train. She quickly found the conductor, and being assured that there was time, she hurried on to the forward cars.

The brakeman stood in the open door of Sir Bock's prison.

"I don't durst go near 'im," he said to Phyllis. "He acts as if he'd take a piece out o' my leg if he got a chance."

"Nonsense," she exclaimed laughingly. "He wouldn't hurt a flea."

"Well, he's used to them, mebber," the man replied, unconvinced, as he helped her up into the car.

Sir Bock, at the sound of her voice, had promptly gone wild with joy. She freed him from the chain, secured his leash and returned to the door. The deep gutter below the track made it much more difficult to get out than to climb in, hampered as she was by the eager dog.

"Do help me with him," she begged.

The sceptical brakeman declined to go near. "Sorry, Miss, but you couldn't hire me to risk it."

She stood anxiously measuring the distance when, to her dismay, that man appeared below her, looking up with a smile.

"Hold on to the leash and jump. I'll catch you," he said—as if it were the most ordinary thing in the world to do. "Don't be afraid," he encouraged, mistaking her hesitation. "I won't let you fall. Just sit down and I'll give you a lift."

At the sight of him Sir Bock barked a delighted greeting while a very red Phyllis dropped to the floor of the car, with her feet hanging out, protesting rather weakly that she could get down by herself—if it were not for the dog.



Breathless she sank to the ground exclaiming:
"It's no use! You mustn't come any further.
Please go back—you'll miss the train."

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"Say, Mees, I've had just about enough of you people!" he blustered. "I don't answer no more questions, and I don't believe they got lady cops in the Police Department — not yet, anyways."

*HE Planned
This Murder
so That Every
Devilish Detail
Deliberately
Dovetailed to
Convict His
Hated Rival
But*

By
VICTOR
ROUSSEAU

Illustrated by
John F. Clymer

False Fingers

CASPAR WHITING, the one time husband of Esme Verrall, is consumed with jealousy because Esme, since divorcing Caspar, has fallen in love with a young sculptor, John Hardy, and they are secretly engaged. At the time the story opens, Hardy is making a model of Esme. Caspar sends a fake call to Esme's apartment purporting to come from Hardy and requesting her to call at Hardy's studio that evening. There Caspar met her, and after she refused to marry him again he deliberately stabbed her.

John Hardy lived in a suite next to Adela Wishart, who was confidential stenographer at Police Headquarters. The morning after the murder as Adela was preparing her breakfast and being more or less irritated by Hardy's vocal endeavours while taking his morning bath (the partitions were thin), she received a telephone call from Inspector Jaubert instructing her to watch John Hardy's door for a few minutes until he could send relief. Eventually the detectives arrived, arrested Hardy and took him to his own studio where he was confronted with the dead body of Esme. Caspar Whiting was also there and openly denounced Hardy as the murderer.

When Hardy informed the police that he and Esme were to have been married within six weeks, Caspar, who for weeks had been fiendishly spreading the news among his friends that he and Esme were to be reconciled, announced that this statement was false and that Esme had only agreed to see Hardy at all because she was anxious to have her bust done by him.

"He's lying!" Hardy screamed.

"Easy, now!" said Jaubert. "It's no use, Mr Hardy. Your finger and thumb-prints are on the handle of that scraper that the murder was committed with. Better come through with a clean confession. Meanwhile you're under arrest for the murder of Miss Esme Verrall!"

PART II

MURDER at the hands of John Hardy was the verdict of the coroner's jury. The sensation of the inquiry was Hardy's apparent attempt to cast the blame upon Whiting by making it appear that the dead woman had been about to marry him, and that Whiting, instead of himself, had committed the crime out of jealousy.

Hardy's cold-blooded behavior in returning to his apartment and feigning innocence had created a most unfavorable impression. The crime of passion is condoned in the public mind only when it contains no element of calculation.

The medical evidence showed that Esme Verrall had come to her death sometime between the hours of five and eight in the evening. The body had been discovered by the caretaker early on the following morning.

Monsieur Chaparde, the ex-wine merchant, who now dealt in tea and coffee, deposed that he had seen the dead woman enter the studio by the door which adjoined his shop, about four in the afternoon, a few minutes after Hardy. He had not seen either of them leave when he closed his shop, but of course he had not been looking for them and would not ordinarily have done so.

Further details were obtained from Rose Lewis, Miss Verrall's maid. The girl had been with her only a few days, but she was devoted to her mistress; she was convinced Hardy was the murderer, although she had never seen him until the evening of the murder and had never met Whiting.

"What was Miss Verrall's state of mind, regarding her two suitors?" the girl was asked.

"Poor Miss Verrall was dreadfully troubled between the two of them. It's my belief she'd have been a happier woman if she never seen either."

"You say neither of them had come to the apart-

ment since you went to work there?" asked the coroner.

"No, and I fancied Miss Verrall didn't want them coming there for fear of people talking. But they were always writing to her and ringing her up."

"Describe what happened on the afternoon of the murder, please."

"Miss Verrall had an appointment at Mr. Hardy's studio. She'd been there three or four times since I went to live with her. She was just like a child about it, so happy, and put on her prettiest frock and went out about half-past three. She came back soon after five—"

"She came back?"

"Sure she came back, in tears, and I knew that she'd been quarreling with Mr. Hardy again, and I said to her, 'Miss Verrall, if you wasn't to see either of them again it'd be the better for you. There's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it.' With that she flew out at me. She was like that—hasty. Half an hour later, when she was lying down, the phone rang.

"Well, I guessed it was one of them, and I meant to tell whoever it was that she'd gone out—poor Miss Verrall was lying down and I could hear her sobbing softly.

"Well, it was Mr. Hardy phoning from his studio, and wanted to see her at once, very important. I was just going to tell him she was out when I heard her door open and Miss Verrall came into the hall. So I had to let her know. And she was changed in a minute—all smiles now. Just as I was asking him to hold the line he rang off and so I gave Miss Verrall his message.

"She put on her hat at once and went out, and that's the last I saw of her till—"

The maid burst into tears and gave the remainder of her evidence in a disconnected manner. It transpired that Mr. Hardy had called that evening, expecting to take Miss Verrall out to dinner, and waited nearly an hour before going away. His manner had been nervous in the extreme; looking back, Rose Lewis could see that he had acted like the guilty man.

"Would you say that Miss Verrall had preferred Mr. Whiting or Mr. Hardy?"

"Mr. Hardy made her cry more when he wrote or telephoned her," the girl answered. "But I'd say Miss Verrall had sense enough to see that that sort of man wouldn't make her a good husband."

Applause in court.

A further sensation was created by Whiting's evidence, when he swore that there was not a word of truth in Hardy's story of his engagement. Esme Verrall, he insisted, had promised to marry him, and had complained of Hardy's attentions, which she had tolerated only because she had been anxious to have the bust completed.

Whiting stated in his evidence that he had closed his establishment about five, according to his custom, and had remained in the building until about seven, retouching negatives and had then gone home to his hotel. There was no elevator in the building, which was a small, old-fashioned one, and no one to give evidence as to this; but when he denounced Hardy as the murderer his evident sincerity electrified the court.

Hardy's finger-prints upon the bone handle of the scraper resulted in the rendering of the only possible verdict. The prints were fresh and clear, four fingers on one side and the thumbmark on the other, the thumb and first finger clearly outlined in the blood of the dead woman.

ON THE afternoon of that day Inspector Jaubert was in his office with Adela Wishart. The Inspector, highly satisfied with the way the case had been cleaned up, was permitting himself to relax a little in his manner. Adela Wishart was giving her desk some of those indeterminate pats and pushes that signify closing time. She adjusted the cover on her typewriter and looked up pensively.

"I guess Hardy will be coming through with a confession tomorrow," said Jaubert, leaning back in his chair. "Nice, clean little case that was. I wish all of 'em were the same way. He wasn't a friend of yours, Miss Wishart?"

"No," answered Adela, still pensive.

"I thought maybe you were feeling bad about it. Naturally it must have been a shock, him living next door to you."

"No, it wasn't that. I never spoke to him," said Adela, picking up a newspaper which depicted photographs of the scraper with which the murder had been committed, and of the finger-prints.

"What's the matter, then? You don't seem to have your usual snap, Miss Wishart. Tired?"

"No-o. I was just figuring how Mr. Hardy could have done it."

"Wha-at?"

The Inspector let his chair tilt back into position. "You don't believe—? Say, Miss Wishart, this is one of those fool hunches of yours."

Adela picked up the newspaper and handed it to Jaubert. "Look at those prints!" she said. "You see what I mean?"

Jaubert looked at them. "Nope," he answered. "I see four finger-prints and one of a thumb, and John Hardy sittin' in a chair with his trouser slit, unless he's mighty lucky with the trial jury."

"All the same," said Adela tartly, "I don't believe he



John Hardy

murdered Esme Verrall." "Huh! Who was it? Whiting?"

"Much more likely."

"How d'you figure that out? How did Hardy's finger-prints get there?"

"Faked, possibly, or—"

"Say, Miss Wishart, this is one of those dreams of yours! Faked? Who in thunder's going to take that line when it's a perfectly straight line? Motive and all, absolutely clear. See here, now!" He leaned across his desk toward her—

"John Hardy was in love with Esme Verrall and was trying to stop her from going back to her former husband, Whiting." He spoke as if he were explaining to a child. "When he saw he couldn't persuade her to marry him, he killed her in his studio in cold blood. Meanwhile he'd spread

this story of the engagement to throw the suspicion on the other fellow.

"Maybe to some minds it looks too simple and too foolish to be true. But Hardy's an artist. He may have heard about finger-prints, but when the time came he forgot all about 'em. Just made an appointment with her and killed her. That's all there is to it."

"Why didn't he kill her at the sitting, instead of letting her go away and then telephoning to her to come back?"

"That's simple. Probably lost his nerve when the time came and had to screw it up again."

He stood up and smiled at Adela tolerantly. "I guess it was a bit of a shock to you," he said. "But don't try to put a stick in the engine-wheel to stop the train, Miss Wishart. Hardy'll come through tomorrow, clean as a whistle."

"Maybe," said Adela, putting on her hat.

"Sure he will. G'night," said Jaubert.

ADELA made her way out of the building. Instead of proceeding home to her boarding house, however, she made her way across town to Greenwich Village. She found the proprietor of the tea and coffee shop just about to close, and in an ill humor. Adela gave him her most entrancing smile as she stated her business. Monsieur Chaparde scowled at her.

"Say, Mees, I've had just about enough of you people!" he blustered. "I don't answer no more

questions, and I don't believe they got lady cops in the Police Department—not yet, anyways."

"Oh, but Monsieur Chaparde, you will save yourself a great deal of trouble by answering a few questions," suggested Adela. "You don't want Inspector Jaubert coming round here again, do you? It's bad for your business."

"Business couldn't be rottener," growled the Frenchman. "Well, say it quick! What you want to know?"

"You didn't happen to see Miss Verrall leave the studio, did you?" asked Adela.

"No! No!" shouted Monsieur Chaparde, waving his arms frantically. "I said that already at the inquest."

"Nor return the second time?"

"Say, young woman, you read the papers. It's all in them tonight, and I can't answer no more fool questions!"

"Just one more, Monsieur Chaparde. Did Mr. Whiting pay a visit to Mr. Hardy's studio within the last few days?"

"How'd I know? Mr. Hardy won't keep his studio locked and I ain't responsible for people who comes in and damages his heads and busts."

"So some one entered Mr. Hardy's studio and did some damage, eh?"

"I don't know if they did or if he was lying. All the tenants makes complaints when they got nothing else on their minds. I told him to keep his studio locked if he didn't want people walking in."

"Can you tell me what he said happened?"

"Why, he said somebody got in and spoiled Miss Verrall's bust, and he had to do it over again, and I told him to keep his door locked."

"Thank you, Monsieur Chaparde," said Adela, smiling at the exasperated merchant as she passed out.

She did not go very far, however, but waited near until she saw Monsieur Chaparde leave his shop and take his departure. As soon as the coast was clear she went to the door which led up to Hardy's studio and two or three smaller rooms on the top floor, occupied by artists. She found the front door unlocked, as she had expected, and went up the stairs.

Hardy's door was locked, but this presented no difficulties. During the course of her sojourn at headquarters, Miss Wishart had annexed a nice little variety of burglars' tools and implements which had come her way and been overlooked. Drawing one or two [Continued on page 47]



Whiting sat obstinately silent. His impulse was to shriek, "If you mean me—say so!" But he kept himself in control.

Post-War Germany

HISTORY is often characterized as the most arid and the prosiest of subjects, yet that of the post-war decade can by no means be so described. In the violence of its changes of scene, its rapidity of action and its human interest it can vie with the popular novel.

This is particularly the case with the current history of Germany whose internal affairs are now of universal interest and whose fate will affect, in fact is affecting, the whole world.

The fact that those Powers which in 1919 were consciously planning her economic paralysis see themselves today constrained by dire necessity to scheme as ardently for her rehabilitation is not the least ironical of reflections this period of history evokes.

A rudimentary understanding of her bewildering politics and of the problems they create is only possible when they are viewed in conjunction with the march of events from the close of the War onward, and to this end some brief recapitulation is helpful.

THE tale begins with the Treaty of Versailles. This instrument deprived Germany of her overseas colonies, lopped off large slices of her European territory, robbed her of the means of defence by reducing her armaments to insignificant proportions, placed the Rhine-land under foreign control for ten years, and condemned her to the payment of enormous contributions in material and in money, unlimited in amount and for an indefinite period. Germany was to pay and continue paying until she was told to stop. These payments are the famous Reparations, so-called because President Wilson disliked the word indemnity. They were supposed to represent the sum necessary for making good the havoc and loss the Allies had sustained in the war. France, the principal creditor, has already been paid in full, as far as compensation is humanly possible, so that further payments partake rather of the character of a tribute exacted from a vanquished race by its conquerors.

The constant drain on Germany of such vast sums brought about the rapid collapse of the mark with a completeness unforeseen. A record level was reached in 1923 when a postage stamp was issued of the face value of 12,500,000,000 marks and was actually worth about five cents.

Conditions in Germany in 1922-1923 surpassed the bounds of imagination. All savings had been wiped out, securities were valueless, and there was no such thing as an income derived from investments in the country.

Although the depreciation of the value of real estate was not so catastrophic, it was sufficient to ruin for the time every land owner.

Immense houses, blocks of twenty or more flats in the best quarters of Berlin with a pre-war rent roll of upwards of 10,000 dollars changed hands for 1,000 dollars or so, mostly to foreigners.

The government had been compelled to prohibit the raising of rents above the pre-war level in order to prevent universal destitution, and when the currency fell these rents represented ludicrous sums of a dollar or two. Agricultural land suffered equally. A certain princely proprietor owned a whole island on the Baltic coast of some 374 square miles in area. Besides the owner's mansion and its contents, the estate contained fourteen well built villages, numerous scattered houses and buildings, herds, farming stock and equipment, hay ricks, standing crops and the value of the cultivations in the soil. It was within two hours of Berlin, was traversed by a railway, and there was no waste land. Fifty thousand dollars was asked for the whole lot, and there were no buyers forthcoming.

Distress was frightful especially among the middle and professional classes. The newspapers published

daily lists of suicides who had come to the end of their resources.

Large numbers of people, formerly well to do, starved slowly on the proceeds of the sale of personal effects, the only class of property marketable. The amount of suffering among young children and the permanent injury to their health, due to under-nourishment, has never been realized outside of Germany.

The wages of the working classes, paid in depreciated marks, were miserably low but costs of production were so greatly reduced thereby that German goods undersold all others in every market, so that there was plenty of underpaid employment, except in Saxony which depends on imported raw materials to feed its industries.

Industrial capitalists did little to relieve the prevailing misery. On the contrary, they aggravated it. They opposed the stabilization of the currency, and concerned themselves only with their mounting prosperity. They paid their wages in the nearly valueless marks. Their debts and taxes, delayed till the nominal amounts had fallen to a fraction of their original value, were liquidated in the same coin, and to accelerate this tendency they speculated for the fall of the mark. By placing their profits abroad they escaped its effects. Their selfishness and lack of patriotism was absolute. In fact, they deserved rather less respect than did the profiteers of other countries.

Affairs got to such a pass in 1923 that the German Government asked for a breathing space before making further payments of Reparations. The

French regarded this as evidence of bad faith and, against the advice of Great Britain, they extended their military occupation to the Ruhr District, beyond the Rhine, Germany's richest industrial area in which her principal coal mines are situated.

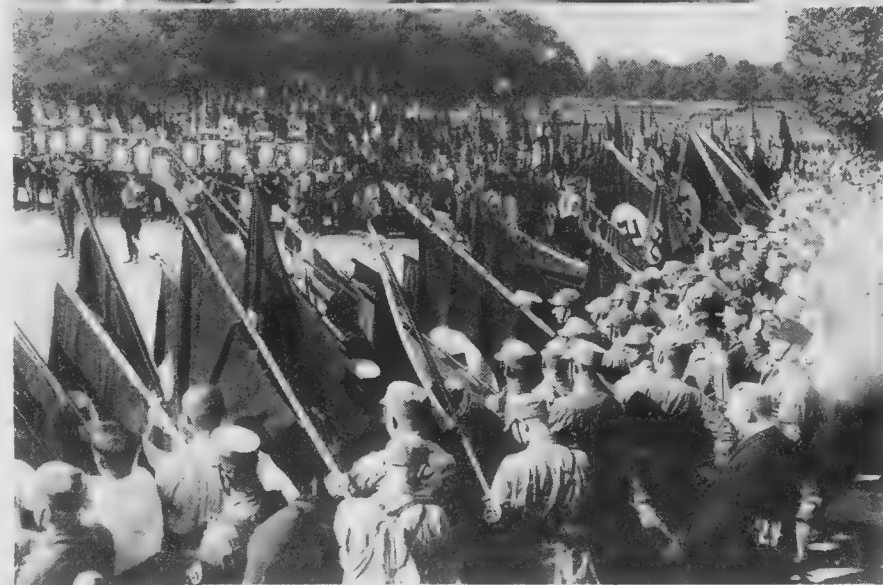
Their action further reduced her capacity to pay, and their attempted working of the mines was frustrated successfully by organized passive obstruction. In fact, the Ruhr Occupation was a blunder, and it failed in every object it was meant to achieve.

The situation was one of the greatest complexity. Germany was threatened with complete breakdown, the consequences of which it was impossible to foresee, but the extension of Bolshevism into the heart of Europe was one of the most probable. This the Allies dared not risk. Moreover, their commerce was feeling severely the competition of cheap German productions. Germany could only pay Reparations



View of the Cathedral, Berlin.

At Right:—X Franz Seldte, founder of the Stahlhelm League.



A Nazi Meeting.

from the surplus of her exports over imports. The greater her financial distress the cheaper her currency and the cheaper her exports—also the more they cut into the trade of her victors. The Allies had the choice between Reparations and bad trade, but they could not have their cake and eat it.

All of them, except France and Belgium, agreed that a modification of the terms of the Versailles Treaty was imperative. The latter were momentarily more concerned for their rival's political suppression than for their own prosperity.

An arrangement, known as the Dawes Plan, was agreed upon, assented to grudgingly by France, by which the Allies consented to make Germany a loan sufficient for her to stabilize her currency, and to

By Captain H. Stanford Smith

evacuate the Ruhr, while the latter pledged herself to pay a sum of 500,000,000 dollars during the ensuing five years but the total amount of the Reparations remained still unsettled.

With the mark fixed, Germany lost the advantage of her underpaid labor. Prices rose, trade dwindled, numbers of mushroom firms went into bankruptcy, and unemployment increased by leaps and bounds till it exceeded six and a half millions.

By the end of 1928 Germany could claim to have discharged her obligations under the Dawes Plan faithfully, and demanded that a finality should be put to Reparations and that their total amount should be definitely fixed. After considerable opposition on the part of France the Young Plan was adopted in 1929 whereby Germany undertook to pay an average amount of 410,000,000 dollars a year for thirty-seven years, after which payments should cease.

Within a year she was again on the verge of financial collapse, and a year's moratorium was granted her. At the beginning of the present year she announced herself completely exhausted and unable to make further payments, either present or future.

THE imposition of Reparations has been based upon the assumption of Germany's "war guilt," acknowledged by force majeure in a clause in the Treaty of Versailles but repudiated afterwards by every German statesman when speaking on the subject.

Their effect has been world wide and disastrous. The continual draining off of a considerable part of the world's gold supply through their operation into the coffers of France and the U.S.A. has led to the dislocation of international commerce and to a serious reduction of the purchasing capacity of other countries.

When one considers that through the manipulation of the banks one pound sterling in gold can provide some ten times that amount of credit, in other words, purchasing power, it will not be difficult to realize how greatly the world has been impoverished through these enormous sums in specie being frozen in the vaults of Paris and New York. Germany cannot pay any more. It is undesirable that she should do so.

Germans resent bitterly the sole onus of responsibility for the War being thrust upon them. The Allies insist upon it just as vehemently. With the annexations accomplished and Reparations a dead letter, the question has ceased to be one of primary importance.

The origins of the War can be traced back through many years. Broadly speaking, it was engendered by the clashing interests of conflicting imperialisms and commercial rivalry.

A condition of affairs had arisen in 1914 in which the rashness of a politician could have precipitated the cataclysm, and the prudence of a cautious statesman might have postponed but not averted it.

It is, therefore, today a matter of merely academic interest which Powers should bear the burden of guilt, and what proportion of it should be attributed to them. Germany engaged in a struggle in which she was beaten. Her conquerors simply treated her after the manner of conquerors. *Vae victis!* The attempted justification of her spoliation on moral grounds savours somewhat of hypocrisy.



Adolf Hitler (bareheaded) at the grave of an assassinated national-socialist. Beside him, members of his storm detachments.



(At Right)—Gregor Strasser, a leader of the Nazis.

The internal politics of Germany during the period under review have been complicated and stormy. The first years of the Republic saw her under the control turn by turn of communists and socialists of various hues from pale pink to the deepest scarlet.

A reaction in favor of the more conservative elements soon set in. There were frequent armed conflicts between contending parties prosecuted with surprising ferocity which in extent and intensity threatened to develop into civil wars.

The Nationalists and the Conservative Right gradually got the upper hand and even gained the adhesion of large bodies of socialists to their party. Three militant organizations arose out of the welter

of warring factions, the Reichsbanner, the Stahlhelm and the Nazi storm troops. The Reichsbanner is socialist in outlook. It aims at maintaining intact the socialist principles on which the present Constitution is based, and is bitterly opposed to the two other associations.

The Stahlhelm is conservative and militarist. The nucleus of its membership is composed of war veterans (Continued on page 44)



Konigsplatz, with the Parliament Buildings, Berlin.

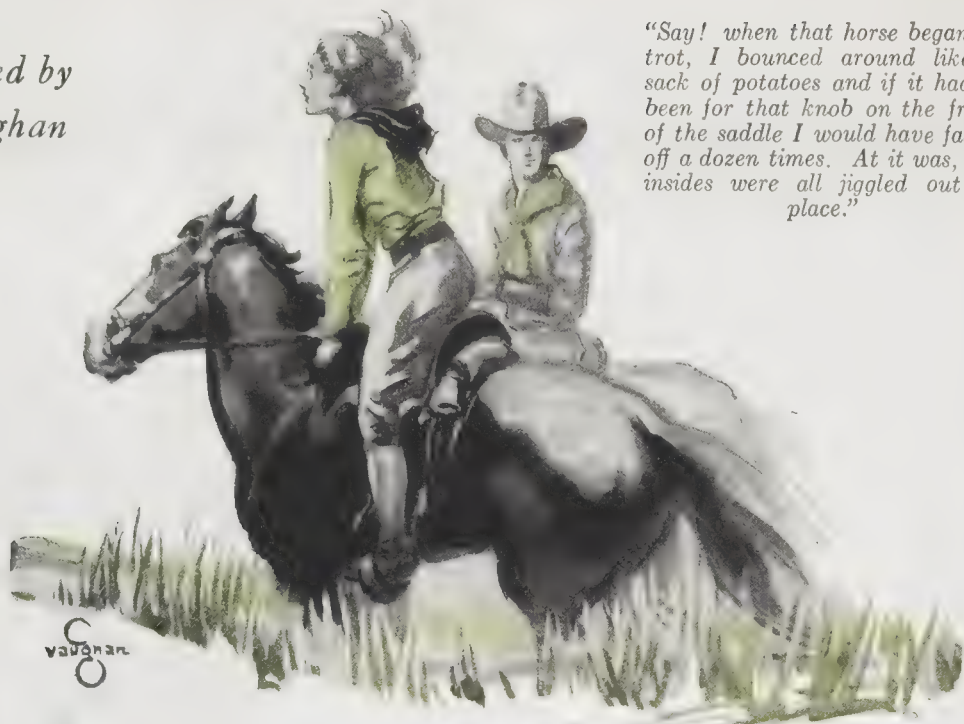


Kurfürsten Bridge and the Royal Palace, Berlin.

Love Letters of a Schoolmarm

By ARTHUR ROBERT WILLIS

Illustrated by
C. Vaughan



"Say! when that horse began to trot, I bounced around like a sack of potatoes and if it hadn't been for that knob on the front of the saddle I would have fallen off a dozen times. At it was, my insides were all jiggled out of place."

Highwood River School,
May 5th.

O H DEAR ED:—I have the *duckiest* little schoolhouse you ever saw. Just like those romantic pictures you see on toothpaste calendars.

It's made of real logs, with the bark left on, and sits on the river bank in a thick grove of pine trees that smell like that soap you buy to shampoo your hair with. You know.

And my pupils! Say, Ed, you'll just never believe it when I tell you that I have one pupil in my class three years older than myself. Yes, he's twenty-four. His name is Jack Burney, and he's a cowboy. He wears his spurs and big-brimmed ten-gallon hat to school, and when I first saw him coming towards me

I would have sworn it was Gary Cooper, the famous movie star. Did my heart turn over? Well, I guess! I never saw two men who looked so much alike. But, of course the rest of my pupils are all considerably younger.

They all come to school on horseback, just like you read about in the story magazines, and it's terribly thrilling. I just know I'm going to have the most glorious summer. Everything is so different to the little cottage school I had for so long in the city.

Yesterday was my first day. When they all rode up in their colored shirts and Stetson's, I thought it was a tribe of Indians on the warpath, and got scared and locked the door. But, by-and-by, when I saw them dismount, and noticed that they were just kids, I had to laugh at myself.

There are eighteen altogether, including Jack Burney. Ten boys and eight girls. And they're the easiest children to manage I've ever had. I had a talk with each of them to find out what work they had taken up before, and then graded them. You will be surprised to learn that Jack Burney has never been to school before in his life. He can read and write a little, but that's all. So I have to start him in grade one. He's a very bright pupil, though, and I'm sure he'll get ahead very fast when I can get him to pay attention to his work instead of staring at me. He told me he wanted to learn as much as he could, because he only had a couple of

months to spare from work, so I made arrangements for him to take an extra hour with me after school, when the others have gone.

Well, I guess that is about all the news for the present. I hope you are behaving yourself these days, and keeping away from that Andrews girl. Remember your promise to me before you left: no two-timing and no liquor while I am away this summer, or our engagement is off.

Let me know all the news as soon as possible, because we don't even get an evening paper here.

Your loving sweetheart,
Dot.

77 Beveridge Block,
Calgary, May 8th.

DEAR DOT:—Listen, girlfriend, it's O.K. with me if you have a bowlegged backwoods cowboy in your class, just so long as you don't try to teach him anything but reading, writing and 'rithmetic. But this idea of

giving him an extra class after school don't look good to me, to say the least. From what I gather, this Burney chap is pretty smooth, and it looks to me very much as though the whole thing is a frame-up on his part to make himself teacher's pet. I advise you to cut out these late classes at once, before he gets too thick with you. I know what those yokels are like; the smell of pine-tar mingled with a little lilac or ashes - of - roses perfume from a pretty dame, goes to their heads like a jolt of gin.

The town's been pretty dead since you left. Bernice Andrews called me up last night and wanted me to go to a shin-dig out at Chestermere Lake, but I told her I was busy. Still, if you persist in entertaining that cow-herder after school hours, I'm not going to be the white-haired boy and sit home by myself gnawing my finger-nails.

Love and kisses,
Ed.

Highwood River School, May 12th.

DEAR ED:—Of course you *would* have to think of that, wouldn't you? I suppose if I was marooned

on an iceberg with a walrus, you'd still be jealous. Things like that make me peeved, Ed. Jack Burney is as manly and straight-forward a chap as I've ever met in my life. He stands six-feet-two high, and has shoulders so broad he has to enter the door sideways. Besides that, he's as good-looking as a men's collar advertisement. Believe me, if I wasn't his teacher, and engaged to you, it wouldn't be very hard for me to fall for him.

But it's downright nasty of you to say that I wanted him to stay in after school for an extra class. It was his own idea. To hear you talk you'd think I just came out here to amuse stray cowboys, when you know perfectly well that I took a country school this summer because there was more money in it, and it would enable me to buy some nice clothes for our honeymoon trip this fall.

Now let's forget it. I must tell you about the lesson in horseback riding I had. Jack Burney has the loveliest horse I have ever seen, and one day when I was admiring it, he asked me if I would like to take a ride. I told him I didn't know how to ride a horse, so he offered to teach me.

My it's a painful business! He called for me at my boarding-place last Sunday evening with a quiet little pony with brown spots on it. A piebald, I think he called it. I had on my khaki breeches, and we went a short distance up the river. Say! when that horse began to trot, I bounced around like a sack of potatoes and if it hadn't been for that knob on the front of the saddle I would have fallen off a dozen times. As it was my insides were all jiggled out of place.

But the scenery was wonderful, and we saw a foothill sunset, and everything was so beautiful out there under the pines in the moonlight that I almost forgot my hurts. Next day, though, I could hardly walk to school. And I taught my classes standing up.

Jack says I'll get used to it after a while, though, and then he and Mr. MacDougall promised to take me on a fishing trip up the river. Mr. MacDougall's place is where I am boarding. He and his wife are fine old Scotch people.

There isn't anything more I can think of just now, so I will close. I

am glad to note that you refused to go out with Bernice. I'm sure that girl has designs on you. Write soon and please [Continued on page 41]



He stands six-foot - two high and has shoulders so broad he has to enter the door sideways.



By the way, I told Jack what you said about being able to lick him, and he says he is very anxious to meet you.

"Keeping my skin lovely at home is so easy now —"

M^{RS.}— Lawrence Coolidge



Mrs. Coolidge photographed removing with Pond's Cleansing Tissues the rich Cold Cream used for cleansing.

Pond's Cold Cream does *more than cleanse*. It has the perfect consistency for working into the skin. Not too heavy. Not so thin it dries the skin. Use it to bring life and freshness to a tired skin and to make a dry skin soft and supple.



Applying her favorite Vanishing Cream to protect, give velvety finish and hold powder for hours.

Pond's Vanishing Cream is a godsend to women whose skin roughens and chaps from exposure. It smooths and heals the skin. Is not drying. Use it before going out. And after exposure. One application will give your hands a lovely white, transparent finish. It is absolutely greaseless.



Photographs by Nickolas Muray

MRS. COOLIDGE AFTER HER HOME BEAUTY TREATMENT

Brilliant young society leader shows you exactly the simple steps of her Home Beauty Treatment

M^{RS.} COOLIDGE's fresh girlish complexion is as natural as her unaffected cordiality. "Certainly I'll show you my complexion care. As a matter of fact, I do it myself. It saves so much time to do it at home.

"First comes *cleansing*—I always use this Pond's Cold Cream, its rich oils get every bit of grime out of my pores. And these Pond's Cleansing Tissues remove every speck of it in a twinkling—they are much *softer* and more absorbent than ordinary tissues . . . feel them.

"Then comes *stimulating* . . . that keeps my skin young looking and vital. A brisk patting like this with cotton soaked in Pond's Skin Freshener to refine the pores, tone and bring up my natural color.

"Now for *protecting*—this silky Pond's Vanishing Cream protects my skin and holds the powder. I can't use things that dry my skin so I always insist on Pond's Vanishing Cream.

"There—that's all. Simple, isn't it?

"Of course, *at bedtime*, after thoroughly cleansing my skin again with this rich Cold Cream, I always put on an extra bit of the cream and leave it on overnight. That *lubricates* my skin and wards off wrinkles.

"These 4 Pond's preparations give you just the four things your skin needs to stay nice—Cleansing, Lubricating, Stimulating and Protecting. Pond's is marvelous and not expensive either, which appeals to my New England thrift."

TUNE IN on Pond's every Friday—9:30 P. M., E. D. S. T. The program of continuous dance music rhythmized for actual dancing. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra—WEAF and N. B. C. Network.

Send 10¢ for Pond's four
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War on Poverty

By HELEN GREGORY MACGILL

THE present unspeakable condition of financial affairs is stimulating the fertile minds of the Pacific Coast to seek new remedies. Down south, across the imaginary line in Washington State, Raymond, famous for lumber, and Tenino, the home of the Big Oyster, afflicted by bank closings, are liquidating their "frozen assets" with Sitka pine, 2-ply, cardboard and oyster script, and Anaheim, California, is also producing its own currency. That some of it is not wooden, and none of it is oyster does not matter, the important fact being that these communities have temporarily gone off the gold, silver, bank bill, nickel and copper standards to the tune of one buck (\$1.00), "two bits" (25c), "four bits" (50c). All of which remind one of Walter Lippman's comment that a banker's cure for depression is always another bank loan and a new bond issue. Far more arresting is our Canadian experiment in Burnaby, B.C., where in full working order a large active group are making an actual demonstration of their theories. Here cashless depositors, and bankless unemployed exchange aid. But it is a case of helping him who helps himself. Burnaby's soldiers without fortune, marshalling their battalions into the Army of the Common Good are already over 700 strong, and still growing. This 'Grand Army of the Jobless' are enlisting under such banners as "War on Poverty," "Production for Use not Profit," and they "Smile, smile, smile" in variant form. Neither wooden, cardboard nor oyster money to liquidate bank credits would be of any avail here, for work only, and working hours alone form the basis of the Army's credit system.

Burnaby, the setting for this novel undertaking, is a beautiful rural municipality on the Pacific and Grandview Highways, well served by electric tram and motor bus lines. Lying between Canada's third largest city, Vancouver, and British Columbia's oldest incorporated city, New Westminster, it is a district of little lakes, beautiful small homes, gardens and ranches, an unusual community spirit, and a high

Classification.....	Number.....
I hereby enlist in the Army of the Common Good and agree to abide by the rules and regulations and promise to fulfill whatever duty is assigned to me in the interests of the Common Good to the best of my ability, to abide by the will of the majority, to be loyal to the highest interests of the citizens of Canada, to make honesty and justice the basis of all my dealings with my fellow men.	
Signed.....	Sworn in by.....
Address.....	At.....
Date..... 1932.....	
Where born.....	Do you own your own home?.....
Age.....	Are you renting?.....
Married or single.....	Have you read Bellamy's books?.....
Dependents.....	What other Economic writers have you read?.....
Training.....	Remarks.....
What work do you prefer?.....	
What is your physical condition?.....	

class of citizens. Yet even upon this Eden descended the blight of unemployment. But to a sturdy group, led by D. G. Macdonald, it seemed intolerable to sit down under policies of laissez-faire, and aimless unemployment relief grants. Doing nothing about it does not appeal to them. Many in the group being, or

producing the latter from the raw material to the finished product in the near future. In short, the plan of Burnaby's unemployed is to produce as much as possible for their own needs, and sufficient for sale to secure such things as must be bought from others. A few months ago a division of their Army stretched over into North Vancouver and now is working out there the same system of self-help for the unemployed. (North Vancouver's geographical relation to Vancouver proper is as that of Brooklyn to New York, and Oakland to San Francisco).

OFFICIALLY the Army of the Common Good is incorporated under the British Columbia Co-operative Societies Act. Their directors, six in number, are D. G. Macdonald, president and founder; E. B. Browne, secretary-treasurer; A. Sprice, F. A. Ray; J. T. Moriarty; and P. G. Gibbons. All the members of the Army are shareholders. This may sound plutocratic for unemployed, but shares are only \$1.00, are always at par, and there can be no bulling or bearing in this market. Since neither salaries nor wages are paid, officers live in no fear of "cuts."

The Association held its first meeting December 11, 1931, but its membership roll already shows an impressive list of trades, occupations and professions. Not many callings are missing from the following:—Accountants, advertising men, agriculturists, blacksmiths, beekeepers, barbers, boilermakers, butchers, builders, chiropractors, cabinetmakers, carpenters,

clerks, cooks, comptometer operators, dairymen, dentists, dressmakers, engineers (marine and civil), entertainers, electricians, elocutionists, firemen, filers (saw), farmers, fishermen, foremen, glaziers, gardeners, grocers, horticulturists, houseworkers, handymen, hairdressers, lawyers, laundrymen, laborers, loggers, longshoremen, milliners, miners, mechanics, merchandise brokers, millwrights, millworkers (saw mills), machinists, moulders, organizers, pipefitters,

poultrymen, plasterers, painters, plumbers, printers (linotype), railway clerks, [Continued on page 43]



A group of workers who have been fixing the Donkey Engine into place.



Before the Donkey Engine came.



In the corn:—D. G. Macdonald, president and founder, at left.



Garden operations.

having been taxpayers themselves, realize that by a fatal process of elimination, the day is coming in which the taxpayer can pay no more taxes—ergo no more taxes, no more relief money. Also preferring work they decided that instead of waiting for work to come to them, they would go to work—in both senses of the term. To this end work would be their medium of exchange, and thirty work hours a week per worker be the maximum allowed for distribution purposes. Hoarding or storing of credits is useless as credits cannot be used beyond the need of the individual and his or her dependents.

Under this plan jobless builders are building bungalows for houseless lumbermen, plumbers plumb for patientless physicians, who in turn attend unemployed carpenters, milkless gardeners exchange vegetables and fruit with fruitless dairymen, etc. Gangs of their members cut firewood for themselves and for sale to outsiders. The municipality and some private owners have given the association the use of some land, twenty acres of which they have planted to garden beside preparing other land for spring planting. Having supplied themselves with food and fuel, they find clothing and footwear their pressing need. But they have high hopes of



Hoing the potatoes.

To keep the supple softness... the yielding firmness of a youthful skin this much OLIVE OIL goes into every cake of Palmolive

**Follow this beauty treatment.
Use this soap rich in olive oil
... twice a day ... as experts
advise. See how skin returns
to the supple softness, the
yielding firmness of youth.**

YOUTH is apt to forget ... age is apt to ignore the importance of a firm, smooth, alluring skin.

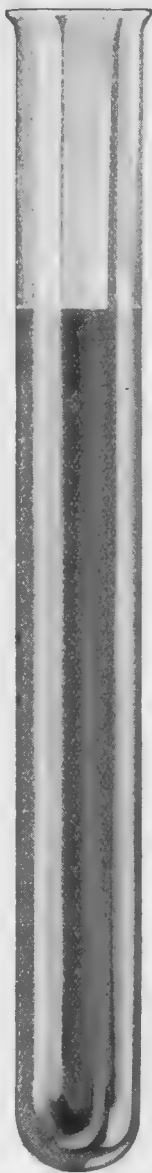
That's dangerous and unnecessary. Because there is a very easy, very inexpensive way to protect the youth of your skin ... to bring back the loveliness you may think you are losing as you grow older.

Olive oil is the answer

Doctors advise it for tender skin, from the very cradle up. Even before baby's first bath comes an olive oil rub. And to keep skin soft, supple, smooth, experts insist that nothing—no beauty treatment known—can compare with olive oil.

Mere beauty claims, you know, don't make a beauty soap. A real beauty soap must have a known beauty ingredient. Olive oil is Palmolive's ingredient. The test tube shows the exact amount we put into every cake.

Tonight—start the Palmolive way to a soft, youthfully firm skin. And remember—skin does not mean just face and neck—you must bathe in these rich, youth giving suds. Then watch—confidently—expectantly for the skin you desire. Smooth, lovely firmness that tells the world you are young... young...young!



MADE
IN CANADA

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Apron Strings

By EDWARD BOOTH

HEALTH is largely habit. Habit is largely character. Character—its basis at least—is largely created in early years of life, often in astonishing measure as a result of the guidance or environment supplied by parents or other relatives; in other words, apron strings.

Many children suffer, as to health and in other respects, from too much parents! It took a brave and courageous man to state frankly that the thing generally known as "Mother love" may be and quite frequently is, entirely a selfish thing and by no means the selfless or unselfish sentiment that poets have written about and singers sung of.

It takes a courageous mother to confront without prejudice the possibilities for good or ill of her attitude and influence toward her child—especially if it be an only child. Still braver must she be who, recognizing the true character of the sentiment she had supposed utterly unselfish, thereafter makes operative in her relationships with the child the elements genuinely calculated to best serve its well-being, present and to come. This entirely apart from the astonishing things suggested by the Freudian philosophy as to sex influences as between even mothers and their own sons.

It is an irrefutable truth that no bird ever learned to fly as long as he stayed in the nest. It is no compliment to our human pseudo-superiority that in our puerile attempts at establishing that superiority we fly in the face of established laws of basic and fundamental character. Figs from thistles is as unprofitable an expectation today as when first suggested in Biblical times. The only way to train a child to carry and discharge responsibilities personal or social, is to put that responsibility squarely upon him and penalize reasonably but adequately his failure to suitably measure up. A reasonable background of support of course, in the earliest attempts... but a quick withdrawing of all tendency to take off the youthful shoulders the responsibility involved. Any parent who has tried to face squarely the issues of child training, can find a lesson of amazing value in the thing suggested a bit back... a bird learning to fly.

From the first coaxing chirps or the push that definitely puts the youngster out of the nest, to the time when, on the ground and at the mercy of every one of his sneaking, crawling enemies, his mother transmits to him somehow the idea that he must fly... that he must fly!... the whole process is a swift placing of responsibility where it must always belong, on the individual's own shoulders.

A swift dart of the mother underneath him may avert calamity at the first drop over the nest's brim, but the mother instinct never interferes with the thing at issue... that the youngster shall fly, and without delay!

WE BEGIN shouldering our children's own responsibilities before they are awake in the morning. We know a lady who would tell you that her daughter Ann is one of those girls that you simply can't get up in the morning. We've listened to the

procedure allegedly necessary to bring about that result, and if our knowledge of the case rested there, we should be compelled to believe that Ann is indeed a difficult subject to get afoot of a morning.

At eighteen years of age Ann has never been left by herself overnight with the need to arouse herself in the morning. At eighteen her mother has done all that for her every single morning of her life! It involves many calls and much daily scolding, and it has undoubtedly put wrinkles in that mother's face and helped to gray the abundant hair that nevertheless looks so delightful, gray as it is.

The entire procedure is a purely selfish one on the mother's part. She likes that fuss every morning! Oh yes, she does... at eighteen years of age Ann found herself keeping house with us for two weeks while her mother fretted and stewed over her inability to be at home, because of an accident to a sister in a distant city. Ann had to report at her office each day as usual... at our first bed-time she looked us straight in the eye and asked whether we were going to waken her each morning...

We didn't. Not even an alarm-clock was used, yet Ann wasn't late a single time at the office in the entire two weeks. When her mother returned, the daily riot to get Ann up was resumed, and still goes on!

Ann is not a hard girl to get up in the morning. With youthful understanding she is ready to leave that responsibility to someone who likes to shoulder it for her. Someone who likes to... it is utterly and purely a selfish matter—though one is expected to agree that Ann is the culprit and her mother the one put upon!

WE TALKED one day with another one-

child mother. She was planning the summer vacation for eleven-years-old Bill and herself. Dad was to be consigned to his golf club and the cafeterias and she proposed to spend a solid month in the country with her boy. What did we think of it?

"How would you like to send Bill to a good boys' camp for August," we asked, "and have it an inviolable understanding that you neither send nor receive mail from him during that time?" Bill suffers from too much parents and we know it... and Bill knows we know it!

"Why," said she, "I'd die... that's all!" A moment before she had almost convinced us that

the whole August scheme was for Bill's exclusive benefit... there was a distinct "Martyr" suggestion in the scheme as she presented it. But we'd found out the truth and it may be that that lady does not like us quite as much as she did before. Truth

hurts sometimes. An eleven-years-old boy seldom needs a twelfth entire month of his mother's dogging care, when he has had eleven months already in the year of just that!

WE ARE afraid for our children... we are afraid that they'll be afraid! There is fortunately now afoot a growing movement that aims at reduction of the total list of things of which we shall train children to be afraid. For centuries apparently we have taught children to fear everything from the dark and bogeymen to fish-hooks and sharp pocket-knives. Fearless children... not merely ignorant children, mark you... are rare!

We remember spending a summer years ago in a farm-house of somewhat unique character. Several children made up a quite generously proportioned family, and taken all in all we found perhaps among them fewer child fears than in any other group of children we've ever known. Not ignorant children... by no means... but their understanding that snakes bite and fire burns was a calmly accepted thing—they weren't afraid of snakes or fire; they knew what to do with regard to both, and did it, without fear.

Coming downstairs in the old house very early one morning—it was very early, to precede the family rising hour in that farm-house—we found little Mary, aged four, sleeping all curled up in a corner below a door that shut off the stairs above her. Late in the night she had awakened and wanted a drink. Slipping out of bed she had gone down to the kitchen for some water and the stair door had swung shut behind her. Not tall enough to reach the highly-placed knob, she had not thought of disturbing anyone to let her upstairs again; an old rug and a cushion from the big kitchen had made a perfectly good bed for her, and there she lay. The drink and the rug and cushion had been hunted up in the dark, without light of any sort. Mary had no more fear of the dark than a bird has of the heavens at high noon. Smiling sleepily she told us of her predicament and her mother arrived just in time to prevent us planting in the child's mind that fool phrase: "Poor Little Mary!"—which in any case fitted her not at all; Mary was as adorable a child as ever stepped! That she should be shut out of bed and sleep in a floor-corner was nothing to make her sorry for herself! For how many, many things has Mary to be grateful to that sane, level-headed, unselfish mother of hers! Hard treatment, you say?... not at all—just utter understanding, loving commonsense!

We saw Mary the other day—she's twenty now, and midway in a nursing course in a big city hospital. We sat with some friends at tea in the shade of a big elm in a rough mountain park. Down a bridle-path close at hand came a handsome girl on a shining-coated horse. Bare-headed and at ease on the flat English saddle she made a lovely picture against the hill behind her. Suddenly her horse stumbled, ducked a knee quickly and went down in front. Mary... it was Mary!... took a neat header and alighted with a crash on a shoulder and her own head. By the time we reached her she was getting afoot, feeling her head gingerly with one hand and with the other reaching for the bridle rein we had caught for her.

She wasn't much phased. A quick readjustment of hair and clothes, a foot in a stirrup and a quick swing up before we could offer help... She looked down at us with a self-sufficient grin. A self-competent girl is Mary. At four she had learned not to fuss over non-essential things. At twenty she displays poise, personal efficiency, fearlessness. Taught early to meet and deal with her own responsibilities, she does just that with delightful lack of self-consciousness. Mary's mother we class as a genuinely unselfish woman... for she was able, as are few mothers when dealing with their own children, to put self aside and foresee the effect on her child's character of early training in self reliance.

Health... habit... character... apron strings! It is for parents to appreciate the inter-relationships of the four...

The Wreck

By Maude Laidman

*Just a man harried from cradle to grave,
Fettered by laws like some stoical slave;
Hurried from Mother's fond arms to a chair,
"Now see the darling wee man sitting there!"
Rushed into rompers—to buy them was joy,
Then he was "Daddy's own regular boy!"
Ringlets cut off (they had shone like spun gold),
Curls were not meant for "a big four-year old!"
Hastened through lower school, asked to forsake
Marbles and tops—a career was at stake;
Furnished with brain food to make him advance,
Praised for his progress by uncles and aunts;
Speeded through senior grades, helped on at home,
Head crammed with facts till it felt like a tome;
Made to take music, that art which refines,
Intricate symbols on intricate lines;
Hustled at morning, at noon and at night
All through his college days. "Knowledge is might!"
Teased and tormented by laurels displayed,
Winners are those of which heroes are made;
Urged till he mastered the tricks of the game,
Given a chair in some great hall of fame;
Now prodding others to get into stride,
"Laggards are one thing we cannot abide!"
Harassed by worries that filled him with fright,
Wearied by rushing from morning till night;
Nerves all a-tingle and head all a-throb,
Caught in the mesh of the masterful mob;
Valiantly struggling to keep up the pace,
Forced while in midlife to give up the race;
Broken in body, in spirit and mind,
Soon he has followed the way of mankind.
Fold his hands tenderly over his breast,
Close his sad eyelids. At last he has rest.*

Orange juice to build teeth, Mother ... and Pepsodent to keep them safe!

It's not so difficult to have strong, healthy teeth so modern science tells us. Just observe 3 simple rules.

THE rules for healthy teeth and healthy children are much the same. Feed them for sturdiness. Protect them from the causes of disease. When they are sick summon your physician.

Teeth also must be fed

Minerals and vitamins make teeth strong and hard; more resistant to the enemies that cause decay. Therefore start with the diet to have strong healthy teeth. The foods pictured below are highly beneficial.

Teeth must be protected

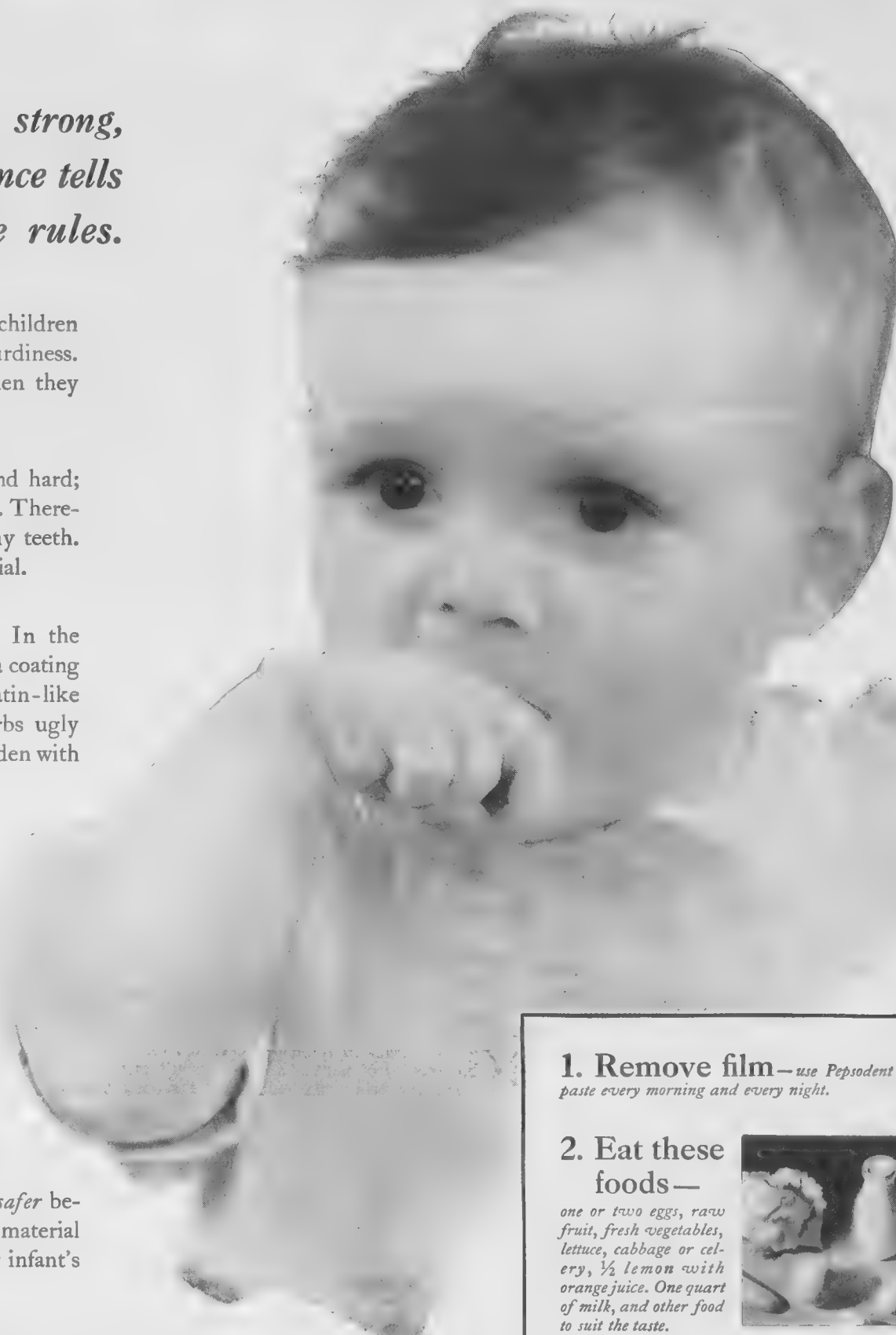
But diet alone is not complete protection. In the mouth are elements that combine and form a coating on teeth called *bacterial plaque* or film. Gelatin-like it sticks stubbornly to teeth . . . and absorbs ugly stains from food and smoking. This film is laden with germs — acid-producing germs — that dissolve tooth enamel. Then they attack the softer part beneath and finally reach the nerve. Protecting teeth means removing film—for film is the source of more tooth trouble than any other single thing.

The film-removing power of Pepsodent is unique—made possible by a newly discovered cleansing and polishing material. This remarkable material is contained in Pepsodent exclusively and in no other toothpaste on the market. As it removes film this new material polishes the enamel to high brilliance. More important still, it is safer—*safer* because it's two times *softer* than the polishing material commonly used in toothpastes. Safe even for infant's teeth and tender gums.

Seek dental advice

Teeth when sick must be treated and repaired, not by a toothpaste or yourself, but by your dentist. Often teeth require attention without giving any signs. Therefore, make it a standard practice to see your dentist periodically. Follow the three rules above and keep teeth strong and healthy all through life.

Amos 'n' Andy are brought to you by Pepsodent every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network



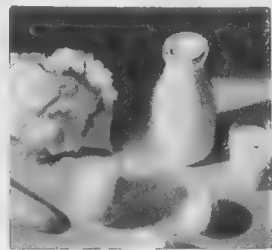
IN NO OTHER TOOTHPASTE

Only Pepsodent toothpaste contains this newly discovered cleansing and polishing material—twice as *soft*, twice as *safe*. Even the process of its manufacture is kept a carefully guarded secret.

1. Remove film—use Pepsodent toothpaste every morning and every night.

2. Eat these foods—

one or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, lettuce, cabbage or celery, ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk, and other food to suit the taste.



3. See your Dentist—

at least twice a year. He can detect the beginning of trouble. He can stop it then at small expense and no discomfort.



USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR

PEPSODENT TOOTHPASTE is Made in Canada

"Some day.. I'll CLEAN those LIPS!"



"JIM was trying to be nice about it... but that painted look really repulsed him. He just had to say something."

Painted lips are one thing a man will not stand for. And it's so easy to offend. Colors that look well by themselves may look *common* and *cheap* on your lips.

Be safe. Don't run the risk of having painted lips. Forget your present lipstick. From now on, *Tangee* your lips.

Tangee can't make you look painted. It isn't paint. It's a new discovery that changes on your lips to the *one* color most becoming to you. It brings you new loveliness and charm.

And Tangee is permanent—water-proof. Its cold cream base soothes and heals your lips—prevents chapping and caking.

Get Tangee at any druggist or cosmetic counter. Costs no more than ordinary lipsticks. It ends that painted look.

CHEEKS MUSTN'T LOOK PAINTED!



Tangee Rouge changes on the cheeks—just the way Tangee Lipstick does on your lips. It gives the color most becoming to you... ends that "painted look". When you get Tangee Lipstick, ask for Tangee Rouge.



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750 Vitre Street, West, Montreal, Canada

Gentlemen: I enclose 10¢. Please send your miracle make-up set to:

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Address _____

four times that; make more than my business in Detroit brings me in six years at the present rate of going.

Mr. Case smiled amiably. "I'm sure glad to have you come with me, and only sorry you haven't got more for your own sake. Oh, there's just one thing more. Fifteen per cent of whatever you win goes to me, or rather goes to help all the expenses which we have undertaken."

"That's only fair and right," Mr. Bates agreed heartily. "I can realize how it must have cost to put all this through."

"Now that I have full confidence in you folks, I'll show you just what we have done. For one thing I've had a special wire run right into the bedroom. Come along, I'll show you."

Mr. Bates followed, and Macdougall, after a second of hesitation, also.

In the bedroom upon a table standing against the window was what looked like an ordinary small valise. Lifting the lid Case revealed within an ordinary telegraph receiving set. The wire ran out under the partly raised window. The wall below was covered with ivy to the ground. The window looked upon a little summer garden attached to the hotel.

"Believe me it cost plenty to arrange this without the hotel people getting wise," Case went on. "Of course, I'm a telegraph operator by trade. I was working until a few weeks ago when I met with some racehorse chaps who needed me in their business. I'm really the most important guy. When I took rooms in this hotel I made them show me a dozen suites. This on the first floor was the only one suitable. And, looking as it does into the garden and with that ivy on the wall to hide the telegraph wire under, it was ideal. I was certainly in luck in every way for the downtown office of the telegraph company is in this same block. But I needn't go into all the details and make a long story of it. But, anyway, after a couple of weeks, I got the confidence of the right man in the telegraph office. My being a union man myself helped tremendously. So now this wire is connected with the main cable. Every afternoon after two o'clock I open up the key. Of course, I have to listen to all the messages that come in on this trunk line and pick out mine as they arrive. You see, my partners have got tapped the main wire at the track in Windsor. As soon as the results of a race are known at the track, they flash it through to me and the odds the horse paid. They then hold back the message from getting through to the head office of the company long enough for me to dash down to the poolroom and place my bet. Of course in about twenty minutes or so, according to the speed of the messenger boy, the information I have already received and acted upon is delivered as a regular telegram in the usual way to me at the hotel, and to the poolroom here which has a branch wire from the main office here. Of course the poolroom here gets their wire much quicker than me in the regular way. I'll show you the poolroom tomorrow. I'll point it out to you without them seeing me. In fact I think it is best for you to bet all the money. They've got to know me around there. So it will be far better for a perfect stranger to win the big bet. What you will have to do is to come here every day after two and wait with me until the right news comes in."

Mr. Case paused a moment. Then, as if remembering he had not fully explained, went on: "My wire here is spliced at the window in a special

THE PAY-OFF

Continued from page 13

way. So that before the maid comes in in the morning to make the room, or whenever I am out of here, I put the length of wire used inside the room inside the valise and put the valise locked on the shelf. The rest of the wire outside is perfectly hidden by the ivy. Believe me," with an emphatic wave of his head, "it cost plenty of time and considerable amount of money to get this thing working. That's why I want to clean up as much as I can. Now all that we have to do is wait till we get the word of a winner at a good price, and then you dash down and bet the money."

"It is certainly mighty clever," Mr. Bates voiced his admiration. "I'll bring the money with me tomorrow at two o'clock."

As Bates and Macdougall went along the street, Bates remarked happily: "If my relative hadn't died, I wouldn't have been here and had this chance to make a clean up. I only wish I had some more money."

Macdougall cleared his throat nervously. Even with the eight hundred dollars in his pocket gained without risk or effort on his part, his naturally over-cautious nature fought against his eager impulse to place money on the evident certainty of the coming race.

"Twenty-five thousand dollars is a lot of money to draw out of the bank," he said, apropos of nothing in reply to Mr. Bates, voicing aloud unconsciously the result of his inward pondering since he had listened to Case's words.

Bates turned upon him somewhat surprised. "If you planned coming in on it, I think you should have said so to Case when we were there."

Macdougall, now with his desire to participate laid bare, and though vaguely ashamed of his questioning attitude, could not help repeating his unnamed fear. "Twenty-five thousand dollars is a lot of money to draw out of the bank, if anything should go wrong."

Mr. Bates halted. There was a suggestion of contempt in his voice. "I think after all Case has done for us, it's rotten of you to even think of such a thing. After all, even though we did return him the wallet he lost, he's paid us well already. It does not matter to him whether we win the money or not, for that fifteen per cent he very justly asked for certainly is needed for the expenses. Anyhow, if I wasn't sure, do you think I'd be using money that doesn't belong to me?"

"Of course not," Macdougall hastily agreed. "I wasn't really doubting him at all. It's just that one has to consider carefully in a matter like this. I'll think it over tonight."

He held out his hand with an air almost apologetic. Mr. Bates shook it warmly, remarking heartily: "In any case I hope I'll see you before I leave."

Macdougall had taken a score of paces in the direction of home when he was halted by Mr. Bates hailing voice. Surprised he turned to see the other retracing his steps toward him.

"I've just thought of something," Bates cried with great animation as he came to a stop. "The day we

introduced ourselves, you said: 'perhaps my name may be familiar. I'm pretty well known here.' Well, after you had turned away just a minute ago, I remembered what you said, and all of a sudden it gave me an idea in connection with your worrying about drawing the money out of the bank. You are very well known here?"

"Of course. I've lived here since I was born. Everybody knows me."

"Then no one would hesitate about accepting your check?"

"I should say not," Macdougall retorted with a touch of asperity at even the suggestion. "But what's this got to do with it?"

Bates's eyes sparkled. He took Macdougall by the arm, drawing him closer and lowering his voice as footsteps announced a nearing pedestrian. "Well, I've got it solved. If you want to go in on this race, make out a check for twenty-five thousand, or whatever amount you want to bet. And when Case gives us the name of the horse we're to bet on, you go to the poolroom with your check. With a man so well known as you they're sure to accept it."

Macdougall nodded. "Yes, that saves me the trouble of drawing out the money," he admitted, but hesitation still lingered in his manner.

"And," Mr. Bates added slowly, winking with prodigious slyness at Macdougall, "while of course nothing can go wrong with us, still, we'll suppose something did and you lost your bet. Then all you need to do is hurry to the bank and stop payment on the check. You know a gambling debt can't be legally collected in this country."

"Man, man, but you've got a head on you!" Macdougall's little eyes opened their widest to gleam admiring affirmation of his praise.

Bates smiled deprecatingly. "Well, then I'll see you tomorrow at two. And when you mention the check to Case just say it's only to save the bother of drawing the money out of the bank. He might be offended, you know, if he thought you had the slightest doubt."

AT TWO minutes to two the next afternoon Macdougall reached the hotel, simultaneously with Mr. Bates. Case let them in, his face expressing no little surprise at seeing Macdougall. Briefly, Macdougall explained his bringing a check for twenty-five thousand.

"Why I should think it will be all right?" Case agreed. "If you are well known here, probably the poolroom people will accept the check. Now," he continued addressing them both, "you two can sit here and chat while I get the returns in the bedroom. As I have to keep the ticker muffled I have to concentrate very much, so if you don't mind I'd prefer to be alone so as to have no possibility of my attention being distracted."

Sitting in the big room Bates and Macdougall waited. They were too tense to care for conversation. Remaining silent they listened to the faint clatter from the key in the adjoining room.

Suddenly Case threw open the door to address his companions.

"A horse called Pyra Lee has just come in at odds of eight to one. What do you think of it? Shall we play her or wait in hope of a horse at better odds?"

"That's two hundred thousand dollars," Macdougall hoarsely exclaimed. "Let's go. It's better than chancing and maybe not getting anything much better, maybe not so good."

[Continued on page 28]



TWO SIMPLY SUMPTUOUS CHOCOLATE TREATS

... one to win praise for your thrift
the other for
your skill



CHOCOLATE NAUTILUS ROLL — see recipe on this page. For the Seven Minute Frosting that goes inside see page 33 in "Baker's Best Chocolate and Cocoa Recipes"

ONE-EGG CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE with SOFT CHOCOLATE FROSTING—see recipes on this page

Here is really convincing proof that even the most delicious treats do not need expensive ingredients.

Right at the start the two bewitching cakes shown on this page have an advantage, because they're made with chocolate, universally favourite flavour. They are selected from a family of famous recipes to show how easy, how simple it is to make clever things at little cost.

Imagine a *One-Egg Chocolate Layer Cake* with a grain as tender and a colour as delicate as this one has . . . even a French pastry chef would be proud to claim such a cake as his own! And the *Soft Chocolate Frosting* that adorns it has the silky gloss and creamy smooth chocolaty flavour so characteristic of the smartest and newest cake frostings.

Now, if you would add a masterpiece to your chocolate repertoire, try your hand at this *Chocolate Nautilus Roll*. What a buzz of pretty compliments you will hear when you serve this party success-maker! It seems almost a shame to eat anything that looks so stunning. But feel its light, delicate texture, taste its chocolate richness—just once—and you'll know that the pleasure of looking at it is as nothing to the pleasure of tasting it.

For Perfect Results There is No Substitute for Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate

Your fame as a chocolate cook depends on the depth and richness of chocolate flavour in the things you make. Through all the past 152 years, proudest housewives have found nothing to challenge Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, for its creamy smoothness and for its true full-bodied chocolaty flavour. It has set a standard that is unrivalled to this day. Only the skill of generations can sort, select, roast and blend the pick of the world's crop of cocoa beans, in the way these things are done in the making of Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate.

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The new edition of this famous cook-book—classic of chocolate cookery—contains 137 marvellous recipes. It is the most complete, the most thrilling collection of chocolate treasures—cakes, puddings, candies, cookies, ice creams, frostings, fillings, sauces, home-made soda fountain beverages, steaming hot cups. You'll be fascinated by the wonders in this beautiful, fully illustrated book. Send the coupon at once—and get your free copy!

ONE-EGG CHOCOLATE LAYER CAKE

- | | |
|--|--------------------|
| 2 cups sifted Swans Down Cake Flour | 1 cup sugar |
| 2 teaspoons baking powder | 1 egg, well beaten |
| ¼ teaspoon salt | ¾ cup milk |
| 4 tablespoons butter or other shortening | ½ teaspoon vanilla |

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Cream butter thoroughly, add sugar gradually, and cream together until light and fluffy. Add egg and beat well. Add flour, alternately with milk, a small amount at a time. Beat after each addition until smooth. Add flavouring. Bake in two greased 9-inch layer pans in moderate oven (375° F.) 25 minutes, or in greased loaf pan, 8 x 8 x 2 inches, in moderate oven (350° F.) 50 minutes. Spread with Soft Chocolate Frosting.

SOFT CHOCOLATE FROSTING

- | | |
|--|----------------------|
| 4 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, cut in pieces | 4 tablespoons flour |
| 1½ cups milk | 1 cup sugar |
| | 2 tablespoons butter |
| | 1 teaspoon vanilla |

Add chocolate to milk in double boiler and heat. When chocolate is melted, beat with rotary egg beater until blended. Sift flour with sugar; add a small amount of chocolate mixture, stirring until smooth. Return to double boiler, cook until thickened, and add butter and vanilla. Cool and spread on cake. Makes enough frosting to cover tops and sides of two 9-inch layers.

CHOCOLATE NAUTILUS ROLL

- | | |
|--|--|
| 6 tablespoons sifted Swans Down Cake Flour | 4 egg yolks, well beaten |
| ½ teaspoon baking powder | 1 teaspoon vanilla |
| ¼ teaspoon salt | 2 squares Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted and cooled |
| ¾ cup sifted sugar | |
| 4 egg whites, stiffly beaten | |

Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt, and sift together three times. Fold sugar into stiffly beaten egg whites, a small amount at a time. Add egg yolks and vanilla. Fold in flour gradually. Then beat in chocolate, gently but thoroughly. Pour into pan, 10 x 15 inches, lined with greased paper, and bake in hot oven (400° F.) 15 minutes, or until done. Quickly cut off crisp edges of cake. Turn from pan at once on to cloth covered with powdered sugar. Remove paper. Spread Seven Minute Frosting over cake and roll carefully. Wrap in cloth until cool. Cover with chocolate coating made by adding one teaspoon melted butter to one square Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate, melted.

All measurements are level

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Mothers! BAKER'S COCOA made with milk supplies wholesome nourishment which growing little bodies need. Of course Baker stands for the finest quality—known for 152 years.

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BUT IT'S AWFULLY

Hard On Your Eyes!



*Soothe and protect them by
applying this famous lotion
immediately after each ride*

It's a world of fun to go motoring these fine summer days, but you know what it does to your eyes. Again and again you return with tired, burning, blood-shot eyes that are most unattractive and that cause you extreme discomfort.

Suffering from irritated eyes after motoring is quite needless, however, as a few drops of cooling, soothing *Murine* will speedily make them look and feel just fine. Also, by removing particles that may cause infection, it safeguards your eyes from serious trouble. *Murine* is entirely free from belladonna and other harmful ingredients, therefore you can use it freely.

No wasteful, insanitary eye cup is needed to use *Murine*. It is hygienically and conveniently applied with its combination eye dropper and bottle stopper. 150 applications cost but 60c at drug stores throughout Canada. Ask for a bottle today! For free Eye Beauty and Eye Care booklets, write *Murine Co.*, Dept. D, 9 E. Ohio St., Chicago, U.S.A.

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At leading drug and department stores. Or send for sample and booklet.

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I enclose 10 cents for sample of Croxon Cream



Painless
Harmless

"All right, here's my twelve thousand," Case said drawing a thick stack of bills held together with a rubber band. "Will you take it, Mr. Macdougall?"

"Give it to Bates," Macdougall answered nervously.

As Bates accepted the package, Case, snapped: "Now for God's sake hurry. They can't hold back the results very long."

With rapid strides, Macdougall led the way down the stairs. Then, recalling he did not know where the betting office lay, he said, with nervous impatience showing his naturally dictatorial manner: "Get on man, you know where it is."

Half a block from the hotel Bates entered a large building of business offices and opened the door at the end of the hallway on the first floor. The staccato clatter of telegraph tickers beat upon Macdougall's ears. He looked upon a long counter running the length of the large room. At one end was a man in a cashier's cage. A long blackboard lined the major portion of the wall behind the counter upon which were chalked up a long list of names of horses and odds. Behind the counter in the middle of the room a grey-haired distinguished looking man sat at a large desk upon which were many piles of papers. A younger man sat at a telegraph key beside the cashier's cage. Three other young men were moving about the room engaged in various occupations.

As Macdougall crossed toward the cashier with now forced leisurely walk, a stray thought of momentary wonder came that such a place could be operating without his previous knowledge of this town, all the activities of which he had believed he knew so well. Intent now on his purpose he took the lead unconsciously. It required all his power of self control to master his growing nervousness. Drawing his pocketbook he withdrew his check. Striving for casualness in his tone he shoved it through the opening: "twenty-five thousand on Pyra Lee to win."

He noted the look of astonishment on the cashier's face. Picking up the check, he said politely: "Just a minute, please."

Leaving his cage he crossed to where the gray-haired man sat. They conversed a minute, and Macdougall realized the gray-haired man's eyes were fastened upon him. An agony of apprehension swept over him. What if they were to refuse? Even if they accepted and took too long about it, the results would get here too soon.

The cashier returned. "I'm very sorry, Mr. Macdougall, I kept you waiting. But you weren't known to me. However, it's all right, the manager knows you by sight."

He thrust the check in the drawer. Macdougall felt a little wave of pride at this evidence of his standing in the community, when even this man he never remembered having ever seen before at once recognized him and his financial soundness.

The cashier now took a card from the top of a little pile beside him, glanced at the blackboard to make sure of the posted odds, then writing upon with a thick-leaded pencil, passed it through the wicket to Macdougall who read scrawled there: "Pyra Lee, \$200,000 to \$25,000." Thrusting it in his pocket he turned and started for the door, leaving Bates aflame with impatience to take his place to make his bet. Outside Macdougall waited at the entrance of the building. As Bates joined him, Bates said: "Now we will walk around for a little while. It's better to wait at least half an hour."

THE PAY-OFF

Continued from page 26

It was agony this idly treading the pavement. They kept glancing at their watches. Finally at the end of twenty minutes Macdougall announced with a shaking voice he tried to hold calm: "I think we've waited long enough."

In the lead he swung into the room, crossed to the cashier's cage and passed through his ticket. The blood throbbed in his temples in tune to the mad pounding of his heart: Two hundred thousand dollars; what a haul to hold in his hand in another minute!

Tearing off a corner of the ticket the young cashier stuck the card on a file and opened his drawer. Macdougall caught sight of stacks of bills, those on top of \$500 and \$1,000 denomination. Just about to pick up a packet of these the cashier arrested his action with the air of one recalling something. Glancing up again at Macdougall he reached into another part of the drawer and drew out his check. "It was your check, Mr. Macdougall?" he queried pleasantly, showing it through the opening. "Just a minute," he raised his hand beckoningly. The gray-haired man in answer came over and entered the cage.

"Oh, yes Mr. Macdougall, about your check," the manager said pleasantly. "You have sufficient money on deposit to meet this check, of course?"

Macdougall, taken back, but from the manager's pleasant manner, deciding to meet pleasantly with pleasantry, replied with ostentatious pride: "Why certainly. Enough in the bank to meet a dozen checks like that. What about it?"

"Well, it's a rule here," the manager was vaguely apologetic, "that we must be assured of a client's financial soundness in an instance we accept a check."

"And I've just told you I'm good for many like that," Macdougall snapped, a tinge of irascibility in his voice. "And I've won. Your cashier has taken my ticket for two hundred thousand."

"Yes, yes," the manager went on patiently, "that's all right. Your horse has been announced first. The money is here for you. But just as a matter of good faith, we must have something more than your word," the manager picked up the check still laying in the opening, "that this check is really good for twenty-five thousand."

Macdougall's heart still pounded, but now rising anger at this questioning of his integrity, rather than nervousness, kept it going at abnormal pace. "If you doubt the check being good, why come along with me to the bank and ask the manager." Macdougall's voice was almost a shout in his excitement.

The gray-haired man raised a deprecating hand. "I'm sorry, I haven't the time to go until the office closes. We are all kept pretty busy here till then."

Macdougall glanced at his watch. "That will be too late to see him. The bank will be closed."

"Well," the manager repeated patiently, "all we ask you is to show

us that this check is really good for the twenty-five thousand dollars it calls for. It's just a question of showing your good faith. Supposing you had lost instead of won, how do we know we would have been paid the money?"

"I think it's a damn outrage," Macdougall looked again at the clock which pointed at five minutes to three. Abruptly he picked up the check. "All right, I'll go and get the money and bring it here and show it to you."

The manager nodded pleasantly. "Very well, Mr. Macdougall."

Intent with his own affairs, Macdougall hurried out into the street. Fortunately the bank was only a short distance. It was not until they were half way back to the poolroom that Macdougall thought to remark to Bates:

"But you haven't cashed your ticket!" "Oh, that's all right, I'll get mine when you're through."

Striding into the office where the telegraph ticker for the moment was stilled, Macdougall hurried across the room and with triumphal air slapped down the money. The cashier drew it to him and began carefully counting the bills. As he did so the telegraph key broke into noisy clattering. Suddenly the operator sprang to his feet. "There's been a mistake," he called to the cashier, "the man at Windsor got the horses in the first race wrong. Here is the correction. Merry Widow first, Lyra Lee was second."

In the act of starting to take out another packet of bills, the cashier swept them all back into the drawer and snapped it shut.

Turning to Macdougall, he said regretfully: "I'm sorry, you've lost after all. But mistakes will happen."

A moment too dazed for words, Macdougall stood. Then with a yell of fury his lean fingers seized the bars of the cage. "You robbers!" he shrieked pulling frantically at the unyielding brass work. Quickly conscious of the futility of this he turned to Bates, only to meet with another surprise.

White in the face Bates snarled at him. "Damn it, if I hadn't gone to the bank with you, I'd have been cashed in and gone with the money before they got the correction." Then, less bitterly, "Let's get out of here," he turned across the room and, moved by his example, Macdougall followed. The street reached, Macdougall caught Bates' arm with frantic grip. "Come, let's go to the police. We can get our money back. I'm certain that place is unlawful."

"Go to the police! Go to the police! Sure. YOU can go. But me! I'd look fine going to them to get back five thousand I've just stolen. No, I'm going home to Detroit, and fast, and try to raise money on my business to pay off what I owe the heirs before they get wise to it and have me arrested."

Macdougall, thrusting the whining man from him, so forcibly he reeled back and almost fell, turned and, breaking into a run surprisingly fast for his age disappeared down the street.

Hardly had he started than Bates dashed into the building and out the door at the end of the corridor leading to the lane. Behind this he sped to where it gave upon a quiet street. A big seven-passenger automobile was waiting. In the rear seat already were gathered the late employees of the betting room. Beside the driver, Mr. Case ceased his anxious gazing as Bates swung aboard.

"Over the border," he cried, "and make it snappy."



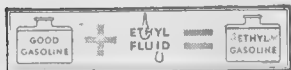
Ethyl makes Gasoline Perform

Smoothly

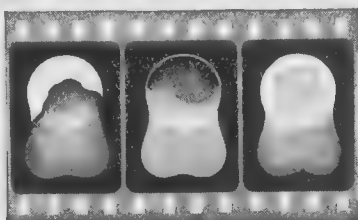
NOTICE the pace of a circus ring horse. A dancer may balance on his broad back, or a clown may somersault over his tail, yet that smooth, even canter never varies. He is trained, as Ethyl Gasoline is trained, to keep an *even* pace.

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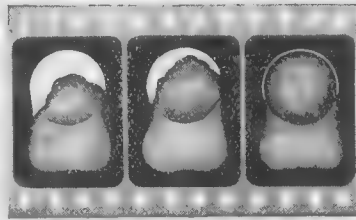
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CANADIAN PATENTS PENDING

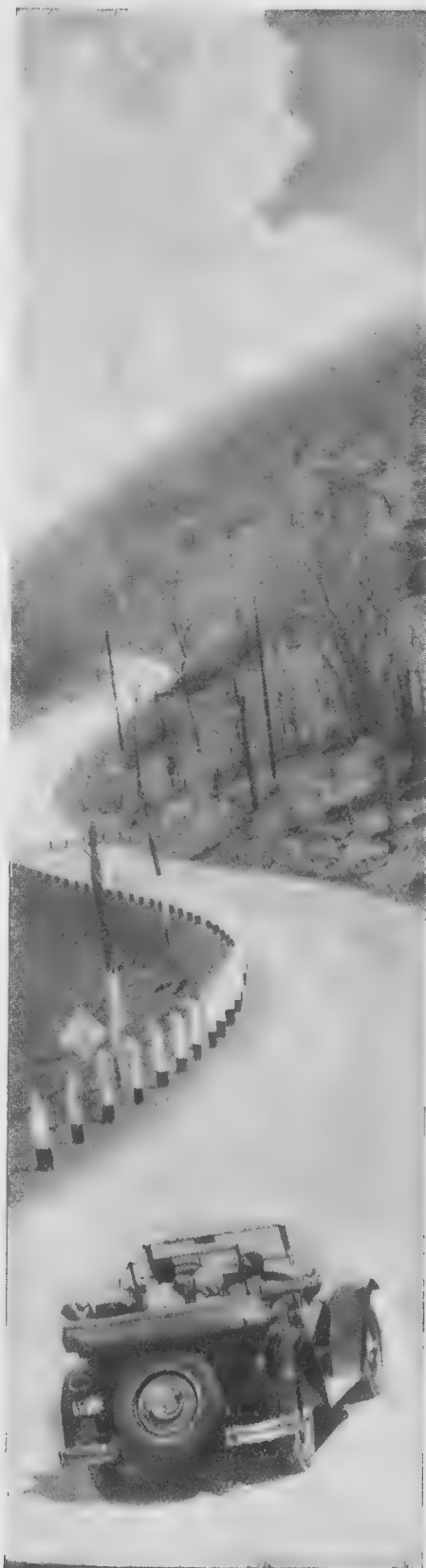
① Note scientifically proportioned nose. Heat in this area is automatically controlled by this exclusive shape, which always keeps the nose cool enough to prevent overheating and pre-ignition.

② Note scientifically proportioned neck. Heat in this area is likewise automatically controlled by this exclusive shape, which always keeps the neck hot enough to prevent carbon and oily deposits that bring about fouling.



CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

A CANADIAN-MADE PRODUCT



THE MAN AND HIS WIFE

Continued from page 9

BIG MURRAY CANTRELL found the trails better than he expected. He reached the little frontier town of Peuce Coupe by noon of the fourth day. He "laid up" till the next day however, glad to rest his jaded horses and anxious to learn the fate of the man he had brought so far. Glad too for an evening beside the gasoline-barrel stove in Kincaid's grocery, trading the gossip of the far places—the news of the "moccasin telegraph"—with wind-bitten trappers and ranchers in from the Montagneuse, Kiskatinaw River and the Pine Pass. Then under the piercing dawn stars he waited impatiently for the doctor to answer his knock and give him a final report on young Drisner. The trapper's silent grit had won the big man's admiration on the long cold trail.

"He'll live," said the doctor, shivering in his dressing-gown. "He'll have to learn to walk on 'store' feet someday. But he's no end grateful to you and to your wife who, he says, had the hardest job—staying up there alone."

"She won't be alone a minute longer than I can help it," declared Murray. "I'm hitting the trail for home right now, and I'll sure be hard to hold." He pressed a sizable banknote into the doctor's hand. "So long."

With the edges of the sky stained by the yellow and rose and chilly lavender that so long heralds the winter sun, Murray swung down to the trail that led up the broad, level bosom of the Peace River. Even in its frigid sleep this queen of Northland waters maintained its majesty. Deep in the mighty trough it had cut for itself through the rough plateau, guarded by ranks of sturdy spruce that were regally scintillant at sunrise, it swept on ceaselessly around its gigantic bends. Murray's thoughts were turned backward as he crept along under the frowning headlands. It was on this very stretch of river last summer that he had met Lynn, returning from her vacation to Hudson's Hope. He had been on his way out to Edmonton to buy his cattle and had boarded the steamer as she lay tied to the bank through the short night. Lynn had come to the upper deck to watch the sunrise. Interest in a great bull moose sturdily breasting the current athwart the steamer's bows had been their introduction. And the reflection in Lynn's dark eyes of the sun's first gold and purple light upon the distant hills had told Murray in one divining look who it was that stood before him; the woman—flesh and blood at last—who had so often beckoned him from out the silver mist rising from some moonlit river, had hidden roughly from him in every grove of slender birches, had flitted through years of solitary campfire dreams!

Nor had it been an unrequited recognition. Wherefore, a week after reaching Peace River Landing, instead of opening her school in the prim little schoolhouse, Lynn, now Mrs. Murray Cantrell, was packing the drastically reduced contents of her trunks into two rawhide panniers to be slung on the packsaddle of a buckskin horse. What golden days had followed! Murray, now crawling through a land so white and silent, heard again the downward-drifting music of southbound geese, felt the green and yellow woods vibrant with the chatter of tiny squirrels and the whistle of moosebirds, saw the green-headed mallards rise from every slough, and the rusty partridge whirr away across the little prairies. Just so he and Lynn, driving their cattle

along the dim old Yukon Trail that led toward the ranch by Legend Lake, had heard and felt and seen them. How she had loved it—the girl with eyes like the clear brown waters of the Mistaya, chuckling to itself under the dark spruces down to the still depths of Legend Lake. Brave heart! He had asked so much of her—to change her life so utterly that it might conform to his. Who was he to demand all that? And in his haste he'd left her so roughly! At least he'd get back to her a day before the time he'd set.

Where the Peace makes a great bend opposite the mouth of the Montagneuse and spreads among islands to more than a mile in width Murray left the proved sleigh trail for a shortcut up the deep, swift, inside channel. A razor-edged wind was cutting down the river. The low-hung sun cast a long shadow, pained the eyes, but had no other effect.

Out of the dazzling waste Murray's keen eyes picked up a pinpoint of life—fox slipping along the foot of a cut-bank half a mile distant. His attention centered upon it. It was a dark one—crossfox likely. A good crossfox was worth as much as a steer this winter—or better yet, would make a brave scarf for Lynn. He threw a cartridge into the chamber of his rifle. Another hundred yards . . .

There was a splitting crack—not of the rifle. A splashing crash as both horses went through the ice! They rose snorting and struggling frantically, tangling the harness, striving to climb on top of each other or on to the jagged edges of the ice.

The empty sleigh did not go down. Murray jerked the drawpin instantly. The horses were free of the sleigh as the neekyoke slipped off the pole. His mind grasped it all in a split second. He had driven on to a spot where the ice was being cut out from underneath by a "boil" in the current. Impossible of detection it had lain for him a deadly trap.

He leaped 'round the hole and caught the halters, keeping the heads of the terrified horses above water. He was soon splashed from head to foot. The "off" horse lunged wildly and Murray's moccasin feet slipped on the wet ice. The black water closed entirely over him. Its tug was terrifying. But he clung to the horse and from it scrambled back upon the ice. Unsnapping the lines he separated the horses and catching, by mane and forelock, the one that had pulled him into the hole he threw his weight upon it till the water swept over its ears. Then, regaining his footing on the ice quickly, he threw his entire strength into a desperate heave upon the halter-rope as the horse surged upward. Up it came till its beating front feet were on the ice, its breast . . . twice the edges of the hole crumbled. But Murray had leaped back to the rope's end and in the dry snow found better footing. He pulled like a Titan. There was a sudden lunge and the horse came out upon the ice and scrambled to its feet. The rest was not so hard, but it had to be done quickly for the horse in the water was on the verge of losing to the current's pull. Regaining its halter-rope, Murray fastened this to the traces of the teammate upon the ice. Man and horse pulling together they brought the remaining one out.

Snatching blankets from the sleigh Murray set the horses at a gallop for the nearest shelter from the driving wind. But it was nearly a mile to a place where they could scramble up the steep river bank and gain the

Continued from page 32

WHY

WHY DID A BABY STARVE ON THIS?

WHY DID THE SAME BABY THRIVE ON THIS?

Food elements in both were the same

CHEMICALLY, two baby foods can be exactly alike. The same percentage of carbohydrate, fat, protein, mineral salts. The same vitamins.

Yet on one, a baby may lose weight, grow thin and weak. And on the other, that same baby can flourish and gain and take on new life. What's the reason? . . .

Digestibility.

Digestibility all-important

Doctors know that a baby can starve on what is apparently the most perfectly "balanced" formula if his body cannot use the food elements it contains. Only a food which is easily and completely assimilated can give your baby all the building materials his little body needs.

Countless doctors and mothers have found this out through actual experience. And that is why Eagle Brand, over a period of 75 years, has won a marvelous reputation as an infant food. For Eagle Brand, next to mother's milk, is the easiest form of milk in all the world to digest. In baby's stomach, Eagle Brand forms soft, fine curds, like those formed by mother's milk. Every drop is quickly assimilated, goes quickly into the making of bones and teeth, muscle and tissue, energy and strength.

But now you ask—does this wonderfully digestible milk, properly supplemented,* contain *all* that baby needs for health and growth?

50 babies proved this

You'll find the answer in a scientific test which two specialists in baby diet recently made with 50 average babies in a famous clinic. For months, Eagle Brand was the only milk fed these babies. Except for the supplementary foods* now given with all milk—including breast milk—it was their sole diet. For months, these babies were studied. X-ray pictures of bones were taken, tooth development watched, weight and height noted, blood tests made.

After months, came the verdict. In every phase of baby health and growth, these babies had proved themselves splendidly nourished.

This simple diet—Eagle Brand, with the usual supplementary foods—had proved equal to the building of a 100% baby.*

What overwhelming proof that the mother whose own milk fails can put her baby on Eagle Brand with perfect confidence!

Try Eagle Brand. See simple instructions on label. And send for new booklet "Baby's Welfare." Gives feeding schedules and full directions for baby's care, also pictures, life stories of Eagle Brand babies. Let us send your doctor a report of the scientific test.

*The usual supplementary foods, of course, are orange or tomato juice, and cod-liver oil or other source of the anti-rachitic vitamin D.

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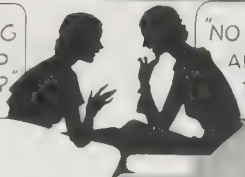
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"IS JUDY USING
A REDDER LIP
ROUGE LATELY?"



"NO HER TEETH
ARE WHITER
THAT'S ALL"



"Though it costs only half as much
I like it twice as well"

"COLGATE'S costs me half what some people pay for toothpaste. And I'm saving these quarters because of something my dentist told me. 'Judy,' said he, 'toothpaste can clean—nothing else. Now the best one I know of is Colgate's. Those people have studied how to clean teeth for thirty years. Not how to cure—that's *my* job—but how to clean teeth thoroughly and honestly. So my advice to you is not to pay out money for fancy-sounding claims—because Colgate's does all that any toothpaste can do.' That seemed sensible to me. So—frankly, if Colgate's cost *twice* as much, I'd still like it. But since it costs only a quarter—I like it *twice* as well."

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THE MAN AND HIS WIFE

Continued from page 30

timber. Then like a fury he fell to rubbing the ice from their coats. Finally he blanketed them and set about to make a fire, moving stiffly in his frozen clothes. Without his axe and in the deep snow, tinder was hard to find. At last a small birch tree. He drew off his sodden mitten to open his pocket knife. How the cold gripped his wet, naked hand! When he had hacked off a quantity of the bark and fumblingly produced his match box the fingers of his right hand were too numb to hold a match. His left was the same. It was maddening. The paralyzing cold: warmth so near—and yet beyond his grasp! He thought of Drisner; of his flinty scorn of him. But he, Big Murray, wasn't going to freeze. He pounded his hands till the pain was almost unbearable and hugged his fingers in his armpits. At last he could strike a match. The birchbark leaped to life in blessed flame.

In all he lost four hours, half of which he had been wet and in a bitter wind. But regardless of camping time he pushed on up the river till far into the night. Then in a hastily made camp he slept fitfully, hot and cold by turns, till dawn. He tired dreadfully during the day that followed and would have ridden continually had not the piercing cold and a wretched drowsiness forced him to walk. Walking brought the sweat while he was yet chilly and in damp clothing he chilled the more. His head ached. There was a pain in his chest. Now and again he gave a racking cough. All this he knew he might shake off by a day of rest in a warm camp, but then he could never make it to Legend Lake by the time he had promised. And anyway, by the code of Murray Cantrell, to yield to any weakness was the unforgivable sin.

Two more nights of fitful dozing by the fire and two more days that were each a dream of misery, forcing himself and his horses onward through the empty, frozen land. He kept the trail—though landmarks dragged by unheeded. He had left the Peace River long since to follow up the North Pine. At early dark of what Murray realized dully to be the eighth day since he had set out with Drisner he reached Grey Owl Creek where his trail made an endless climb out of the narrow valley to the high, timbered plateau. He knew that twenty winding miles still separated him from the girl who waited at the ranch by Legend Lake.

He had sense enough left to stop and feed his horses and brew for himself one more kettle of black, snow-water tea. Then he pushed on, fiercely refusing to reckon with distance, or the spent condition of his horses, or the approaching limit of his own fever-broken strength. Riveted in his dulled brain one thought remained salient. He would not break his promise to Lynn. He clubbed the horses, to whom he was ordinarily gentle. His voice was a savage croak: "Get on, you deadheads! You'll stop when you get home."

And so, with the dim sleigh tracks all but obliterated by snow that was now falling and the trail distinguishable in the darkness only by means of the fact that it was a way cut through the trees; in a little meadow the horses left it. Finally they stopped in a tangle of willows. Repeated but useless rounds of the meadow finally forced the fact to Murray's sluggish and stubborn senses that the trail was lost. Nothing to do but camp.

Daylight and the thick-falling snow piling on the blanketed backs of the

chilled and stamping horses brought no response from the muffled object in the scant shelter of a tarp stretched over a pole. During his seasons of consciousness Murray's lethargy and the pain in his chest were too great for him to emerge from his sleeping-bag and sacrifice the little warmth left in his body in an effort to secure wood and rebuild his fire.

TO LYNN the dawn of the ninth day of Murray's absence crept in like a haggard thing, belated and ashamed. It roused her from the stupor into which she had finally sunk after interminable waiting. She was cramped and cold, still in her chair before the ash-cloaked hearth.

There was first the thought that Murray had come while she slept and had refrained from waking her. Or perhaps he had just arrived and was at the stable now. With this flash of hope dead, surged up the withering anger. He'd have come if he cared!

The exertion of feeding the cattle set Lynn's whole body quivering. There was a tightness in her throat that almost made her gasp. Her pulse drummed in her ears. And in the silent gloom about her the Fear was at her very side. But a different fear now, she began to realize. Grimmer; more tangible. Suddenly she knew it was fear for herself no longer. Murray! So strong—yet . . . Though conflict possessed her brain some ulterior force seemed to take command of her actions. Her movements were purposeful and swift.

She fed the cattle a double ration and by an almost super-human effort tipped the hayrack from its sleigh. On the gear she put some poles, for there was no second sleighbox, and on these lashed a quantity of hay. She found then that she could eat—before it had been impossible—and after doing so packed food and blankets, harnessed her team and started down the trail.

Trees—trees . . . grey trees in numbing monotony. Gloomy spruce and stark white poplars in whose skeleton tops the rising wind moaned eerily. More trees, the dead white stretch of a lake, a sheltered meadow, patches of prairie where the wind hit hard. On and on—but with no sign of Murray . . . The storm, shrill voiced, whipping her now. Whipping, but not driving her. A new emotion welled up in her—a righteous wrath at the storm demon, a will to strike back, a lust to fight. Primitive—but she would find and defend her own against the wilderness. What matter if time and place were dissolving into greyness . . . at last into night and the choking snow, the blizzard's moaning howl? She would go on—on if need be forever. The storm was a shrieking banshee but it would never drive her back!

"Murray, where are you? Oh my strong one, my lover! Oh God, don't let me pass him in the dark!"

Suddenly her team stopped. They had been plodding across a tiny meadow. Stopped and stood rigid; ears forward, tired heads raised. A lull, as the gale drew breath for greater fury. Then, clearly, came a horse's eager whinny; an answer to the scent that carried from her team down the wind. Five minutes, and Lynn was kneeling beside her husband. In his pitiful attempt at a camp behind a thicket of young spruces Murray was not a score of yards from the lost trail.

The rest of that night will always be a blur to Lynn Cantrell. A grey blur of stormwhirl shot through with fragments of memories. The points

Continued from page 41



WE PRESENT

FOR YOUR CANADIAN ALBUM



MR. MATHESON LANG

MATHESON LANG, who plays the part of "Silvio" in "Carnival," is the youngest of seven sons of a Presbyterian minister, and was born in Montreal in 1879. He was educated in Scotland and destined for the Church. A destiny that did not materialize. He commenced his very successful theatrical career at Wolverhampton in 1897, in Louis Calvert's Company.

Subsequently he joined F. R. Benson's Company in which he played a number of parts. His apprenticeship under these very experienced actors gave him an advantage on which he has never failed to improve. It is interesting to note in connection with "Carnival" that he produced the stage play of that name when he entered on the management of the New Theatre in February, 1920. The play was revived three years later.

SHADOWLAND

Marion Burns, whose success on the Broadway stage has won her a long term Fox Films' contract. Miss Burns' first assignment will probably be in Edmund Lowe's new picture, "Chandu, the Magician."

Viola Lyel, the perfect secretary in the British film "After Office Hours."



Silver-screen's newest beauty, Irene Ware, Broadway headliner, caught by the photographer upon her arrival.



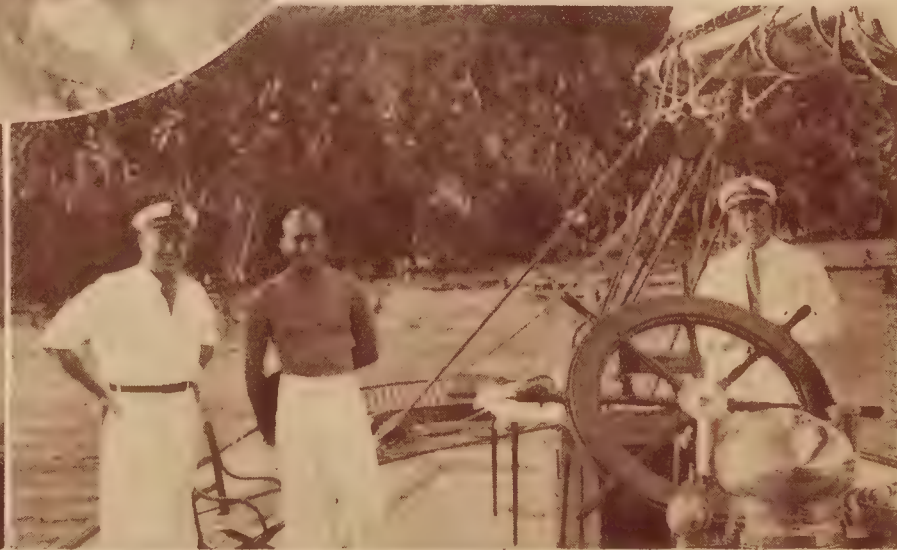
Gene Gerrard with Molly Lamont in the British musical comedy "Lucky Girl."



Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery in "Letty Lynton."



Cupid takes the wheel. His passengers are Peggy Shannon and James Dunn, who are starred in "Society Girl."



Douglas Fairbanks, William Farnum (left), and Earle Brown (right), in the South Seas, where Doug's new "Robinson Crusoe" picture was filmed.

SHADOWLAND

Lesley Wareing, now appearing in the British film "Lucky Girl."

Petite and Pensive . . . The dainty Marian Nixon, who plays the title role in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," opposite the popular screen actor Ralph Belamy, who has the role of Rebecca's sweetheart.



"Meet Arthur Pierson." This young player makes his first screen appearance in "Bachelor's Affairs."

Elissa Landi . . . This exotic star has just completed her latest picture, "A Passport to Hell."



Janet Gaynor, who enacts the role of a blushing bride in "The First Year."



Matty's First Movie Job . . . Matty Kemp had no sooner signed for the juvenile lead in Will Rogers' picture, "Down to Earth" when director David Butler ordered him to teach these beauties the art of swimming.



Painting the Lily . . . Joan Bennett, director Alan Crosland, and Henry Clive, noted artist, view Clive's painting of Miss Bennett, which plays an important part in her new picture, "Week Ends Only."

Little Rambles in Hollywood

With E. G. Bayne

THE population of Los Angeles, which carries Hollywood under one arm as it were, is said to be one million and a quarter, but it seems like a conservative estimate. During the past summer certainly these figures have been greatly augmented by the influx of large numbers of people from all over the world, coming here to attend the Olympic Games. The resident Canadians have daily greeted fellow-countrymen from every province in the Dominion. They have arrived, these visitors, by plane, train, and motor car, and each steamer from the Antipodes has unloaded Australians and New Zealanders by the hundreds. You see license-plates from everywhere on the continent. You hear at least two-score different tongues spoken, for representatives of fifty nations have been pouring into Los Angeles, and one might be pardoned for wondering, like the little boy tracing his parentage and grandparentage, where this thing was going to stop.

The studios relaxed some of their most rigid rules about visitors and permitted a little sightseeing, which after all wasn't kindness so much as good business. I met a middle-aged couple from Saskatchewan who were greatly taken with the novelty of life in the semi-tropics. They had means enough to remain indefinitely and their two young daughters who were with them wanted very much to stay, more especially since they had been granted a glimpse of the inside of a studio. But somehow the man of the family couldn't content himself. He was ever wondering how things were going back home. There was something that he seemed to miss, he said. But what?

"I declare I can't imagine what it is!" his good wife remarked in exasperation. "Why here they've got everything. Just think. Orange-juice, seeded, chilled, and all ready to drink, sold at twenty cents a quart. And those fly-screens that run on rollers, along grooves. Nifty, I call it. You can't turn round but you see some new dodge. I wish father could make up his mind what it is he wants."

I invited them to have lunch with me two or three days later at one of those Spanish-atmosphere hotels where the meals are served outdoors at round tables under big orange umbrellas. It was a warm morning but with the palms stirring gently in a compensating sea-breeze, their shadows doing a slow *valse arabesque* on the shaved emerald velvet of the lawn. Hardly were we seated when the visitors announced that they had found out "what ailed father." Here is what had happened. The daughters insisted on seeing the interior mechanism of another studio and had dragged the parents along and an accommodating guide had demonstrated for them how airplane stuff was done, how stars are shown riding in a taxicab, and how windstorms are made.

"As soon as they got that wind-machine going," explained one of the daughters, "father began to smile. He confessed that that's what he had missed—the wind! He'd been two whole weeks here and never once had to hang on to his hat with both hands!"

"And that guide said," added the other daughter, "that any time the gentleman took another homesick streak just to bring him down there and they'd turn on a cyclone for him. Wasn't that nice?"

Following are some facts and figures taken from meteorological data compiled from the Weather Bureau. Average figures are quoted.

In Los Angeles there are only 11 days in the year without sunshine. There are 15 days when more than a quarter-inch of rain falls. There are 39 days during which any rain falls. There are 28 days with one hour or more of fog. Average rainfall is 15.64 inches, with no rain in summer and the heaviest in March. The average wind velocity is only five miles an hour. Tornadoes, cyclones, and other violent winds are unknown. Thunderstorms average three in a year. Highest relative humidity is 89, in July. There are few extremes. Records show an average of 12 days when the mercury rises above 90 and 13 days when it drops below 40. Less than one per cent of the days in a year have ever reached the 100 mark, and less than one per cent has the temperature ever fallen below 30 degrees above zero. Snow fell last winter for the first time in 50 years.

HAS your home got a "whoopie room" in it? If not, it soon may, if force of example means anything. Returning Canadians will tell their friends that many Hollywood invitations now read: "Dancing in the whoopie room." It sounds like wild-party stuff

but actually the gathering may be fairly sedate. In most houses it means merely that the living-room is renamed, in order to conform to the current vogue. A party of visitors from New England received an invitation to a frolic at one of the more pretentious beach homes, with the above words printed in one corner. "Pa says we'll leave when things get too rough," explained one of the group to some friends. But as they remained till two a.m. it is to be supposed that the whoopee must have been of a mild brand. The term is capable of various interpretations. I heard of one fun-loving host who went out of his way to shock a staid relative from back East, who, however, remained unimpressed. Finally the uncle took his smart nephew aside and advised him to think up something original. "Boy," he said, "I was a buck of the gay Nineties and I guess there isn't much that's really new since then, unless it's new names for old games."

HOLLYWOOD citizens spent the past summer in a variety of ways but as most of them prefer to take their annual lay-off in winter, summer is just another season here, warm of course but not intolerably so. Some studios worked right ahead on a full-time schedule. Snatched week-ends up in the hills or on brief yachting cruises served for some players while beach homes solved the problem of a holiday for others. Fredric March bought a beach place two years ago which he hasn't been free long enough to enjoy till this summer. Clive Brook told me that if there's anything he loves to do more than another it's to go salmon fishing up near Vancouver, but this season he was too busy to get away. Clark Gable spent the earlier part of summer at Del Monte. Maurice Chevalier went abroad, where he has a villa near Cannes. Marlene Dietrich and Tallulah Bankhead worked right through July and August. Maureen O'Sullivan played golf consistently all summer, and so did Jack Oakie. George M. Cohan came out from New York, as energetic as ever, to begin work on "The Phantom President," and on his arrival was made an honorary member of the famous Breakfast Club, about which I shall tell you more some time. George Arliss works off his excess energy by walking a great deal, and will often be encountered all alone climbing the hills back of Hollywood. He loves California, and when a newspaperman recently inquired of him where he intended to go for the summer months he retorted, with his well-known whimsical smile: "Why go anywhere?"

Meeting Laurel and Hardy was a recent interesting experience. One meets them together of course, for they are about as inseparable as Siamese twins and to encounter them singly would be rather like seeing the salt without the pepper. Mr. Laurel is the one with the dumb look, the half of the team that everything happens to, while Mr. Hardy is the fat-faced zany who registers exasperation at his friend's innumerable blunders. There is, we are told, a right and a wrong way to do anything, but Mr. Laurel knows at least fifty-seven wrong ways and he tries them all. They really don't need sound movies to project their nonsense across for they are essentially pantomimists, but Mr. Laurel has a priceless English accent which is perfectly genuine and it does certainly add to the humor. He has a small daughter on whom his mugging (professional term) doesn't register in the sure-fire way that it affects his fans. Perhaps she is too used to it. At any rate she regards her comic parent with a kind of terrible infantile solemnity while he is cutting up and he has to execute something quite out of the ordinary to draw her rewarding smile. When the baby grins Stan knows he's good.

There is never an oversupply of either plot or psychology to a Laurel and Hardy picture and no great strain is therefore imposed on the watcher, unless it is the strain of aching sides. Somebody of importance whose name I've forgotten has said that he believes this pair of cheerful idiots has been instrumental in preserving the sanity of the world during the past few troublous years—insofar as the world may be sane. Personally I believe they would make a henpecked man forget his mother-in-law, let alone the depression. The two took a trip abroad this past summer, partly as a vacation, partly to pick up new comedy ideas. Dear old Lunnion made a great fuss over the homecoming Stan, needless to add, and admitted that Hardy was almost as tophole.

Alison Skipworth, the veteran Broadway actress who has been in Hollywood making "Madame Racketeer," confided to me that she spent an arduous summer trying

to accustom herself to rising with the honest working man, and fighting off the alarm-clock blues. Between a yawn and a sigh she said:

"When you've put in thirty years of your life beginning your day at 2.30 p.m., and quitting round midnight, it's pretty hard to have to get up at six a.m.—the initials standing for *after the milkman*."

But the honest working man is in a fair way to being spoiled these days, particularly when he is out of work. During his unemployed periods he is nourished on *de luxe* edibles from the studios while his humble lunch-can gathers dust on a shelf. In the old days of wanton waste when a banquet was staged in the pictures all the high-class food was thrown out in the ash-can, but now it's different. After the stars have played at dining *a la Fifth Avenue* the poor of the city are introduced to some of the amenities of high living. The situation bristles with interest—and possibilities. Here is a street laborer, a simple soul whose idea of a feast is a good mess of Irish stew. But he is fed on roast squab, *pate de foie gras*, caviar canapes, baked ham with champagne sauce, *crepes Suzette*, wine jellies, French *patisseries*, and other delicacies of the epicurean life.

What will be the ultimate effect on him and his? Will they be content with mere mulligan after all this? The business of wiping up gravv from his plate with a thick slab of bread is going to become a lost art in his circle, one fears. What a lot of movies are responsible for, and the end evidently is not yet!

CATALINA ISLAND always has its devotees during the warmest weather. Someone has said that sooner or later you will see every star in the film firmament there. They go to play or they go to work. No matter. As one gay megaphone-wielder said: "The only way to see more stars is to fall down and bump your head!"

You reach Catalina, known as The Magic Isle, by any one of several routes from Los Angeles. Motor or fast train carries you to the coast and there a palatial steamer picks you up and transports you to this mountainous island lying about twenty-five miles off the mainland. It is thirty miles long and rises like Capri, abruptly, from the sea, presenting many peaks and with deep canyons where you will see silvery morning fog lingering till afternoon. At Catalina is beauty, charm, and change. Its tapestry of color is ever changing, glowing or fading according to the mood of the sun. But this earthly Paradise has modern improvements, and is in fact a modified Monte Carlo. There is a canvas colony where campers live in tents. There is a giant pavilion. There is a fleet of glass-bottomed boats operated for the purpose of showing the visitor the marvellous submarine gardens. The water is so calm and clear that marine growths may be seen to a depth of fifty feet. All the big-game fish of the Western world are found at or near Catalina, such as tuna, barracuda, black bass, albacore, bonito, yellow-tail, shark, and sunfish. Marlin and sperm-whale too are frequently found. The Japanese sword-fish is brought all the way from Japan on the Kiro Shiwo current. Hilly and picturesque, Catalina has been invaluable as a background for film dramas, and many marine thrillers of the screen



Stan Laurel, Buster Keaton, Oliver Hardy and Jimmy "Schnozzle" Durant get together and do some harmonizing. What a quartet!

Barbara Stanwyck, who has been making some splendid pictures of late, including "So Big" is said to be the most temperamental star of the talkie era. She has invited more than one pig-headed producer to betake himself to a warmer clime. The consensus of opinion is that Barbara is usually right.

—Visitors From Canada and All the World; Summer and Early Fall Activities of the Players; A Glimpse of Laurel and Hardy; Catalina, The Magic Isle; Studio Stories; A Glance at the Olympic Village.

have been made there. Perhaps you remember "The Sea God" or "Old Ironsides" repulsing an attack by gunboats, with a specially-built city of Tripoli in the background. Recently the talkie "Rain" was photographed at Catalina with Joan Crawford as its star. There have been numerous others. In fact, at one time or another the visitor may see all the various kinds of vessel he has ever heard or read about, lying in the waters of Catalina—Levantine galleys, Spanish caravels, Moorish corsairs, squat Chinese junks, with coolie crews and mat sails, frigates fighting the Battle of Trafalgar over again, and perhaps a replica of Stevenson's "Hispaniola" anchored at the mythical Treasure Island. Weird and unbelievable sights must have struck upon the casual visitor's eye at times—rum-runners being pursued and overhauled by revenue-cutters; some screen hero emerging picturesquely from the waves in diving-suit, while running toward him a beautiful girl greeted him with outstretched arms; or howling savages pursuing English sailors with assegais while the latter race along the sands making for the boats, wheeling at intervals to fire a volley from their muskets. Frequently too in a shadowed cove a bevy of shapely bathing beauties have disported themselves for the camera. Sea wolves, sea hawks, Captain Bloods, trim naval officers, able seamen singing chanteys, and smelling of tar, realistic pirates, fishermen, submarine sailors, mutinying crews, men from every age who go down to the sea in ships, and from every strata of life, in short all the romance of the seven seas may be found in the waters of Catalina or along her lovely coastline.

The first authentic reference to the island is in the log of a Portuguese captain, Don Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, whose tiny fleet nosing along



Reading from Left to Right:—

(1) Returning from a hunting trip in Africa, Gary Cooper startled the natives of Hollywood with a new pet, "Toluca," a young chimpanzee.

(2) An informal study of Fredric March, snapped at the star's new Beverly Hills home.

(3) George Arliss has a beautiful garden in his Hollywood home. He is a great flower lover, and has cultivated some rare blooms.

(4) Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at his makeup table. Douglas, who is filled with restless energy, complains that the days are not half long enough for all there is to do.

the Californian coast in 1542 came to anchor in what is now the Bay of Avalon. He named the isle "Vittoria" after one of his ships. But in 1602 a Spaniard visited it and re-christened it "Santa Catalina" after his patron saint. In the years following, various dons acquired the island in turn and the tale is told of one owner who gladly exchanged it for a horse he wanted. In time the land descended to a family named Banning from whom in 1919 it was purchased by Mr. William Wrigley, Junior, the chiclet king. The place is now a rendezvous for fishing enthusiasts and tourists and it is rarely that at least one studio unit isn't working there on a picture. But it has its sequestered spots where one may escape from the bands, the ballyhoosers, and the bathers, and watch the sun gild the peaks to golden beauty or listen to the fish jumping in the stillness of some peaceful bay.

OVER at the Warner Brothers-First National studios the other day I found Barbara Stanwyck, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Joan Blondell, Joe E. Brown and others all busily at work on new pictures. I had been hearing tales of Miss Stanwyck's temperament but quite evidently things are going her own way for she was in a most gracious mood and I found her to be a young woman of astounding poise, able to talk to visitors, answer her 'phone, give orders to her maid, and go on applying makeup, without the least fluster. Her successes of late have probably convinced the powers that be that she rates a high order of intelligence.

Of the younger Fairbanks what can be said? I own that words fail me in attempting to describe this amazing young man, who, surrounded by a galaxy of brilliant, or at any rate much-publicized relatives, yet has made good entirely on his own. He is filled with a restless energy that demands constant outlet and when he isn't playing a hard game of volley-ball he's giving the punching-bag a workout. "The days aren't half long enough for all there is to do," he told me, regretfully.

Hollywood is crowded with young hope-to-be-Gables and every studio has got hold of at least one roughly-handsome youth whom it is grooming as a dimpled menace. It is just another manifestation of the old Hollywood error of imitating instead of creating. Somebody came in and placed a big pile of "stills" on the dressing-table and young Fairbanks gave a comical sigh as he indicated some of them. The top ones were of Ruth Chatterton in her then current release.

"The Rich Are Always With Us," mused Fairbanks, Jr., and added, pointing to a collection of pictures of young men in turtle-neck sweaters, "So are the Gables."

If George Brent, a newcomer from Dublin, Ireland, who supported Ruth Chatterton in the above-named film, is allowed to work out his own salvation he may "get some-

where," but someone started him off with a handicap by proclaiming him a second Clark Gable whom he resembles not at all. He has more sophistication, more polish, and all of the volatile qualities that belong to his race. He is an actor born. A long and varied apprenticeship in stock has fitted him for his present place in pictures and since achieving his start at the famous Abbey Theatre, in Dublin, he has owned six companies of his own and played in not less than three-hundred parts, many of these on this continent. He has known lean years in Hollywood when it allowed him to go unnoticed so he isn't going to be too ready to capitulate to its sudden adulation. He declares that he is going to save his money, not spend it. Here's hoping he can stick to that, but one wonders how many many others have made a similar solemn resolve and weakened.

The news is full of Georges, it seems. George Raft, a young man vaguely resembling the late Valentino—but only vaguely—recently muscled into the spotlight by reason of a distinctive piece of work in a film entitled "Scarface," and it now develops that he has quite a bit of snappy biography to hand the hungry reporters. He proudly displays a cigarette-lighter that was presented to him by none other than the Prince of Wales, in royal recognition for his having given the Prince lessons in dancing. Raft taught dance specialties in London, and the Prince learned the Charleston from him. He is a suave, sleek, dapper fellow, a typical New York product and has been a professional boxer as well as hooper. He knew Valentino. In the same dance places of Broadway the pair were paid dance entertainers. That was a little prior to the use on this side of the Atlantic of the term "gigolo." Raft says that he and Rudolph always passed up the younger women and sought out those past forty. It was "better business," and the management encouraged it.

To continue with this George business, it is quite true that George Arliss never eats meat. I was seated near him at a public dinner not long ago and saw him decline all the meat dishes. So did Mrs. Arliss.

Arguments are still rife on the subject of who stole "Grand Hotel." Not that it matters, or that it is granted that it was stolen. But I find that the scene I recall with the greatest relish was the one where Wallace Beery is telephoning long-distance to his father-in-law. On the other hand, a friend in the scenario department of the M-G-M company which made the picture, assures me she has never been able to forget John Barrymore kissing the dachshund.

Some press agents are naturally naive, others have this quality acquired. Colleen Moore, who is returning to pictures, is spoken of by one enthusiastic scribe as sure to make a bigger success than ever, adding, "She has a brand new hubby and a ditto haircut." The fact is that Colleen is as welcome as a refund on your income-tax.

One of the studios sent out a call for a man with a large family, at least ten kids, to appear in a comedy sequence. There must, they intimated, be a strong family resemblance. Among the candidates was a little man wearing a derby hat over his ears. He approached the casting-office with an ingratiating grin, and fourteen children.

"These all yours?" inquired the director, who was filled with skepticism. "Sure," returned the little man, with spirit. "Am I a liar?" "I don't know," was the reply. "Listen, what I mean is: are these ALL yours?" A comprehending smile brightened the other's face. He shrugged, half-apologetically.

"I won't deceive you, mister," he said, with an air of candor. They ain't all mine."

"Ha! I thought not," said the director, triumphantly.

The little man nodded.

"No, they're not all I got," he said, confidentially. "I got already two more at home."

"My sacred aunt!" the director cried. "Then why didn't you fetch them too?"

"They're twins, mister, and only born yesterday. I figured they'd be a little young yet," was the explanation.

Rival candidates melted away. They knew when they were licked.

SOME of us were granted a preliminary tour of the mushroom city known as Olympic Village, which has been built on 313 acres of ground adjacent to the big Stadium for the purpose of housing the athletes and contestants of the fifty competing countries. It is unique in the annals of international gatherings. There is accommodation for two thousand. The vast dining-hall subdivided into numerous private kitchens and dining-rooms gives each country's representatives special facilities for the preparation and enjoyment of its own dishes, and there are bathhouses, gymnasias for practice work, and a medical service building.

"Here's where they grab off a little shut-eye," our guide announced, as he proceeded to show the party through one of the specially-built cottages or cubicles, of which there are 550 with four beds each.

[Continued on page 40]

Radioland

Gene and Glenn

"YOU can't hear Gene and Glenn this morning if you don't hurry up for breakfast." Throughout the nation, youngsters and fathers too, rush through their pre-breakfast preparations so as to be at the table ready to listen to the vocal antics of Jake and Lena, the fictitious characters created by Gene and Glenn.

Along about Christmas, 1929, Gene Carroll and Glenn Rowell, the last remaining members of two former radio teams, created Jake and Lena. The comedy romance of the mid-western Romeo and Juliet won immediate popularity, and within a year the program was extended from WTAM Cleveland to a nationwide NBC network.

Carroll was born in Chicago in the late nineties, a member of a theatrical family. He displayed early a love for the stage. One of his earliest roles was that of Cobweb in "A Midsummer Night's Dream." From that time on Gene imitated feminine voices and even after his natural voice changed he could speak feminine parts.

He then swung into musical comedy and vaudeville.

Glenn Rowell was born in Pontiac, Illinois. Eight years later the Rowell family moved to St. Louis. There Glenn attended school and in addition studied both the piano and violin. His voice attracted considerable attention. Then he joined a stock company. He played the piano and the trumpet with the band. He was in turn song plugger, music publisher's representative and organist.

Gene plays the triple role of Jake, Lena and himself, while Glenn takes the "straight man" part, plays the piano and sings.

The radio comedians do not prepare their own continuities, but polish up a sketch prepared by an associate and add lines spontaneously during the acts.

Gene is thin and wistful in appearance. He is five feet, seven inches; parts his light brown hair on the side, has dreamy looking blue eyes, wears spats and is nearly thirty-four. Glenn weighs more than two hundred pounds.

Myrt and Marge

"MYRT" . . . Myrtle Vail . . . She wrote the script, sold the sponsor (William Wrigley, Jr., Company) on the idea, and now plays the lead ten times each week . . . Ran away from school at the age of fifteen and joined the chorus of a then current Chicago musical comedy . . . As she expresses it, "I've played everything from the nut comedienne to the prima donna." . . . Started writing when she entered vaudeville and wrote all her own acts, incidental music and all . . . Headlined on Orpheum circuit and had never been in a radio studio prior to the inauguration of her own show . . . Likes baseball and never misses any of the Cubs' "at home" games unless she is playing a matinee.

"Marge" . . . Donna Damerel . . . Daughter of George J. Damerel, the original Prince in "The Merry Widow" . . . Her career is strangely similar to that of Myrt . . . Also decided she had enough of school at fifteen . . . Departed suddenly and joined her parents, then on vaudeville tour . . . Played the two-a-day until her family retired from the stage, then went on with her chosen profession "on her own" . . . Appeared as soubrette at leading Chicago night clubs with an occasional return to vaudeville . . . Has also appeared in stock . . . She's the baby of the cast . . . Age twenty.

The Rise of the Goldbergs

UNINTENTIONAL comedy is often a feature of the Jewish program, "The Rise of the Goldbergs," for the funniest moments in the Goldbergs' radio careers seem to be spontaneous, occurring naturally as part of their realistic human struggle from poverty to riches.

Gertrude Berg created the mirth-provoking series and is also the principal actress, taking the role of Molly Goldberg. Her own observation of events in the daily lives of real people forms the basis of the sketches. Miss Berg has never been a professional actress, but has written a number of plays, staged them and taken part in benefit performances. She saw the opportunity for a Jewish dialect dramatic series and immediately created the "Goldbergs."

Finding a radio actor suited to play the part of husband to the ambitious Molly proved difficult when the programs were found suitable for the air. Casting directors finally engaged James R. Waters, the present Jake, who is famous as a Jewish dialect comedian. He starred in Schubert's well-known production, "Potash and Perlmutter" and other Broadway successes.

Real children, who are microphone veterans in spite of their youth, take the parts of the Goldberg children, Sammy and Rosie. Sammy is Alfred Corn, and Rosie is Rosalyn Silber.

Sisters of the Skillet

BACK in 1929 Eddie East and Ralph Dumke were working for WGN in Chicago. Their program was a combination of songs and patter. Somehow their act didn't "click." Finally the boys were informed that the station would have to struggle along without them. They went back to vaudeville but managed to fill in without pay at WGN whenever programs were suddenly cancelled.

Then a bright idea struck the boys. "Why not work up a 'gag' act and burlesque the household hinters?" they suggested.

Immediately they went on a regular spot, and began the climb that finally brought them to New York. As the Sisters of the Skillet, the boys now have a nationwide audience.

Both are natives of Indiana. East was born in Bloomington, seat of Indiana University, April 4, 1894. Eddie's father wanted the boy to study law and become "a respectable lawyer." Instead Eddie ran away at the age of fifteen and joined a carnival. For two years he toured as a barker. Then he went back to Bloomington and finished his schooling. He read law in his father's office, and was admitted to the bar. Three years later he became an insurance adjuster in Indianapolis. Afterward East was a salesman of automobile shock absorbers and then tires.

Tiring of business routine, East accepted an offer from the Colonial Theatre to sing with the orchestra. He doubled on the drums until one day he received an offer from Charlie Davis, director of the Ohio Theatre orchestra.

Dumke was born in South Bend, Indiana, July 25, 1899. He attended grammar and high school, and went to Notre Dame, where he studied engineering.

In high school and college Ralph did considerable singing. In 1921 he left Notre Dame and joined a vaudeville act. Finally he received a telegram from Charlie Davis, and met his future partner.

Eddie and Ralph were first heard over National Broadcasting Company networks from Chicago on November 17, 1930.

East and Dumke are inseparable companions. They weigh more than 500 pounds together and they say they don't intend to diet. The boys improvise their programs during broadcasts.



(Top) "Gene and Glenn"
(Left) Gene Carroll (Right) Glen Rowell

(Below) "Myrtle and Marge"
(Left) Myrtle Vail (Right) Donna Damerel

"The Goldbergs"
(Top Row)
Molly, Gertrude Berg;
Sammy, Alfred Corn;
(Bottom Row)
Jake, James Waters;
Rosie, Rosalyn Silber

"Sisters of The Skillet"
(Left) Ralph Dumke; (Right) Ed. East.

Criticisms: Favourable—and Otherwise

By Jerome Carver

"Miss Pinkerton"

THE popularity of Mary Roberts Rinehart's mystery stories will undoubtedly draw many people to see the film version of her latest work in detective fiction, "Miss Pinkerton." Although I enjoyed this story immensely when I read it last winter, I found the picture quite disappointing. It seemed too packed with incident and the routine tricks of "creepy atmosphere" to be coherent. Mrs. Rinehart's mastery of the technique of telling her story lent a life and thrill and charm to the book, that is lacking in the banal film.

Pretty Joan Blondell, who has a flair for wise-cracking comedy, is good in the title role of the detective-nurse, and George Brent is excellent as the detective. Unfortunately the picture does not give them a real chance to use their talents. I felt particularly sorry for Mr. Brent who ought to be playing in better roles. Did you know that Mr. Brent began his stage career in Dublin, Ireland, with the famous Abbey Theatre Company, which toured in Canada this last winter? He was also leading man with Alice Brady on Broadway in "Love, Honor and Betray." In the same company there was another young man who bore a startling resemblance to Brent. The other young man was Clark Gable.

But, to return to "Miss Pinkerton," the cast is good, and the photography and settings are far above the average. The picture, as a whole, however, is only moderately diverting. Other stories by Mrs. Rinehart, written for the stage, have proved better adapted to the pictures. And, speaking of Mrs. Rinehart, if the producers in Hollywood should ever start making motion-picture biographies, Mrs. Rinehart's story of her own life would be a good beginning. If any of you have not yet read it, I advise you to get it and read it immediately.

"Make Me a Star"

YEARS ago, in the days when Western melodramas were at the height of their popularity in the films, Harry Leon Wilson wrote "Merton of the Movies," a novel satirizing the legends of Western adventure as well as the lure of Hollywood. The book was made into a stage success by playwrights George S. Kaufman and Marc Connelly. (A distinguished pair, these two, in the field of the drama! Besides being co-author of "The Royal Family," "Once in a Lifetime" and other comedy hits, Mr. Kaufman, with his collaborators Ira Gershwin and Morrie Ryskind, has shared in the Pulitzer Prize won this year by their musical comedy "Of Thee I Sing." Marc Connelly was another Pulitzer Prize winner with his wonderful negro play "The Green Pastures.")

"Merton of the Movies" was done in silent pictures, and now it comes to us as a talkie with the new title "Make Me a Star." This is a good picture. Cleverly directed and acted, it stands out in this very lean season when interesting and entertaining films are few and far between.

Although the satire in "Make Me a Star" is not as sharp as it was in the stage play and the novel, there is still enough of it to make the film unusually amusing, and many lines from the Kaufman-Connelly stage version enliven the dialogue.

The story concerns a stage-struck youth who clerks in a grocery store by day, and by night lives in a world of make-believe in which he pictures himself as a great movie actor. His employer, finding the lad's mooning detrimental to the sale of groceries,

gives him the sack, and Merton straightway sets off to conquer Hollywood. There he has a hard time. His diploma in acting from a correspondence school is not, he finds, an open sesame to fame and fortune. An actress pities him and gets him a job as an extra, but he fails miserably even at that small assignment. Finally "Flips," the actress, realizes that Merton is an unconscious comedian. She induces a slapstick comedy producer to do a burlesque Western picture with Merton playing the leading role. Merton believes the story to be serious and plays his role with all the earnest heroics which he has for so long practised in his private day dreams. He does not know that it is burlesque until he sees the preview and discovers that his intensely serious acting is regarded by the audience as screamingly funny comedy. We leave him resigning himself to the doom of being a famous comedian—but, alas, not the hero he longed to be!

In the novel and the play, this ending held more than a touch of heartbreak. In the film the pathos is overshadowed by comedy. "Make Me a Star" is excellently cast. Stuart Erwin does not fall into the imminent danger of making Merton too ridiculous. He keeps him a real person. Joan Blondell is pretty and clever as "Flips," the actress friend. Zasu Pitts, Ben Turpin, Sam Hardy and other favorites are seen in minor roles. We also are given a glimpse of many screen celebrities in the scenes "on the lot."

"Make Me a Star" is highly recommended for the whole family.

"Red Headed Woman"

KATHERINE BRUSH'S "best seller" novel, "Red Headed Woman," must have been difficult to adapt to the screen. As a book, it was first and foremost a character study of a hard young woman "on the make." Miss Brush knew the type about which she was writing and she told her story with vivacity and keen observation.

But the plot was far from dramatic. It was merely a series of rather minor incidents interesting to read about in the author's swift-moving prose, but difficult to transmute into the neatly built-up climaxes demanded in dramatic writing for stage or screen. Anita Loos, who did the screen adaptation, had a hard job on her hands, and, despite her efforts, the screen story still seems distinctly patchy.

Another difficulty for the producers was the casting of the leading and title role. Although Lil Andrews, the "Red Headed Woman," is an unusually "fat" part, it is not a sympathetic one. Lil is beautiful, but hard as nails, coldly selfish, and shrewd in a sly, grasping fashion rather than intelligent. It was not a role for the Janet Gaynors of the screen who must have their film stories dipped in honey. Even the stars who play more sophisticated roles like to do their screen sinning in a big but always rather sympathetic way. And so it was that during the adaptation of the story name after name was suggested for the title role—and abandoned. Apparently there were no takers. The title naturally suggested Clara Bow, but again the heroine's character was not endearing enough and would have made a poor vehicle for little Miss Bow's return to the screen.

Finally Jean Harlow was chosen. To change platinum locks into copper

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(Top) Jean Harlow and Chester Morris in "Red Headed Woman."

(Below) Stuart Erwin and Joan Blondell in "Make Me a Star."



(Left) Some of the legs in the "Million Dollar Legs" cast, belonging respectively to Andy Clyde, W. C. Fields, Susan Fleming, Jack Oakie, Lyda Roberti, Hugh Herbert and Ben Turpin.



(Right) Joan Blondell, who plays the title role in "Miss Pinkerton."

Criticisms: Favourable—and Otherwise

Continued from page 39

red requires no sorcery today. And except for the fact that she had never shown any notable histrionic talent (a minor consideration in most films), Miss Harlow seemed an excellent choice. She is beautiful and her previous roles had not been sympathetic, so it would not be any shock to the fans to see her as a rapacious little schemer. After mediocre performances in "Hell's Angels," "The Public Enemy," "Platinum Blonde" and "The Beast of the City," in which her only claims to distinction were her blonde beauty and an air of synthetic sophistication, Miss Harlow gives a surprisingly good portrayal of the "Red Headed Woman." Physically she is ideally cast, and her acting is vivid and clever.

The story, in case you missed reading the book, tells of Lil Andrews, a pretty little stenographer, who decides that she will escape from the grubby poverty endured by her family. It is a laudable decision, but Lil is not a pleasant person and neither are her methods. She is beautiful and she knows it. A hard-boiled Cinderella who decides to be her own fairy godmother! By her schemes and ruses she breaks up her employer's marriage and, after his divorce, gets him to marry her. After many brazen attempts to "make the town sit up and take notice of her," she tires of her husband and goes on to New York to search for greater conquests, bigger game. The last scenes show her in Paris flourishing as the proverbial Green Bay Tree.

The earlier and more earnest part of the picture is not as effective as the latter part which does not take itself quite so seriously. The picture skates over very thin ice at times, both in action and in dialogue, but adults will find it fairly interesting. If you like to see the villainess punished for her wrong-doing you will be disappointed watching Lil get exactly what she wants. On the other hand, you will have a dandy time watching her ruthless methods and disliking her.

Playing the role of the husband vamped by Lil is Chester Morris, lately seen in "The Miracle Man" and "Corsair." He is, by the way, the son of William Morris, once the very well known leading man with Mrs. Fiske, Mme. Modjeska, Olga Nethersole and other famous women stars.

Leila Hyams plays the wife ousted by the Red Headed Woman; and Una Merkel, May Robson and Lewis Stone are seen in minor roles.

"Stranger in Town"

UNLIKE Will Rogers, Chic Sale cannot carry a whole picture on his own shoulders. For this reason "Stranger in Town," a picture in which everything is sacrificed to Mr. Sale's clowning, becomes tiresome in spite of a good cast and fairly good story material.



Still Singing: Bing Crosby, among radio's greatest stars, bursts into song as he arrives in Hollywood with his wife, Dixie Lee of the films to appear in the picture "The Big Broadcast."



George M. Cohan, the man who put the red and blue in The Great White Way, has arrived in Hollywood for his first talking picture venture entitled "The Phantom President."

The plot centres around a small-town keeper of a general store. This man, Crickle, is being forced out of business by the chain stores. He puts up a keen fight and wins in the end. Mr. Sale's comedy in the role of Crickle wears rather thin after a time, and the plot is not strong enough to hold one's interest on its own account. Ann Dvorak, David Manners and Noah Beery are wasted on the very little work they are given to do. "Stranger in Town" would have been a very acceptable short comedy. As a long picture its jam is spread much too thin.

"Million Dollar Legs"

DIETRICH'S? No, the title has very little to do with the picture. "Million Dollar Legs" is an odd film. It might have started out to be satire and if it had continued so it might have been quite brilliant. As it is, it is too silly and, paradoxically, not silly enough. It needs Ed Wynn or the Marx Brothers.

The story, amusingly fantastic, is concerned with a mythical republic, "Klopstokia," where the inhabitants are all adept at running, jumping, diving, etc. In order to enrich the treasury the citizens go to Los Angeles to take part in the Olympic Games. The Klopstokians plan to win all the events, but their plans are almost upset when a beautiful and dangerous female spy, named Mata Machree, makes friends with members of the team and sows discord in the Klopstokian ranks. Luck, however, brings them victory in many amazing ways. One of the team wins a running race by accident when he is chasing a girl on a motorcycle to give her a note. Another, entered in the weight-lifting contest, gets annoyed and petulantly hurls his thousand-pound weight so far that he wins the shot-put.

Jack Oakie, W. C. Fields, Ben Turpin, Lyda Roberti with her delightful Polish accent, and Susan Fleming (an attractive ingenue), play the principal parts. Despite the fact that "Million Dollar Legs" is not brilliant, its Olympic Games scenes make it timely and it is pleasantly ridiculous.

"Midnight Lady"

HERE is a story of the "Madame X" type that contains some good acting but does not quite make the grade because the story is rather banal and cheap and the direction is not all it should be. Sara Padden, well-known vaudeville and legitimate stage actress, plays the part of the mother who is

willing to sacrifice her life for her daughter. Miss Padden is excellent as the mother. The younger parts are weakly played.

"Aren't we All?"

I BELIEVE I have written before of this British picture version of the successful Lonsdale comedy in which Cyril Maude once starred, and Leslie Howard played an important part. It is not as interesting on the screen as it was on the stage, but it is worth seeing. Gertrude Lawrence, Marie Lohr, Owen Nares and other British stage celebrities are in the cast. By the way, the answer to the question in the title is "Fools."

"Jack's the Boy"

HERE is a thoroughly delightful comedy from England that shows some of the fantastic comic treatment which has been used so successfully in France by Rene Clair. The mad plot concerns the son of a Scotland Yard official. The lad joins the police force as an ordinary "Bobby" just to show his father that he is no fool. He is sent in pursuit of a crook to Mme. Tussaud's Wax Works and there after a wild chase he captures a wax dummy instead of the crook. He is fired from the force on the spot, but after a series of adventures, all strange and immensely diverting, he captures the crooks, wins his girl's love and his father's approval.

Jack Hulbert, Cicely Courtneidge and Winifred Shotter are good in leading roles. The direction and photography are both excellent. A good picture for the whole family!

"Strangers of the Evening"

AN ATTEMPT has been made in "Strangers of the Evening" to blend comedy and mystery. It is very muddled and over-padded as to plot, and the competent actors struggle with the hopeless difficulties presented by a poor story. Zasu Pitts and Lucien Littlefield supply the comedy and the best moments of the film.

"Harlem is Heaven"

ANYONE interested in novelties will welcome "Harlem is Heaven," a picture with an all negro cast. The picture is not a pretentious one and its story is quite ordinary. But it is well played and contains a lot of good singing and dancing. Bill Robinson, the well-known tap-dancer, is featured in the film. He is a competent actor as well as an amazingly clever dancer; and he has a very likeable personality. "Harlem is Heaven" is not a technically finished product, but it is novel and unusually interesting.



Strangers in Town: Joe E. Brown shows how the modern cowpuncher travels in his latest picture "The Tenderfoot."

LITTLE RAMBLES IN HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 37

These neat little coops are 24 x 10 feet in size and are equipped with electric light running water, and other necessities. What a contrast this Tenth World Olympic is to those of the ancient Greeks, who trekked to their games on foot or muleback and slept on the open plain. Millions have been spent by state, county, and city, and it has been estimated that each athlete will cost his country \$480.00 in transportation and housing. Fifteen tons of tickets are ready, waiting for eager purchasers. Nine stadiums have been constructed. The principal one, built eight years ago, has been

enlarged and remodelled and has the largest reserved-seat capacity of anything of its kind on earth. An elaborate lighting arrangement permits staging of features at night. Competitions in fine arts have not been overlooked. These will be held in Los Angeles County Museum, which boasts world-famous collections of history, art, and science, and provides thirty acres of floor space for exhibits. Swimming, yacht racing, and equestrian sports are some of the attractive events which will be things of the past when this is read.

THE MAN AND HIS WIFE

Continued from page 32

of fire that danced before her eyes as she lifted the big man into the sleigh-box. The rasp of Murray's breath. Would all the blankets keep him warm enough? . . . Eternities of stumbling ahead of her horses across the opens, groping with half-dead feet that she might not lose the trail . . . Some words of Murray's beating in her brain on a maddening little circuit: "You're my pard—my strong girl!" . . . Oh why wasn't she strong? Now, she *must* be! . . . That awful sense of slipping, of growing numbness. The jerk with which she roused from it. Why would the horses go no farther? The trail lost? Oh thank a merciful Heaven! They were against their stable door!

"DO YOU think you can walk that far, Lynn?" Murray's voice was gently dissuading as he knelt to adjust her snowshoe thong.

"I am sure of it," she answered, "and oh, I do want to see them again!"

They walked out through the still sunshine. The frost-spangled air bore the invigorating tang of pine and spruce. It brought stabs of color to Lynn's pale cheeks and her breast rose and fell with her exertion. For she had been through her turn of illness—after her constant and no one knew how prolonged nursing had opened the deep wells of reserve strength in Murray so that with unconquerable stamina he had thrown off the pneumonia, of which he had been half dead when Lynn dragged him across the threshold of their cabin door. Then, and quickly, it had been his part to pour out to her

strength and tenderness throughout an agony of days. But now it was over. Again their blood raced through their veins.

Presently they reached their destination. They stood side by side on the knoll where towered "The Man and His Wife." Lynn looked at the trees but Murray was drinking from the depths of eyes that were deeper now than ever the brown waters of Mistaya. His breath and hers came and went in a unison that matched the tuned throbbing of their hearts.

"Do you believe, Murray," Lynn asked softly, "that we can someday be like they are? That I *can* become that sort of wife?"

"Believe? . . . haven't you proved it! I've known it ever since the moment I first saw you. Saw in your eyes the glow of that steely strength and fire that is deep down in you and is greater than all the muscle in the world."

"But I was afraid—oh you don't know how afraid, Murray!"

"Yes, until you proved yourself. But now you'll never be afraid and this land—our land—will always be beautiful to you. Won't it, Lynn?"

To Lynn a door within herself opened. A mystery resolved into simplicity. It was the right—and power—to give strength her heart had yearned for. The need of that which had made her doubt herself—and him!

A puff of wind whispered through the two spruce trees. A shower of purest crystals fell silently about Murray and Lynn. They heeded, but the eyes of each still drank the soul of the other. It was the benediction of *L'homme et sa femme*.



You're wrong, Madam—
we're going to talk about
washing clothes!

YOU KNOW how hard it is to wash the grease out of a frying pan.

There's grease on soiled clothes, too. It comes from the body and from things you touch. It's this grease that makes dirt stick to clothes. That's why, with ordinary soap, it often takes a lot of work to get clothes clean. Even when you rub and rub, the clothes sometimes look gray and musty—because grease still holds the dirt fast.

But try Fels-Naptha and see the difference! For Fels-Naptha brings to the job plenty of grease-dissolving naphtha—so much you can smell it—in addition to good golden soap. Working hand in hand, these two eager workers give you welcome *extra* help. Together, they break the stubborn

grip of grease and wash the dirt away. Your clothes come clean—white-clean—fragrantly clean! With no hard rubbing on your part!

Fels-Naptha is as gentle in its ways as it is helpful. It keeps things fresher and newer-looking. It works so quickly that it gets your hands out of water sooner. Moreover, Fels-Naptha contains soothing glycerine—an important ingredient in many hand-lotions. Today, at your grocer's, get some Fels-Naptha—a few bars or the 10-bar carton. Use it any way you please. In tub or machine—hot, lukewarm or cool water—for soaking or boiling.

And after a few washes, Madam, you'll know what a gift Fels-Naptha has for making dirt let go.



THE GOLDEN BAR WITH

THE CLEAN NAPHTHA ODOR

LOVE LETTERS OF A SCHOOLMARM

Continued from page 20

forget all about Jack Burney, won't you? He's nothing but my pupil.

Your sweetheart,
Dot.

77 Beveridge Block,
Calgary, May 16th.

DEAR DOT:—Sometimes I find it hard to understand you. Do you mean to tell me that you went out horseback riding up there in those foothills, at night, alone, with that half-baked cowpuncher?

Now listen to me, little girl, and I mean it: you've got to dismiss that cow-rustler from your class, at once, or I'll come up there and do it myself. He doesn't mean you any good, and if you had any sense you'd know it.

A fine pupil he turned out to be! I'll bet you haven't even taught him the alphabet yet. How would you like me to send up a special set of blocks for him, with pictures of animals on them? Or maybe one of those rag books, A stands for Ass, a species of donkey, B stands for Baloney, etc.

Believe me, I've heard enough about Mr. Burney. And if you go out fishing with that hamburger I'll come up there and run him out of the country. Yes, I will.

I'm sorry I've got to stop now, but I hear the phone ringing. Bernice wants me to go to Bowness Park tonight, to a dance. And I think I will.

Think it over,
Ed.

Highwood River School,
May 20th.

DEAR ED:—You're the greatest person in the world for taking the worst for granted, aren't you? Do you think for a minute I'd have

told you all about Jack if he meant anything to me? Sometimes you're just plain stupid.

So in spite of what you say, I'm going out fishing tomorrow, with Mr. MacDougall and Jack. So I suppose I'll see you up here sometime next week, looking for blood.

Well, don't forget what I told you about Jack's shoulders. I saw him branding a calf the other day, and he lifted it right up to his chest to turn it over on its back. And I've heard Mr. MacDougall say that he caught a live panther once, with a rope, and brought it, alone, into High River. So, if you want to be real safe you'd better bring a gun along and a couple of policemen.

And don't think you can fool me, either, about Bernice. I have a girl friend in town who keeps me posted about your doings. You've been out with her at least half-a-dozen times since I left. Yes, and been drunk, too. I'm going to give you one more chance. If I ever hear of that again, we're through, understand.

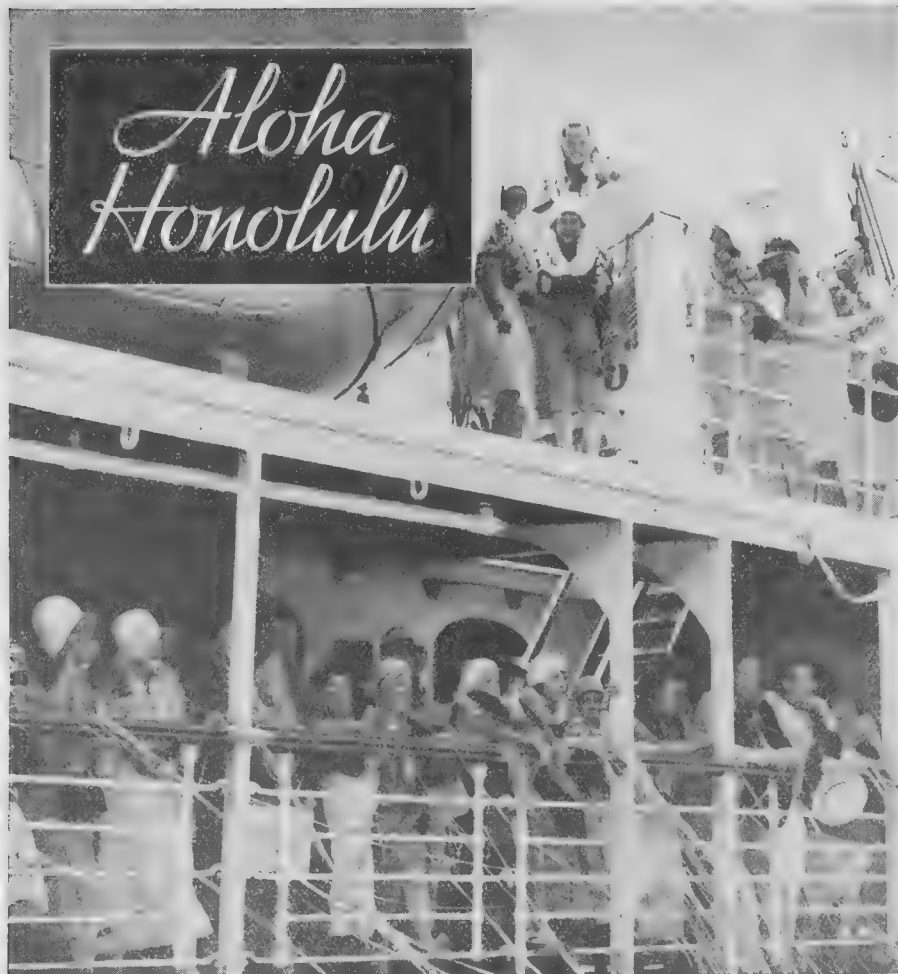
Expecting to see you soon,
Dot.

77 Beveridge Block,
Calgary, May 25th.

DEAR DOT:—You know perfectly well that the bank can't spare me for two or three days to go up there. So you deliberately try to frighten me. Say, I don't care if he's as big as an elephant, I could lick him. And you can tell him that for me, too. If he ever comes to town I'll prove it.

Now, Dot, you've got me all wrong about Bernice. I might have gone out to a show with her to while away

[Continued on page 42]



Only the cost has changed

FOR all those who have known Hawaii's caress—its unhurried peace and joyful contentment—Mark Twain wrote:

"... No other land could so beseechingly haunt me, sleeping and waking, through half a lifetime, as that one has done. Other things leave me, but that abides; other things change, but it remains the same. For me its balmy airs are always blowing, its summer seas flashing in the sun; the pulsing of its surf-beat is in my ear; I can see its garlanded crags, its leaping cascades, its plummy palms drowsing by the shore, its remote summits floating like islands above the cloud rack; I can feel the spirit of its woodland solitudes; I can hear the plash of its brooks; in my nostrils still lives the breath of flowers that perished twenty years ago."

You will find it easy to discover this enchantment. The rainbows that bridge the valleys for the Hawaiian gods to return are just as colorful. The seas that wash the Southern Cross still hold forgetfulness. Only the cost has changed.

\$275

\$275, or less, can well cover the expense of an 18-day roundtrip from the Pacific Coast ports of Los Angeles, San Francisco and Vancouver. This low cost will allow strictly first-class accommodations on board ship and at your hotel, meals and sightseeing while in Hawaii. A letter will bring interesting proof.

Waikiki is the one place in the world where the contour of the ocean bottom and the protecting coral reefs combine to supply the right kind of surf crests for the spectacular sport of surfboarding.

HAWAII

HAWAII TOURIST BUREAU
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The Hawaii Tourist Bureau will, on request, mail you FREE, authoritative information about the Islands. For special booklet, illustrated in full color, with picture maps, send 10c to defray cost of handling.

LOVE LETTERS OF A SCHOOLMARM

Continued from page 41

an evening or two, but what do you expect me to do for excitement, play marbles? I suppose while you're galloping up and down the hills with that rodeo clown you call a cowboy, I'm to sit at home reading Shakespeare's "As You Like It." Not much. And that part about being drunk is all a lie. I haven't been drunk since you went away—much. Please don't misunderstand me.

Your, Ed.

Highwood River School,
June 1st.

DEAR ED:—Unfortunately Mr. MacDougall couldn't go fishing last week, so Jack and I went out together for another horseback ride instead, and took our lunch. You have no idea what a romantic day it was! The birds were singing, the sun shining, and the bees buzzing back and forth among the honeysuckle blooms that grow as thick as weeds along the riverbank.

We found a beautiful shady spot in some pine trees near the water, where we ate our lunch, and sat all afternoon talking, and watching the colored butterflies fix back and forth in the sunlight. I was wishing all the time that you could have been there with us to see everything. It was wonderful.

By the way, I told Jack what you said about being able to lick him, and he says he is very anxious to meet you.

Next Saturday I am going with him to the Stampede they are holding at High River, and I thought perhaps, it being your half holiday, you could run up during the afternoon and see me. Jack is taking part in some of the riding and bucking contests, and I'm sure it'll be quite thrilling. I can hardly wait to see it.

I am glad to say I have heard no further bad news about you and Bernice. She's nothing but a gold-digger, anyway.

Well, I am all keyed up to seeing you on Saturday. You and I and Jack can have a quiet supper somewhere together, and then maybe go to the dance. How does that sound?

Hopefully yours, Dot.

77 Beveridge Block,
Calgary, June 5th.

DEAR DOT:—It's just my luck to have something like this happen at the last minute. When I was all ready for the trip to High River tomorrow, too.

I mean my car, of course. One of the cogs in the rear-end got broken when I was out driving last night with—when I was out driving last night. We, I mean I, had to be towed in from Chestermere at one o'clock in the morning. And all the way home I couldn't help thinking how disappointed you'd be not to see me. Of course it's quite impossible now. The garage mechanic says it's a forty-eight hour job. Can you beat it!

But, apart from that, there's something I wanted to mention to you. I received your letter with the fairy tale about the picnic in the woods with your prize pupil, and I must say that I was impressed with your happy poetry about the birds and bees and chideads. It doesn't sound logical to me, though, that you sat together under those pine trees from sunrise to sunset just watching colored butterflies, without at least holding hands occasionally. Believe me, I know women better than that. And calf-herders, too, if you should ask.

At any rate you'll get your fill of that small town bad man tomorrow, watching him pick his face up out of the dust, and hobble away, after he falls off the horses. I sure am sorry

I can't get down there to see him, and take a few snapshots for my comic photo album.

Your loving husband-to-be, Ed.

Highwood River School,
June 10th.

DEAR ED:—We sure missed you very much at High River—especially Jack. He was asking for you all the afternoon and evening, and I was so sorry to have to disappoint him. I know that you and he would get along so well together.

You will be glad to know that he won three first prizes at the Stampede, totalling over two hundred dollars. He said he knows he couldn't have won them all if I hadn't been there watching him, and so he's going to buy me something nice for a present.

Yes, I know about Bernice. And I know, too, that what you told me about your car was just an excuse not to come and see me because you were afraid of Jack. I know perfectly well you had no accident, for a friend of mine happened to be out at Chestermere last Friday evening, and followed you and Bernice back to town, picking up empty bottles.

I suppose you remember what I told you, so it's alright with me.

Yours for the last time, Dot.

77 Beveridge Block,
Calgary, June 14th

DEAR DOT:—There you go flying off the handle again! All because I go out for a little drive with a girl that doesn't mean any more to me than the Sphinx to the Pyramids.

Do I get sore because you and that lucky bucking-horse champion eat ice-cream sundaes together in High River. I should say not! And yet you get all boiled up like a pot of tea over an innocent evening's pleasure. And it wasn't even pleasure at that; my head's been aching ever since.

While I think of it, though, there was something in your last letter that didn't quite appeal to me. It was that part about the hero-of-the-hour giving a present to the girl-of-his-dreams. If you take anything from that goat-herder, I wash my hands of you. I've stood your hog-wash about what a great guy he is, without making any remarks, but when it gets to the stage where he's starting to buy gew-gaws for you, then the song is ended.

Take it from me, Ed.

Highwood River School,
June 20th.

DEAR ED:—Here's a postscript to tell you how sorry I feel about your last letter.

Yesterday being Sunday, Jack and I went out riding again together, and he took me up the valley to show me his ranch.

Well, after we had supper there, we went and sat down by the river, listening to the water ripple over the rocks. By-and-by, as the sun went down behind the trees, Jack commenced, in his fanciful way, saying all sorts of nice things about me; things that you never even thought of, Ed. And, before I knew what had happened, he was giving me the present he had promised me that day at the High River Stampede.

My, it's a lovely thing! It glistens and sparkles in the sun just like the dew in the grass, and is incidentally twice as large as the one you gave me, which I enclose herewith.

Two weeks from tomorrow we expect to be in Calgary, to celebrate an important event, so I'll probably see you at the train when we come in. Anyway, if I don't see you, Jack will. He intends to look you up.

Your divorced, Dot.

WAR ON POVERTY

Continued from page 22

radiotricians, road builders, refrigerator engineers, salesmen, sewers (plain), shoemakers, school teachers, shingle-sawyers, secretaries, sea captains, stenographers, sailors, surveyors, teamsters, truck drivers, timekeepers, warehousemen, wireworkers, watch repairers, wireless operators. Before this is in print numerous other workers will have swelled their ranks.

The latest addition is a general store, and coupon books have been issued to the amount of \$5,000.00, which represents the amount of stock. They are pledged never to issue more of these coupons than the actual amount of the goods on hand.

The coupons, to have value, must be signed by the owner and by the secretary of the corporation. The coupons are good either for commodities in their store or for hours of labor. A member, for example, can use a coupon to buy potatoes or to pay the plumber, etc.

INSPIRED by the measure of success already won, confident of the future and greatly daring, a delegation from the Army has just presented the British Columbia Government with a plan for a complete scheme for permanent rehabilitation of the unemployed. It, of course, includes a "back-to-the-land" proposition but with salient features different from the usual proposals. They have no faith in schemes for land settlement that do not include some industrial co-operative undertakings. Hence they are dubious as to Manitoba Government's project to send individual families now on unemployment relief out on the land, with an allowance of \$600 per family, \$350 of which is to be expended upon stock, chattels and improvements, and the balance for sustenance until the family becomes self-supporting.

This expedient does not at all appeal to British Columbia's Co-operative Association for the Common Good. They are not favorably impressed with ideas for sending out individual families to work out their own salvation alone. Their proposals to the British Columbia Cabinet recommend mass settlement as both more satisfactory, and cheaper even in its initial stages. The delegation, led by D. G. Macdonald himself, insists that any settlement to be successful and have permanent value must be supported by industrial co-operation.

In their outline they propose that the Government give each family "use-lease"—not ownership, of fifteen acres per family, in whole or "mass" settlements, instead of individual families being placed here and there. If these settlements are so established that the members can help one another, the Government's cash contribution need be only \$100 per family (as against Manitoba's \$600) plus their present relief quota for the first six months. But after the first half year the relief quota, they suggest, should diminish at the rate of 5 per cent per month.

The arguments offered are alluring for they advance the theory that the Government and the municipality in diverting relief money in accordance with this plan, would actually not only be spending less to better purpose,

but with the chance of permanent rehabilitation for many of their unemployed who now see no hope ahead.

To doubting Thomases, governmental or general public, the Burnaby idealists call attention to their own success in putting, unaided, more than 100 men to work within a few months, at a total cost of \$200. They also cite Seattle's success under a somewhat similar scheme in maintaining over 50,000 men and women. They argue that since the governments, federal, provincial and municipal, are spending thousands of dollars day after day without plan or system and with no prospect of the amount diminishing, that due consideration should be given to any constructive plan that offers provision for the future. The British Columbia Government, as is the custom of Governments in general, has promised to give the Army's proposals serious consideration.

By an unpremeditated coincidence, the day the Army's delegation met the British Columbia Cabinet, the local newspapers published the boast of Topley, British Columbia, that their community held the unique distinction of not, as yet, having either spent or asked one dollar of unemployment relief from any government, federal, provincial or municipal. (Topley is a small district in an area of about twenty-four miles, situated between Burns Lake and Smithers on the main line of the Canadian Pacific). Topley-ites offer as modest explanation of their happy condition that almost every householder owns a garden, a cow, some hens or a pig, and fishes the lakes for fish, exchanges products and hunts the woods for game. Doubtless Burnaby's Soldiers will call the Government's attention to this supporting evidence for community settlement.

Returning to the Army, their plans and undertakings, they offer convincing answer to carping critics and Jeremiahs predicting failure, by pointing out (1) that even the Army's present success is worth while and has cost marvellously little, (2) that hitherto the high distinguishing mark of the unemployment remedies has been futility, (3) last, but not least, most "back-to-the-land" schemes are painful extravagances foredoomed to failure because aimless and lacking suggestion of permanent benefit.

The vade-mecum of the Army's leaders is Bellamy's Looking Backward which they are using to look forward. Underlying much of their material theory is a deep religious sense of brotherhood. Many of them find a certain satisfaction in the belief that they have ancient Biblical precedent for their system of distribution, in support of which they quote the method of the disciples:

"And distribution was made unto every man according to his needs."—Acts 4:34.

Whatever the future may hold for the unemployed, the undertaking of Burnaby's Army of Common Good is entitled to respectful and sympathetic consideration in so far as they are making a brave attempt to maintain themselves and their morale. Constructive schemes are at any time too rare to be lightly dismissed.

HEEDING OUR READING

By Fred Scott Shepard

If we gave heed
To what we read—
Made choice of but the best,
Both heart and mind
Would profit find,
And life be truly blest.

For learned lore
Hath wealth in store
Which those may find who will:
New worlds to know,
New paths to go,
New joys the soul to fill

Twice crisped—Twice as tempting and delicious



Children everywhere vote Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice their favourites. Now these delicious grains are made even more crisp and more delicious.

ARE you looking for a different cereal? Something that children won't have to be coaxed to eat? Then try the new Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice.

You'll find them twice as crisp as ever before. Twice as delicious. Because of a new process that crisps them...crisps them again...then hustles them piping hot into the new Seal Krisp package. And so they come to you as fresh as the instant they were shot from guns!

Always Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice have been children's first choice. "Because they taste better." This is the reason why children everywhere have chosen Puffed Grains out of 11 leading ready-to-eat cereals as "the cereals we like best."

Now they're even more delicious, more ideal for child feeding than before. No other cereal brings you Nature's health grains



Made in Canada by THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice

Amazingly rich in nourishment!

In spite of their crisp daintiness, Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are amazingly rich in nourishment. A generous dish of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, with milk or cream and sugar, is greater in energy value than 4 or 5 slices of bacon, a baked potato, or a lamb chop. Serve Puffed Grains for breakfast, lunch or supper... whenever you want substantial nourishment at an economical price.

with every food cell steam-exploded to perfect digestibility. No other cereal brings children nourishing rice and wheat in such tempting form.

Get the new Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice at your grocer's today. You'll find everybody in the family more interested in breakfast!

Another Quaker product... Quaker Corn Flakes... guaranteed by us to be the best flavoured corn flake. Only corn flake which is wax-wrapped and triple-sealed. Only corn flake with the sun Vitamin D.

Sleep better... and wake CHEERFULLY



Quiet
AS
A WATCH

This modern alarm clock has the quiet tick that lets you sleep. No disturbing tickety, tickety, tick to disturb your rest. Big Ben keeps still until it's time for you to get up. He's as quiet as a watch.



first
HE
WHISPERS

This new Big Ben is polite. His first morning call wakes you gently. A series of soft, chime-like calls, tells you pleasantly that it is time to get up. No harshness, no snarling, no bad tempered racket that wakes the whole house.



then
HE
SHOUTS

Then, if you don't shut off the alarm, Big Ben's voice changes. This beautiful new clock speaks firmly when necessary. He shouts loudly enough to wake the soundest sleeper if you fail to respond during his first gentle call.

Big Ben, head of the Westclox family, sells at \$4.75 (plain dial) and \$5.75 (luminous dial).

Other members of the famous family, known throughout the British Empire for long life, dependable time-telling service include Baby Ben, Pocket Ben and other alarms, watches and auto clocks.

The New **BIG BEN**

Chime Alarm

WITH 2 VOICES AND A QUIET TICK

Made in Canada by Western Clock Company Limited, Peterboro, Ontario

WESTCLOX PRICES RANGE FROM \$1.25 to \$7.00

POST-WAR GERMANY

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and ex-soldiers. It has, however, spread to all classes, and recruits its ranks extensively from the younger generation. It places patriotism and mutual good fellowship in the forefront of its propaganda, and aspires to provide security for Germany from further aggression and to promote in every possible manner her well-being. Although attached to no political party it is enthusiastically anti-socialist. Its members are drilled, they devote themselves to physical culture, and under expert organization they could form the kernel of a very useful army.

THE Nazis under the able leadership of Adolf Hitler, an Austrian workman, and of his friend, Gregor Slasser, are now the most powerful party in the state. They are frankly fascist in tendency, and have for their goal the repudiation of Reparations, and possibly of other foreign obligations, and the restoration of the Reich to its former estate.

The rise of the party has been meteoric. Like Italian Fascism it is preponderantly a league of youth.

In September, 1919, Herr Hitler made his maiden speech to an audience of seven men. His next meetings totalled eleven, twenty-five and forty-seven persons respectively. A year later he convened the first mass assembly of 1,700 people. In 1921 he founded two local groups of storm troops at Rosenheim and Landsbut in Bavaria. He embarked on his military activities in 1922 by marching to Coburg with 800 men and clearing the town of communists in forty-eight hours. He continued to combat communism in Bavaria with some success but his coup d'etat of 1923 failed, and he was imprisoned in a fortress for some months. In the meantime his party was dissolved. Reconstructed in 1925, it increased with amazing rapidity. It polled six and a half million votes in September last and obtained 107 seats in the new Reichstag. It now counts well over a third of the electorate among its constituents. Hitler's extremist utterances have occasioned great uneasiness abroad, and still more so has the enthusiastic reception they have been given in Germany. It must be remembered that the views of Young Germany on the War are very different from ours. It sees a Germany hemmed in between two powerful foes, armed to the teeth, and a potentially hostile fleet in command of the sea. It sees her manoeuvred into a war of self-preservation in which she succumbs after a titanic struggle with twenty-two adversary states. It has a lively recollection of the aftermath of spoliation, misery and starvation. One can sympathize with its desperation in the face of continual misfortune, and understand its rejection of the cautious statecraft of its rulers and the unanimous allegiance it has tendered to the one man who has dared to say "No" to further encroachments, and who promises a rosier future. The first victim of this resurgence of youth has been Dr. Brüning, the late chancellor. His is perhaps the most attractive political personality in Germany today apart from that of the venerable President von Hindenburg.

He is a man of outstanding breadth of vision and of singular integrity. The fact that while in power he gave the balance of his income over and above his modest personal requirements to the distressed families of war veterans says much for his humanity.

He has shown remarkable adroitness in the balancing of political parties whereby he was able to carry on his government long after his following in the Reichstag had been reduced to a virtual minority. He combines the adaptability of Lloyd George with Gladstonian singleness of purpose. When he entered office in 1930 he was vested with greater power than any chancellor before him. He possessed the complete confidence of the nation which was ready to make still further sacrifices at his bidding. The greatest hopes were entertained of his abilities. He set out to reorganize the finances of the Reich after the adoption of the Young Plan, which he favored, without placing fresh burdens on the population, and to inaugurate a new era of prosperity.

He undertook an impossible task, and naturally he failed. The high hopes he had raised soon turned to resentful disappointment.

The Hitlerites reproach him that under his direction Germany went to Geneva as a suppliant rather than as an injured defendant with grievous wrongs for redress.

PERHAPS one of the greatest defects of German psychology is inability to appreciate the viewpoint of an opponent. It is a defect that caused pre-war German diplomacy to commit mistakes of capital importance.

A Germany that will not pay will find little sympathy abroad. A Germany that cannot pay after having been bled white will find much.

Dr. Brüning has grasped the psychological import of the distinction, and in this he has shown greater discernment than the majority of his countrymen. The present government is a non-party assembly except that it has no socialist members.

It is pledged to settle for all time the question of Reparations and to undertake the work of reconstruction. It acts in collaboration with Herr Hitler whose recent triumph has made him the practical ruler of the state, in spite of which he has forborne to take office. This wise decision indicates that he is already accessible to the sobering influence of responsibility.

A recrudescence of German militarism would have a most unfortunate effect at the present juncture. It would certainly accentuate the nervous fears of France, and would constitute a definite stumbling block to a lasting reconciliation.

Neither are her apprehensions without justification. Twice within the last fifty years she has seen her provinces overrun and devastated.

With her vulnerable frontier and her dwindling population, she has every reason to envisage a war of revenge with horror.

In fact, fear has been the keynote of her policy. It explains her opposition to every whittling down of the terms of the Versailles Treaty, her insistence on oppressive exactions and her blatant jingoism.

Her terror of reprisals has led her to surround Germany with a hegemony of hostile, well-armed states, subsidized in her interest—Poland, Belgium, Czecho-Slovakia, Yugoslavia.

On the other hand, Germany also fears for her security. Her army has been reduced by treaty to 100,000 men. France can dispose of four million, Czecho-Slovakia one million, Belgium half a million, Poland three millions. Germany has no heavy artillery. France and her satellites possess over 3,500 heavy guns.

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POST-WAR GERMANY

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Germany has no military aeroplanes. The same combination has 4,700.

And so mutual distrust and fear have hitherto rendered vain all attempted unravelling of the tangled skein of politics, without which the prospect is dark indeed. Meanwhile, the future of the world sways in the balance.

COMICALLY dramatic in the kaleidoscopic series of events which have recently taken place in Germany is Bavaria's eleventh hour repudiation of Herr Hitler. The fact that the province which originated the Movement is the only one that has banned it, imports an Irish flavor into Central European politics. Bavaria's action, however, is readily explained.

Although forming an integral part of the Reich, and under the tutelage of Prussia, she enjoyed nearly complete internal independence. Her relations with the Northern Power were punctuated at fairly regular intervals by querulous bickerings over real or fancied incursions into her sovereign rights or violations of her sovereign dignity, and she was ever on the alert to defend a position which was seldom, if ever, threatened. The close of the War saw a great change in this state of affairs. By the terms of the Weimar Constitution to which Bavaria was a signatory, she gave over to the Reich the control of her finances, posts and railways, and consented to the merger of the Bavarian army into the Reichswehr. Further,

in case of the laws of Bavaria conflicting with those of the Reich, the latter were to override the former.

Moreover, in Germany North is North, and South is South, and the inhabitants of either sphere could hardly present greater contrasts.

Bavaria is wholeheartedly Catholic, Prussia is mainly Protestant. Bavaria is agricultural, the backbone of her population is the peasant proprietor, obstinate, narrow and conservative, with his interests rooted in the soil. Prussia is largely industrial, and the Prussian is generally progressive and has a wider outlook. The North German is a pure Teuton, the Bavarian originates largely from Slavic stock.

Here are differences enough to ensure the most perfect misunderstanding. Obstruction and opposition for conscience sake apart, Bavaria realizes that the triumph of the Hitler Party within her own borders would place her semi-independence in jeopardy and extend the interference of Prussia in her internal affairs.

She is now talking of restoring the monarchy, another gesture of independence, and probably only significant as such.

The Bavarian *démarche* is actuated by a determination to resist further absorption. It is improbable that either side will risk a definite rupture, they have both too much to lose thereby. The whole affair can be regarded as the sparring of professionals who do not intend to hurt each other too much.

WHEN BRITANNIA PLAYS THE HOSTESS

Continued from page 11

When all information about a Visitor is in the Secretary's possession, either by letters or cables, and also by referring to dockets in the State Department concerned, a suitable programme of events and sightseeing is drawn up in consultation with the Cabinet members of the Hospitality Committee. If the exalted Guest is likely to be seasick, then the jaunt in a submarine must be cut out. Again, His Highness may have a horror of being at a great height, in which case the aerial cruise is given up. All these potentates love the London Zoo—where the African Emir of Kasina was so amazed by the spread splendor of a peacock's wings, that he drove home in a sort of ecstasy to describe this avian wonder to the ladies of his harem. But they refused to credit their Prince's story; so he arranged a very early Sunday morning view in order that their own eyes might convince them. Going back to their hotel, the Prince's party found there a glorious peacock with two demure hens as a present to take back with them to Haussaland. And not to be outdone in courtesy, the Emir in due time sent the Zoo a colossal turtle and a set of ostrich eggs, with grateful inscriptions in Arabic on them.

At least two Oriental sovereigns of Britain's empire are never invited "home," since custom and tradition forbid their leaving their own States. One of these is His Exalted Highness, the Nizam of Hyderabad (who rules 12,000,000 subjects), and the other is the King of Nepal. This land is now the only "closed nation" on earth, though a British Agent is permitted to live at Khatmandhu, the capital, with a bodyguard of Indian sepoys. His Majesty of Nepal is a dim "divinity." Like the Japanese Mikado of old, he is never seen by common eyes, and he leaves all mundane

affairs to a sort of "Shogun," or Prime Minister. So in the case of Nepal, Britannia's "hospitality" takes the useful form of a yearly gift of ten lakhs of rupees, or about \$175,000.

A TYPICAL London guest was the Sultan of Muscat and Oman in the Persian Gulf, whose Vizier is Mr. Bertram Thomas, the great Arabian explorer, whose recent crossing of the "Empty Space" has filled a notable gap in our modern maps. That Sultan's Gulf ports afford safe anchorage to British warships. His Highness also keeps an eye upon gun-running into India, and his pearl-fishing islands form a British oil-fuel station of high strategic importance.

So when Sir Sayid Taimur Bin Turki Bin Faisa fell sick, his overlord's Government asked him over to London for a month's tour, as well as a surgical operation and after-care in a seaside nursing-home. At the railroad depot His Highness was received in a floral bower on crimson carpets by India Office envoys; and the State car outside sported the plain red flag of Muscat so as to make the convalescent ruler feel "at home." A fine suite of rooms at the Hyde Park Hotel was reserved as a base for all the London sightseeing: this included Westminster Abbey and a cricket-match, followed by the coining of special money at the Royal Mint, and an aerial "flip" over Britain's vast metropolis. Then down to Portsmouth for a run in one of the latest submarines. The Sultan himself loosed a \$15,000 torpedo at a moving target, and watched its rush through a periscope—with a British Admiral at his side in case of any havoc! Seaplanes and fireworks followed; then down to Oxford for an honorary degree—with the Public Orator making puns and sly jokes in Greek and Arabic!

[Continued on page 46]

The girl who Wins her BEAUTY CONTEST is the girl with a Lovely Skin



For women, life is a daily Beauty Contest that never ends. You must constantly appear at your best, face the world with a fresh, immaculate skin. Start today to use gentle Calay—the Soap of Beautiful Women!



Calay's rich creamy lather, a soft cloth and warm water is the way to clean, fresh skin. Rinse well with cold water. A simple, inexpensive beauty treatment.



"It started out as a restful cruise, but like every occasion in life, it turned out to be a Beauty Contest. As she played deck tennis, dined, danced—this girl won. For her skin was soft and lovely—exquisite as a flower."

This is delicate Calay. Its creamy-whiteness greets your eye from its new green and yellow wrapper. Calay is now sealed in Cellophane.

A LOVELY skin is priceless. A joy to you and a delight to others. Yet the most exquisite skin is quick to show neglect. It is so easy to keep your skin in fresh, well-toned condition. And so difficult to recapture a charming complexion once it is lost.

Pore-deep cleanliness—the use of the finest of all beauty soaps—gentle Calay—is the first step in

the care of your precious skin.

Calay, the Soap of Beautiful Women, is the safest skin soap in the world! It's free from coloring matter—free from drying "chalkiness." Its creamy-white lather is so soft and soothing—such a luxurious and inexpensive beauty treatment. Buy a dozen cakes of Calay today, and let your skin blossom forth in natural loveliness!

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CALAY

Made in Canada

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

MRS. DREAR AND MRS. CHEER

Mrs. Drear:

Just look at my hands—red as henna. That's what comes of having to do your own work.

Mrs. Cheer:

I do my own work and don't care who knows it. The only difference is I use Oxydol and keep my hands in shape.



● You can be cheerful in spite of housework with the aid of Oxydol. It takes the backache out of wash-day—it speeds up and lightens all washing tasks, gets unpleasant work done before you know it.

Oxydol gives you richer suds—and 50% more of them. It SOAKS clothes clean in any water—hard or soft—hot or cold—with no tiresome rubbing.

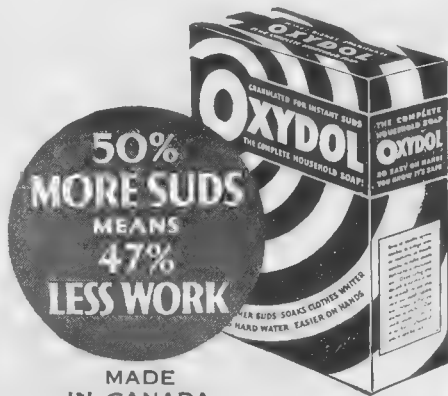
Its extra suds work magic in dishpans too—leave china and glassware sparkling clean, with no trace of unsightly clinging film.

The moment you put your hands into creamy Oxydol suds, you'll know from their pleasant feel that they're safe for even your most

delicate fabrics. Ask your grocer for Oxydol today—in the orange and blue suds-bargain package. See how much work it will save for you.

GUARANTEE

If you do not find that Oxydol makes more and richer suds—that it soaks clothes gleaming white—that it makes hard water soft and works better in any water—just turn the package back to the store where you bought it and your money will be returned.



Let

OXYDOL

REG. TRADE MARK

do the work

WHEN BRITANNIA PLAYS THE HOSTESS

Continued from page 45

The Sultan of Muscat was in rare form, because British surgeons had healed him. He was ready to go north to York and the Lakes, as well as doing Lancashire's looms, and ship-building on the Tyne and Clyde. Next came a crossing to Ireland where this Eastern Prince saw everything, from Killarney to the Giant's Causeway, and jibbing only at the Blarney Stone which is *not* easy to kiss when one is clad in silken draperies of black and white and gold! His Highness returned to Whitehall to receive the K.C.I.E. decoration. Then after a round of museums, art galleries, Law Courts and docks, the tireless visitor was treated to a stunt display by massed squadrons of the Royal Air Force at Hendon. And when at last he put out to sea for the earth's hottest corner (120 degrees in the shade is known in Muscat!) big warships gave him the full "Sovereign" salute of twenty-one guns.

These regal Guests need continuous entertainment; new marvels and sensations must never fail or cease. They are shepherded in the streets lest they be run down by fast cars. And as swill thieves are no respecters of persons, Scotland Yard looks after their jewels. Yet this did not prevent the young Maharajah of Darbhanga from having \$50,000 worth stolen from his hotel, when His Highness came over as a delegate to the Round Table Conference at St. James Palace last year. The value of these gems gives one an idea how these princes adorn their persons. In Darbhanga's case they included ropes of pearls, diamond eardrops and great emerald rings.

OFTEN Britannia has to make peace between her tributary Kings before she can invite them over for a "Visit of Prestige." Thus their Wahabi and Iraqi Majesties were at daggers drawn on their desert thrones until soothing Whitehall strings were pulled and the two turbanned despots were reconciled on a British warship. Then they were put on the Hospitality Committee's list, and a tour arranged to consolidate this Arabian truce. A third desert Prince who came to see King George was the Viceroy of the Hejaz and Nejd, who rules the Holy Cities of Mecca and Medina.

Behind all the glowing scenes of banquets and shows—naval, military and industrial—one feels the activity of that very genius, the Secretary of the Fund. He has been writing letters and sending cables—telephoning, wire-ling and interviewing all and sundry, so that every item may pass off without a hitch. He is in touch with all Departments of State, from the Admiralty to the Office of Works. Then come arrangements with hotel and theatre managers, with the magnates of trade and even with photographers for mementoes of the visit of the exalted Guest's whole life.

One gorgeous Sultan was so anxious over it that he went ashore at Marseilles to get a few hints about correct London clothes from the British Consul there. What did a "gentleman" wear in Piccadilly? His Oriental Highness went on board again with his patriarch beard shaved off, his radiant robes packed away with jeweled turbans and daggers, fans and girdles, brocade slippers and the rest. The Sultan was soon in striped trousers and a cutaway coat with a wing collar and foulard tie, the whole surmounted by an Ascot "topper" set at a rakish angle on his Moslem head.

Great was the dismay of London's reporters when they beheld this Caliph in the modish kit of a Pall Mall dude!

They appealed to the string-puller of Princes. What sort of a figure would this Eastern autocrat cut in the picture-papers? Could nothing be done about it? The Secretary promised to "see." He explained all the press protests to his princely Guest. As a result, all that hidden gala raiment was unpacked again, to be sent up to a Bond Street photographer, followed by His Highness himself. A noble "Eastern" portrait was now taken. But when the Sultan saw a proof of it, he called upon God in blank verse! *Was he not shown beardless by this miracle of the rare English sunlight!* If such a picture as this ever got over to his fanatic Court and priests and people, what a shocking scandal there would be! Why, he might even lose his throne—as did the warrior Lord of Kabul, upon whose London "doings" his pious mullahs and fierce chieftains had cast curses!

So that negative "in character" had to be destroyed. Then the top-hatted Sultan was free to put on evening clothes for a Foreign Office banquet and reception. He might even attend the Grand National race at Aintree, or buy a couple of yearlings at Newmarket—though His Highness feared for the fate of English thoroughbreds in the sun-blaze of his far domain.

From Africa, the Crown Prince of Abyssinia came to return the visit of King George's son when the Ethiop Emperor was crowned with archaic rites in Addis Ababa. This shy lad went the gay round rather wearily; whereas another African of the West—His Highness the Nana (or Paramount Lord) of Akim Abuakwa—"did" London town with joyous zest, delighting everybody, from King George himself down to the hotel waiter, who gave the bulky negro his first lesson in golf on the roof-garden.

Atta Ofori was the Nana's name, but he added a "Sir" to it when his white suzerain conferred on him a modest K.B.E. At all functions this Chief "looked the part." He was robed in rich red velvets with a crude tiara of beaten gold on his massive head, broad bangles on his wrists, and an immense State Parasol held over him as he sat on the gleaming Stool of his fathers, like King Prempeh of Ashanti in a former and much more lurid day. The Nana's sceptre was carried by a serious little negro—his other Self or "Soul"—who spoke the missionary English of our tamer and progressive African day.

I HAVE hinted at the humors that may mark the progress of these picturesque pilgrims. But their guides never laugh, except with their regal charges. Sir Peter Chalmers Mitchell, the head of the London Zoo and himself a famous biologist, one day received an Oriental despot who came with a dazzling suite straight out of the Arabian Nights. Whitehall had sent orders that the Prince was to be "done well" at a lunch in the Gardens, and then shown round with special deference and care. Sir Peter gave a lavish banquet to the royal party, and then began the tour of the dens and cages carrying a big sack full of mouldy crusts, stale buns and monkey nuts for the feeding of beasts and birds on the way.

"Let me have that bag," the Caliph begged, seeing that it hampered his guide's movements. And Sir Peter handed the nosebag over. Presently he missed the august one beside him, for members of the suite grew shrill and voluble over the giraffes. Looking

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WHEN BRITANNIA PLAYS THE HOSTESS

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back, the Zoo's famous director was astounded to see the *Caliph himself dipping into the sack* to gnaw at those dirty crusts and gobble peanuts greedily—for all the world as though His jewelled Majesty were starving! But exquisite tact now turned the Guest's queer appetite into such lessons on diet for the great apes, that gorgeous Chamberlains and Grand Viziers, Sword Bearers, Fly Whiskers and the rest, were all impelled to sample the garbage bag and it had to be refilled before Sir Peter could continue on his way.

Such are the episodes, absurd or grave, that mark a mighty Empire's ruling and contribute to its success. A thoughtless laugh or word can do

serious harm in these cases, and may turn a barbaric ally into an angry and secret foe. Meanwhile, all these glowing feudal fiefs of King George drift through London with little fuss. No Briton swells with Roman pride as they pass, or asks with the Virgilian hero: *Quae regio in terrae nostris non plena laboris?* ("What land in all the earth does not bear our impress?")

For the English people are not easily moved, having but little imagination. And as I have shown, they leave the handling of the thousand kinglets of their Empire—a political task of vital importance—to a single Civil Service clerk and his stenographer, working in two small rooms in Whitehall!

FALSE FINGERS

Continued from page 17

skeleton keys from her bag she opened the door without the slightest trouble, stepped in and switched on the electric light.

She shuddered involuntarily at the dark stain still on the floor. The studio was just as Hardy had left it. The unfinished bust of Esme Verrall was still on its pedestal, other busts were arranged along the floor against the walls, and the whole place was littered with scraps of dried and drying clay. However, the girl did not at first investigate these, but cast her eyes around the room and, sighting the telephone in one corner, went to it and took down the receiver.

There was not the slightest response, none of that confused murmur that might have been expected to follow. Adela replaced it and examined the instrument. The first glance showed her why. Hardy had evidently attempted to use it, and in a fit of artistic fury at the results, had hacked through the wires.

Satisfied, Adela turned her attention to the morsels of clay upon the floor. Hardy's operations had involved successive layers, so to speak, much like a succession of tides, and it was possible to trace the debris of each day for nearly a week back by the amount of moisture which the fragments contained. In one corner of the room stood an old broom, which Hardy had used each night to sweep away the relics of the afternoon's operations. This sweeping up meant pushing the new layer of fragments back toward the empty fireplace on top of the last. Adela drew from her bag a powerful lens which she used when engaged on amateur detective work, but after working for an hour was forced to confess failure. This, however, was what she had expected.

Switching off the lights, she let herself out of the room and the house and made her way to Whiting's photographic establishment on Fifth Avenue.

It was a corner house of only four stories. The shop and offices were on the ground floor, where illumined by soft electric lights, a fine display of photographs of all sizes was to be seen. Above this was a milliner's; above that a blouse manufacturer; on the top story was Whiting's photographic studio, with his name outside in letters of gold.

The side street on which one flank of the building fronted was in process of excavation for a distance of several hundred feet. Probably a main was being relaid, for the excavation was a deep one.

Adela stepped back to the opposite side of the road and surveyed the

premises thoughtfully. She had no idea whatever of committing burglary. If Whiting, as she suspected, was the guilty man, she was convinced that he had left no clues whatever in his studio.

Instead, she began to walk alongside the excavation, peering down into it. This proved not very satisfactory. The inside was pitch dark, and whatever she might be looking for would only have been discernible in broad daylight.

Rather discouraged and puzzled, she was lingering at the further end of it when a man came briskly past her. Adela started; she recognized Whiting.

At once she stepped back into the recess of a building and watched him. Whiting's steps slowed. He stopped about half-way along the excavation and also peered down into it. For some two or three minutes he lingered there. Then, with sudden resolution, he turned away and walked quickly back toward Fifth Avenue.

When he had gone Adela emerged from her place and went to the edge of the excavation. Dipping under the rope, she scrambled down, and waiting till there was no sound of footsteps in the street above, she produced from her bag, which appeared to contain everything that was wanted, a tiny flashlight.

Pointing this at the bottom of the excavation she began examining it foot by foot until, with a low exclamation, she pounced upon what she had hardly hoped to find. Whiting had showed it to her.

INSPECTOR JAUBERT admitted to Captain Bowles of the homicide squad, that he was probably a fool to do it. "But once or twice that girl's been correct on those hunches of hers," he said. "And what can I do? She tells me that if I'll produce you and your two men and Caspar Whiting and the district attorney's representative in Hardy's studio this evening, she'll produce evidence to clear Hardy. Well, what can I do? If I refuse, she'll sulk, and maybe leave me, and I can't lose her."

They foregathered in Hardy's studio at the appointed hour. Whiting, who had received a polite intimation from the captain to accompany him, looked about him with as good an aspect of indifference as he could muster.

Yet, for the first time since the murder, the sense of guilt had laid hold of him and that awakening of conscience had, in its turn, produced fear.

It was a paralyzing fear deep down in the heart of him which he banished
[Continued on page 48]

"OOOH, LOOK! LOOK!"



"Here comes mother now! And she's bringing our powder with her! Mmm'm—it's wonderful what the right kind of powder will do. It makes us feel so comfortable—and no wonder—it's so soft and silky! We feel pretty happy about it . . ."

For the sake of your baby's comfort make this convincing test! Rub several different baby powders between your thumb and finger. You'll find that some feel harsh and gritty—unpleasant to your touch. That's because of inferior grades of talc which contain sharp, needle-like particles.

But when you try Johnson's Baby Powder—just notice how smooth and velvety soft it is! This is because it is made from the finest Italian talc which is composed of tiny, downy flakes. You can easily understand why it feels so soothing and comforting to baby's tender skin. Make the thumb-and-finger test today, and decide for your baby, wisely.

Soap and Cream Made Especially for Babies

Try a cake of Johnson's Baby Soap! Notice its smooth, rounded edges, its delicate fragrance, its rich lather. And Johnson's Baby Cream! It relieves chafing, chapping, "diaper rash," prickly heat and other mild irritations of the baby's skin. Applied before baby goes outdoors, it prevents wind and sunburn. Try them today!



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FREE SAMPLES! In order that you may test Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream, without expense, we will be glad to send you a generous sample of each—free of charge. Write to Johnson & Johnson, Limited, Montreal.



“I’m over 30...” says Anna Q. Nilsson

Do you, too, look Younger than you are...?

How 9 out of 10 Screen Stars Guard Complexion Youth

YES, I’m over thirty years old,” says Anna Q. Nilsson, whose recent return from Sweden caused thousands of fans to rejoice. “Keeping young isn’t a matter of birthdays, you know. It’s a matter of knowing how!”

What is her secret? How does she stay so fascinatingly young?

“Nowoman need worry about growing old,” this radiant star

goeson, “provided she takes the proper care of her skin.”

“It was years ago I first discovered what a wonderfully soothing effect Lux Toilet Soap has on the skin. I use it regularly to keep my skin always at its best.”

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use this fragrant white soap regularly to guard complexion beauty.

Stage stars, too, have long been insistent on Lux Toilet Soap for regular complexion care. You will want to try it!

LUX Toilet Soap—10¢

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto
Soapmakers by appointment to their Excellencies the Governor-General and Countess of Bessborough

FALSE FINGERS

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again and again by all the artillery of reason. It was impossible that the murder could be fastened on him, he argued; and when he had driven fear away, he found it in his heart again.

Adela Wishart had borrowed chairs from the other rooms and arranged them as if for an informal chat. Whiting seated himself with an air of polite interest between the captain and the inspector. The two detectives were placed immediately behind.

The first thing Adela did was to produce the photographs of the knife and of the wound.

“You see, Inspector,” she said, “the wound is in an upward direction. Look carefully at these photographs again; now at that of the knife with the finger-prints. Now you will see what I mean, perhaps—or Captain Bowles here.”

They studied it, placing it immediately in front of Whiting’s face and leaning toward him. Whiting felt suddenly physically sick at the recreation of the event.

“What you mean, Miss Wishart,” said Jaubert, “is that he must have gripped powerfully tight to print the whole of the finger-tips.”

“Well—I meant that too,” said Adela. “You see, unless he had an unusually small hand, you’d expect the finger-tips to fold over the weapon into the palm, so that only the lower portion would be imprinted. However, that doesn’t prove much.”

“It doesn’t prove enough to nullify that evidence against Hardy,” interposed Captain Bowles. “There was something more, Miss Wishart?”

“Oh, yes,” Adela smiled. “Let me recall to you just what happened. We know that Miss Verrall was sitting here to Mr. Hardy for her bust between the hours of four and five. That’s the bust!”

As Whiting involuntarily turned his head to look at it, he encountered Adela’s gaze. He shuddered. For the first time his suspicions became a certainty; this woman was resolved to fix the murder upon him. Her psychological effects were masterly. The presence of the bust was an added burden. He stared back at her insolently; a challenge unspoken ran from one to the other.

“Miss Verrall went away,” Adela continued. “Then she was lured back by a telephone message from here. The theory is that she returned at once and that Hardy murdered her. But—the telephone is out of order. The wires are cut. See for yourselves.”

They inspected the cut wires. Jaubert came back looking rather foolish; the matter had escaped the notice of his men. “But I don’t see what that proves,” he said.

“It proves—unless he deliberately cut the wires after committing the murder, which is unthinkable—that the message came from elsewhere. As a matter of fact, Mr. Hardy has a prejudice against the telephone; he won’t have one in his apartment. The boys have to take messages up to him and they don’t like it.”

“Suppose he did go out and telephone? He’d be slick enough to have done it.”

“Yes, if he wished to hide his identity. But he is supposed to have given the maid, Rose Lewis, his name. Why, then, should he conceal the place from which he was calling? Doesn’t that seem to show that the call was sent by some one masquerading as Hardy, and believing that his voice would not be recognized?”

Jaubert was silent, but he began to look at Whiting with new interest. So did Bowles. Whiting sat obsti-

nately silent. His impulse was to shriek, “If you mean me—say so!” But he kept himself in control.

“The evidence,” Adela went on, “points to the message having been sent by someone who was sufficiently acquainted with Mr. Hardy’s apartment to know that there was a telephone in it, but without the knowledge that that telephone had been put out of use by its owner in a fit of childish petulance—probably a long time ago.”

“Now I’m coming to that. A few days ago a certain person gained access to this studio during Mr. Hardy’s absence, and did a good deal of damage to the bust of Miss Verrall. She looked at Whiting. We have evidence as to that person’s identity.”

Whiting, who believed he had probably been seen on that occasion, was thinking hard. If he denied the fact, and the evidence did exist, he would give the whole case away. He could not afford to lie except about the final issue. And he was safe—he must be safe.

“Well, Inspector,” he said jauntily, “I’d have mentioned it before if it seemed necessary, but the facts are as Miss Wishart states. I did come here in Mr. Hardy’s absence and damage Miss Verrall’s bust.”

“Thank you, Mr. Whiting,” said Adela gravely. “You have filled in the last link in our evidence, as you will see very shortly. Will you tell us the purpose and circumstances of this visit of yours?”

Whiting, breathing hard, fixed his eyes painfully upon the girl’s. “I came here to have it out with that blackguard!” he cried in a falsetto. “I heard he was giving out that he and my fiancée were to be married. I couldn’t stand it, thinking of her coming here two or three times a week, and sitting for him, her reputation absolutely at his mercy, and all because of her craze to have herself modelled.”

“And the damage, Mr. Whiting?”

“Why, when I got here and found him out, and saw Miss Verrall’s bust, I lost my self-control and messed it up a bit, that’s all! I saw I’d acted foolishly, and I thought I’d better get back and say nothing.”

Whiting was glaring into the faces that were now surveying him with intense interest. He felt beaten down, crushed, by the accusing eyes.

“Now, Mr. Whiting,” said Adela, “with your permission, I’m going to make an assumption, which you needn’t take too seriously unless you want to. I’m going to assume”—she bent forward—“that you—murdered—Miss Verrall!”

The only sound in the room now was Whiting’s indrawn breath.

“All right, assume it!” he said, with an effort at nonchalance.

“I am going to assume that your action in coming here was more calculated than you have admitted. I am going to assume that when you ‘messed up’ Miss Verrall’s bust, as you call it, you were really bent upon taking imprints of John Hardy’s finger-prints as they had been left in the soft clay. I am going to assume that you removed certain portions of that clay and took them to your studio, where you had the finger-prints reproduced separately, probably on gelatine sensitized by bichlorate of potash. The gelatine, when you had done with it, of course you destroyed—”

“It’s a damn lie!” shouted Whiting. “I refuse to hear any more! I’m going home!” [Continued on page 49]

FALSE FINGERS

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"Better stay 'till the end, Mr. Whiting," said Jaubert, almost caressingly; and Whiting, who had risen out of his chair, glared round him and subsided.

"Having deliberately formed the design of murdering Miss Verrall, rather than see her the wife of John Hardy," continued Adela remorselessly, "you would have been interested in spreading a false report of her engagement to you. You would have decoyed her to the studio when Hardy had gone home, stabbed her—"

"My God!" Whiting mumbled, glancing wildly about him. Inspector Jaubert leaned back and whispered to the two men behind.

"And, having withdrawn the knife, deliberately impressed Mr. Hardy's finger-prints upon it from the gelatine. Unfortunately, in your excitement, you would have been apt to overlook certain things. In the first place, the upward stab shows that the implement was held edge upward, in which case the finger and thumb prints would have been reversed in position on the handle—"

An inarticulate sound came from Jaubert's mouth.

"Besides," continued Adela, "at the time of the murder Mr. Hardy had rather a bad cut across the

middle finger, which doesn't show, proving that these prints were taken antecedent to the murder. You see, I tied it up for him."

She reached into her bag.

"But this is what's going to damn you, Mr. Whiting," she said, producing a ball of clay. "This is the clay you took from the bust of Miss Verrall and used in your studio, and—naturally—threw into the excavation as the handiest possible place. If you hadn't gone back last night to make sure it was all right I'd probably not have found it."

She handed it to Jaubert. "The clay was pretty hard by the time he'd finished with it," she said, "and he couldn't crumple it much. You'll find John Hardy's finger-prints inside this ball, and—Caspar Whiting's on the outside of it."

Caspar Whiting, with a strange sense of relief, stretched out his wrists to Jaubert's men. It was the ball of clay, he knew, that was going to send him to the chair, and he was glad that there was no possible refuge.

Adela Wishart was crying on Jaubert's shoulder a few minutes later. "No, I—I'll be all right in a minute," she sobbed. "But I'm so glad, and—and I just knew a murderer wouldn't be singing about blowing bubbles, in his bath of a morning."

CANIS EX MACHINA

Continued from page 15

"Put your hands on my shoulders," he ordered. "Keep a grip on the leash. There—that's the thing!"

He lifted her without effort, placed her on her feet, then took the wiggling dog in his arms and dropped him gently beside her, patting him.

"Well, old chap, had a bad time of it, have you? Everything's all right now. What's his name?"

"Sir Bock. You see, he's never been on a train before. Thank you so much." She spoke quite formally, turning to go.

"Don't mention it," he replied indifferently. "Glad to do something for Sir Bock." He looked after her as she walked on toward the end of the train, while the dog leapt around her, telling her all about his trouble, with excited yelps; then, utterly baffled, he turned away in the opposite direction.

"Now there's no escaping it," said Phyllis to herself, glancing back. "I'll simply have to speak to him—if I ever meet him again."

"I'm a blithering fool," said the young man to himself, pausing to light a cigarette. "She doesn't like me—that's evident," he continued thoughtfully. "I wonder why. There can't be any real reason. Must be one of those instinctive things. I wish I had the chance—" Suddenly he heard a sharp cry and turned in time to see the dog bounding gayly off after a stray cat, his leash dragging, and the girl calling frantically as she ran in pursuit. They disappeared at the far end of the train. Instantly he sprinted at top speed to join the chase.

Miss Gwendolyn, looking absently from the window, saw a black cat, tail in air, wildly running across the field; then, electrified, she sprang to her feet. That yellow and black streak was surely her Sir Bock and—yes, there was Phyllis stumbling over the rough ground; and following them—yes, it was that nice young man who had reminded her so strongly of someone she had known. She sank back watching them out of sight. She felt no anxiety. The dog was always

obedient and would soon come at Phyllis' call.

At ease in her mind about Sir Bock in pursuit of a cat; and Phyllis in pursuit of Sir Bock; and the nice young man in pursuit of—a startled thought intruded itself. There was a persistence about his helpful attentions. He had, now she thought of it, looked at her girl with obvious admiration. Well, no wonder. Phyllis had been self-conscious and embarrassed. Well, no wonder. The old lady was presently adrift in sentimental reverie. Her own girlhood—at Phyllis' age, she had been about to be married. How deeply in love she had been, then what hours, days, yes, years of heartache. Strange—her blighted lovelife no longer caused the old pain. She could think of it as with the mind of another woman, critically and without a pang. The years—the years! The loss of father, mother and then brother. The blessing of Phyllis, the orphaned child left to her care—her very own. All her hopes were for the girl's happiness. Suddenly the sharp blast of the train's whistle brought her back, with a sense of alarm, to the present. Where was Phyllis?

HALF a mile away Phyllis heard the shrill warning with despair and chagrin. The dog would pay no heed to her calls. Now and then he stopped to wag his tail and bark encouragement. He apparently thought that they all were chasing the cat, and to him it was just the finest kind of a game. Breathless she sank to the ground, exclaiming: "It's no use! You mustn't come any further. Please go back—you'll miss the train."

The young man paused beside her, ignoring her plea. "If we wait here, he may come back of his own accord." "But you mustn't wait. Please go," she urged. "I've got to stay till I catch him. My aunt would be frantic if he were lost. Please hurry—tell her not to be anxious. I'll get him and come as soon as I can."

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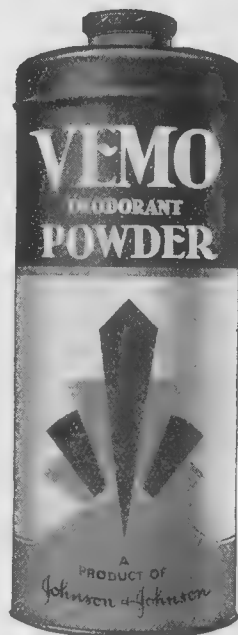


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CANIS EX MACHINA

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Over the hill came an unmistakable sound.

"Do you hear that?" he asked. "It's too late. We're both left." He seemed remarkably cheerful about it.

The overwrought girl could not control her tears.

"It isn't so serious as that," he consoled her. "We'll corral the dog, somehow. We'll find a station and wire your aunt to keep on to Bar Harbor; then we'll get tickets and take the first train."

"I haven't any money—I left my purse," sobbed Phyllis.

"That's all right. I've enough for both of us."

"My handkerchief was in it," she mumbled, her face covered.

"Here—take this," pulling one from his pocket. "Cry all you like on it. I've got another."

She smiled in spite of herself, drying her eyes.

Encouraged, he said: "Perhaps I'd better introduce myself. My name's Phillip Richardson."

"Mine's Phyllis Page."

He diplomatically refrained from telling her that he knew it, and many other things about her.

"Shall we wait here a few minutes? Sir Bock may miss us and come back."

Phyllis agreed that it might be the best thing to do, as the dog had disappeared and there was no knowing in which direction he had gone.

They looked at each other, then both began to laugh. Phillip sat down beside her. "Funny situation, isn't it?"

"It's worse than funny," said Phyllis.

"Let's make the most of it. Suppose we get acquainted. I've often seen you with your dog in Washington. Where did you find that name—Sir Bock?"

"When he was a puppy, if you asked him who he was, he'd give a quick, little bark that sounded like Bock; so we left it at that and knighted him, as he had a distinguished pedigree."

"It's some moniker," laughed Phillip. "I've been interested for a long time. In fact, it got so that I was always on the lookout for you—" he hastened to add: "I mean, every time I saw that dog I wished he was mine."

A silence, somewhat awkward, ensued. Again their eyes met and they laughed at nothing in particular. "What will Aunt Gwendolyn think? What will she do?" sighed the girl.

MISS GWENDOLYN had proved herself equal to the emergency. As soon as she felt certain that the dog, Phyllis and the good-looking young man had been left behind, she rang for the porter and sent for the conductor. To the latter she explained the situation and proposed that the young man's luggage be brought to her drawing-room where she could look after it. His destination the porter chanced to remember, so that simplified things. She even anticipated the telegram and warned the porter to watch out for it. The luggage, a much-traveled suitcase and a bag of golf sticks, installed on the seat in front of her, she settled back to her cards and refused to worry. Phyllis would never abandon Sir Bock, and the young man would never abandon Phyllis. She wondered who he was. A tag hung from the suitcase. She leaned over and read the name, then sank back with a gasp of amazed understanding. "What an extraordinary thing to happen!" she exclaimed aloud. After all, her arid, old heart could still be stirred to a

vicarious sort of thrill; and she chuckled delightedly to herself.

MEANTIME, Phillip and Phyllis seemed to be making swift progress at acquaintanceship. She learned that Harvard was his alma mater. He had been preparing for diplomatic service while his father was in Congress, and hoped for an appointment soon to one of the European posts. Phyllis thought that a fascinating profession, and she encouraged him with sympathetic interest to talk about himself. He told her that he was studying Spanish. He was rather fluent in French and Italian. So was she, after living many years abroad. They forgot that they were in a Connecticut field, waiting for a lost dog; and proceeded to further adventure, losing themselves in the enchantment of each other's eyes.

"Say—where do you think you are?" The irate voice of a Yankee farmer jolted them back to a realization of the where and the what-for. "Can't you read a 'No Trespass' sign?"

"We're hunting for our dog," Phyllis explained, rising hastily.

"You look it," sneered the incredulous farmer.

Phillip had sprung to his feet. "The dog ran away across here somewhere, and we thought he might follow the trail back."

"If he gits in my corn, I'll shoot 'im," threatened the man.

"Oh—" cried the girl, "You couldn't do that!"

"We'll pay for any damage he does to your corn," Phillip assured him. "Just where are we?"

"You're in the town of Milford. Is that your dog?"

And sure enough there he was scampering over the hill to them, barking joyously.

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Phyllis, grasping his leash, while the farmer shied away from Sir Bock's investigating sniffs.

"We want to get to New Haven where we can catch an express to Maine. I wonder if you can help us out," Phillip asked. "Have you a car?"

"I've got a Ford that looks 'bout ready for the junk heap, but the motor's a humdinger. I'll take you over if you'll make it with my while. Couldn't do it under ten dollars."

"That's all right," agreed Phillip. "We're certainly in luck," he said to Phyllis, as they followed the farmer through the fields to his home.

The two, to say nothing of the dog, were in a mood to enjoy even an old Ford as it rattled along the Turnpike to New Haven. Sir Bock sat in front beside the farmer, with a proprietary air and an appraising eye for everything they passed.

"He loves motoring," said Phyllis. Something clicked in Phillip's mind.

"Do you know what?"—He paused.

"Well, what?" she asked.

"Wouldn't it be great to motor all the way?"

"Oh—" breathed Phyllis. "Do you mean in this?"

"No, no! I've hit on a plan that's a humdinger, as our friend here would say. Do you know any one around Boston?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?"

"Well, I was thinking, if you knew someone there who would put you up for the night, I could charter a good car when we get to New Haven and we'd speed on our way. I'd go to a hotel and come for you in the morning. It's a long drive to Bar Harbor, but we could get an early

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CANIS EX MACHINA

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start. Wouldn't it be less fatiguing than trying to cage poor Sir Bock in another baggage car?" He looked at her hopefully.

"I've a friend in Brookline who'd give me a warm welcome — Paula Winchell."

"What do you say? Is it a go?"

"I'm game," said Phyllis.

"Great girl!" He gave her a look of delighted approbation. "Suppose you call her up when we get to the station while I beat it to a garage? You can tell your aunt when you wire her."

Aunt Gwendolyn! Phyllis became silent with a sudden overwhelming sense of guilt. Where was she heading? She couldn't know this man, no matter how much she liked him; and she did like him—oh, tremendously! She couldn't accept all this help and then refuse to be friends with him. What should she do? A wild plan to give him the slip at the station flashed through her mind; but she had no money, and if she had, she could never play him such a mean trick as that. How detestable to even think of it after all he had done for her. No, she must go on. She must find some other way out of her plight.

"Thinking?" asked Phillip with a friendly smile.

Phyllis felt guiltier than ever. Heavens! If he could read her thoughts!

He left her at the station; then, as she stood writing the telegram to her aunt, suddenly he reappeared. He had forgotten that she had no money. He tried to carry it off casually, but they both laughed in embarrassment. It seemed to put them on a new plane of intimacy, and he watched her color deepen, the quickened beat of his heart sending a flush to his own face. "Please don't mind," he urged awkwardly. "Never had a chance to do anything like this before. Wouldn't have missed it. Sort of feel as if you belonged to me." He hurried away not daring to wait for a reply.

The girl stood a moment thrilled and appalled. She felt herself in a net that was tightened around her every instant; but the mesh was full of magic and she knew she was weakening, and more than willing, in its coils. She must telephone to Paula before sending the message to her aunt, she thought distractedly. Suppose Paula were not there. She hurried to a booth, called the Brookline number, then waited anxiously. Strange voices and delays and finally, Paula. Everything was all right and Paula eager to see her. To her aunt she wired: "All safe. Coming by motor. Stay in Brookline tonight with Paula. Reach Bar Harbor late tomorrow. Sir Bock quite happy."

Phillip's luggage! (Already she was thinking of him as Phillip!) He had evidently forgotten it. She sent another telegram to the conductor, explaining as well as she could, and asking him to have the things left with the station agent at Ellsworth.

She had not long to wait before Phillip returned jubilant in a comfortable car with an efficient-looking chauffeur at the wheel. This time Sir Bock insisted on climbing into the tonneau. He crowded in between them, sitting up very straight, with his long-nosed smile of satisfaction.

"This is the proper way for a gentleman dog to travel, eh, old chap? No more baggage cars for you."

Sir Bock gave him a swift lick on the cheek.

"Don't do that!" exclaimed Phillip, as Phyllis laughed.

Sir Bock promptly licked her cheek.

"Ugh!" cried the girl, while the dog turned from one to the other saluting each impartially.

"Stop it—stop it! I say—quit that!" commanded Phillip wiping his face. "Who trained your dog? He doesn't take orders."

"He won't mind because we're laughing. Sir Bock, that's enough," she said with forced sternness.

"We'll put you out where you can kiss the chauffeur if you don't restrain yourself," Phillip threatened.

"Oh, you couldn't get him to do that," declared the girl proudly. "He's a one-man dog and very fastidious."

"He seems to think I'm initiated into the family."

"Well, it's—it's—" she floundered. "It's what?" he quizzed.

"It's rather strange—I mean, unusual; but he took a liking to you from the first."

"From the first?"

Phyllis was in difficulty. "I mean, he used to see you in Washington and always wanted to run after you."

"The charming girl at the other end of the leash always seemed to want to run away from me," smilingly.

Phyllis had no reply for that; then after the somewhat tense silence: "He's awfully hot, don't you think? Perhaps he'd better sit in front."

Phillip stopped the car and politely, so as not to hurt Sir Bock's feelings, transferred the dog to the seat beside the chauffeur. He said to himself that he was losing his head. As a diplomat he'd rate the Legation at Tegucigalpa. From then on he determined to steer clear of personalities. So they talked of everything but themselves, each conscious of an exciting undercurrent sweeping them inevitably on—where?

"It can only go so far," signed Phyllis to herself.

"I'll make it go on forever," swore Phillip to himself.

They stopped at an inviting tea-house for lunch, and reached Brookline all too soon, to his way of thinking and hers.

The hours with her friend were given up to confidential talk. When Paula heard Phillip's name she declared that she was knocked absolutely dumb—absolutely!

"You know I can't possibly be friends with him—I can't even ever see him again," mourned Phyllis.

"Of course it's impossible," agreed Paula. "I never heard of anything so absolutely tragic. And such a divine man! What will you do?"

Phyllis did not know. She thought about it most of the night, but dawn found her still wrestling with her problem.

Phillip came early, eager, as was Sir Bock, to be on their way. There was a new determination about the young man that stirred in the girl an excited sense of alarm. Here was a force, she felt, that nothing in her experience would teach her how to combat. But they both talked gayly of impersonal things, and when they stopped for lunch Phillip followed her lead in pretending that they could speak no English. They chattered French and Italian, struggling to express their wishes to a mystified native waiter. Afterwards how they laughed over it.

"What a good pal she is!" thought Phillip.

"What fun we could have playing together!" thought Phyllis.

As they neared the end of their journey, his manner changed. He turned to her with an abrupt question. "There's something I want to know. I wonder if you'll tell me quite

[Continued on page 52]

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IN THE TWINKLING OF AN EYE!

CANIS EX MACHINA

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frankly." He paused, but she did not reply. "I tried several times during the winter to make friends with you. I wanted to know you from the first moment I saw you; then, finally, I got it into my head that you purposely avoided meeting me. Was I wrong about it, or did you?"

"Yes," breathed Phyllis.

"Do you mind telling me why?"

"I can't."

"I don't see why not." He waited a moment. "Had you taken a dislike to me at first sight?"

"No—" in almost a whisper.

"But you must tell me. You can't leave me up in the air like this." Again he waited, trying to read her troubled face. "You do like me?"

"Yes—"

"Then nothing else matters."

Oblivious to everything but each other they passed swiftly on through the picturesque country. Wasted on them was the ravishing landscape, bountiful, be-flowered, under the sun of June. Only Sir Bock had an eye for the undulating fields, the orchards of gnarled trees in their month of glory, the lichen-covered, old, stone walls where wild things scurried.

Suddenly Phillip turned to her again, his hand on hers. "Phyllis, we're going to have great times together—you know that, don't you?"

"Not after today—I mustn't ever see you again."

"What do you mean? You've got to explain!"

"I can't—I'd betray a trust—I'd be disloyal—"

"Disloyal to whom?"

"Oh, I can't—" she cried desperately.

"Go on—"

"Aunt Gwendolyn."

"What has she to do with you and me? You're free and surely you can choose your own friends."

"I ought not to tell you, I know—but I see I must," the harassed girl replied with sudden impulse. "Years ago—your father and Aunt Gwendolyn were to be married. The day before—the very day before the wedding, he wrote her a letter breaking it off—I don't know the details—what the letter said—but he jilted her in that dreadful way and it almost killed her. It must have been terribly humiliating. All the invitations had to be recalled, and presents returned. Many friends from out of town had already arrived. You understand, it was to be a most brilliant affair—church and bridesmaids and everything. Her father and brother—my father, you know—were wild with rage. Grandfather swore the name—Phillip Richardson—would never be mentioned in our home, and it never has been. They took her abroad to live—just exiled themselves. She didn't see Washington again until we returned a few years ago—we two alone. How can I bring all those dreadful memories back into her life? Your name is the same—you look like your father. It would be too cruel—and after all her goodness to me. Don't you see it's impossible?"

Phillip was silent for so long that she turned to him in appeal. "She loves me better than anything in the world. I'm all she has. She's the only mother I've ever known. How can I make the rest of her life so unhappy? I can't! I'd never forgive myself!" she broke off, trembling with emotion, withdrawn from him as far as possible to her side of the car.

He turned and drew her near to him, holding her in silence. He said to himself: "That's the devil of a

skeleton to walk out rattling its bones." He realized how it had been cooped up in the family closet all the girl's life—a door always to be kept locked and the grim, old thing inside never mentioned. With her it had become an *idée fixe*.

Sir Bock, flicking an eye backward to see if they were safe, evidently surmised from their proximity that things were progressing in the right direction, for he discreetly looked away, his tongue hanging out in a doggy grin of complete satisfaction.

At length, Phillip said: "Of course I never heard anything of all this before. I'm mighty fond of the old man and I've always been proud of him and of my name. I wouldn't give up either for anything in the world." She tried to draw away from him, but he held her close. "I can't see my father doing a thing like that. If he did, it was damnable; but I won't judge him without knowing why he did it, and I can't see myself asking him. I won't stand for its coming between you and me." Again she moved away, but he drew her firmly back. "It seems to me that help must come from Aunt Gwendolyn."

"Oh, I could never speak of it to her!" she cried.

"No, but I can and I shall," he declared.

"You shall not! I know what she'd say. She'd sacrifice her own feelings and go on pretending all the rest of her life." Then she sat up very straight and said resolutely: "I'm going to ask you to leave me when we reach Ellsworth. I'll get another car there and go on by myself. You will, won't you?"

"Yes," said Phillip. "You stay where you are. I'll take another car; but you needn't think it's the end for us."

THE car had stopped. Phillip was out waiting at the door for a last word from Phyllis when a hand touched his arm and he turned. There stood Aunt Gwendolyn, her hat, as usual, awry, and under it her face beaming with excitement and unmistakable pleasure. She put her hands on his shoulders. "You don't need to tell me who you are, Phillip Richardson," she said. "I'd know you anywhere. You're the image of your father. What a splendid, big boy you are! You ought to have been mine; and, anyhow, I mean to adopt you on the spot." She quickly drew down his head and gave him a sounding kiss.

"Aunt Gwendolyn, you're a peach!" he exclaimed happily, kissing her on both cheeks. "May I come to see you early tomorrow morning?"

"If you don't, I'll be the most miserable woman on the coast of Maine! There's a skeleton that we're going to haul out of the closet and bury forever. We'll need you there for the obsequies."

"That's just the undertaking job I'm hankering for!" declared Phillip.

An anxious, trembling Phyllis had climbed out and was standing, in speechless astonishment, on the running board. Phillip turned to her, laughing, triumphant, and lifted her in his arms holding her tight for an instant.

"Well, my dear girl, what have you to say for yourself?" asked her aunt.

"Oh—" said Phyllis breathlessly.

Sir Bock, ignored as long as he could bear it, barked rapturous things; but what part intent had played in his truancy he would, of course, always keep to himself.

CALAMITY HOUSE

Continued from page 7

tattooed on his arm, and so they just naturally came along. No blinkin' Fifehire miner should lay a finger on one of the Fighting Fifth; not while there was a returned man in Glenlogan.

The Republic slackened its flying pursuit, as the road forked to send a branch to Nicola. Hesitating only a moment, the girl put the unwieldy truck straight at the pine-clad slope.

Major Kettlewell whispered a word of caution.

"It's all right," she replied, "give me a minute to find the trail to the gypsum mine."

"The moon does its bit," roared a genial Cockney, as a silver sphere appeared over Marsh Mount Logan. "Blimey! Look!" he added. "The woozy blighters have parked their Ford prams. Afride of their bloomin' necks."

"Well! We're not woozy, and we're not afraid," exulted the girl, as she eased the Republic on to the trail.

A great shout of laughter rose, circled the hills, and echoing returned to the truck.

It lent the last note of unreality to the grim scene in progress at Pan's Altar.

Standing beneath a magnificent fir, with his arms pinioned and a rope around his neck, Clarke Helmer wondered who found life so damned amusing.

"Hae ye onything to say, laddie?" inquired an earnest Scot, with befuddled friendliness.

The young man leaned forward tensely.

"For God's sake! give me a chance," he urged. "I never saw the woman alive in my life. Listen! I swear I never laid eyes on her until I saw her lying dead on the floor of the doctor's surgery. To this moment I don't know who she is, nor who killed her."

The drunken Scot seemed disposed to ponder this amazing statement, but from the rear unfriendly voices hooted derisively.

Clarke Helmer flung up his head. "I swear that I am innocent," he shouted to his tormentors, "and a fair trial would prove my innocence."

"Yah! We've heard all that before, but it don't go with the Diamond Vale."

"Shut him up."

"Yah! Shut him up, and string him up," roared the mob, in febrile enjoyment of its drunken humor.

Cheap whisky and etherized beer had addled the brains without affecting the agility of the youth, who shinned up the bole of the fir to throw the lethal rope over its stoutest branch.

As the end writhed to the ground, it was retrieved, not without effort, by the solemn Scot.

Another elbowed his way to the post of honor.

"Get out of this," he said with a shove. "You couldn't hang a sick cat."

"Dinna ye heed him, laddie," snivelled the Scot, shedding maudlin tears, and unexpectedly appealing to the prisoner. "He says I mauna hang ye, but I'll tell ye aye thing, I hae seen seven hanged in the auld country."

Clarke Helmer averted his eyes in sick disgust, when, of a sudden the mordant humor with which as a boy he had laughed his way through the war, returned to take its stand at his side.

"So this is Canada," he said genially.

"Aye," admitted the Scot.

The prisoner nodded gravely.

The moonlight was flooding the open space where they stood, insert-

ing pale prying fingers into the out-standing gloom. With a sudden flare of hope he noticed a shadow detach itself from the shelter of one dark pine, and hasten to the darker asylum of another.

"I believe," he said firmly, developing a sudden confidence in the country, "that British Columbia has a great future."

"Mebbe so. Mebbe so," agreed the Scotchman cautiously, "but it's nae like the auld land."

The executioner, a surly brute, shifted his weight from his right foot to his left.

"Cut out the gaff," he ordered. "It won't get you anywhere."

"I don't want to get anywhere. I like it here."

"Oh, shut up! and say your prayers."

"When I took a correspondence course in hanging," persisted the prisoner, "it was customary to leave prayers to the very last."

The shadows were fitting nearer. "God! for a moment's time."

"This is the last. Say your prayers, and make them snappy."

"I don't know any snappy prayers. I'm a Presbyterian."

"Are ye a Preesbiteerean, laddie?" queried the Scot, with a sudden revival of interest.

"Oh! Shut him up," said a deaf man in the front ranks, irritably conscious that he couldn't hear.

Immediately the mob fell back on its substitute for humor.

"Yah! Shut him up, and string him up."

Desperately the doomed man cast about for some means to gain time. He had already offered them money, he might raise the ante and try again. But, roaring with laughter, the executioner strangled the first word in his throat.

"Stop this hell!"

Above the humming in his ears, he heard the crisp voice of one accustomed to command and the yell with which the miners answered. After that, deadly, nauseous, unbelievable pain, and—darkness.

"Keep back, men," steadied the major, bringing the girl's rifle to his shoulder.

"The Fifth! The Fighting Fifth!" roared the veterans, as a bullet shattered the great hairy hands which pulled on the rope.

Clarke Helmer's body fell like a stone, as his comrades of Vimy and Festubert swept forward.

"Like a hot knife through grease," they explained afterward.

From the thick of the melee, the nurse won her way to her patient's side, and eased the rope which was slowly choking him to death.

He searched her face with troubled blood-shot eyes, and his voice was a rasped thread.

"Listen, sister! The Fifth are here, and they need me. On this side, too, the war goes on. This way the Fifth! The Fighting Fifth! Hurrah!"

He struggled to rise.

Then Marion Crofts realized that the man thought that he had died.

IT LACKED a few minutes of midnight when Major Kettlewell turned into the gloomy avenue of pines, which led to the door of Doctor Townsend's office.

He had driven the truck to the hospital, congratulated the matron upon the magnificent conduct of her nurse, and receiving her assurance that everything would be done for the stranger, left the boys on guard

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CALAMITY HOUSE

Continued from page 53

singing lustily the popular choruses of the war.

In their panic flight to their Ford cars the miners had left their wounded mate behind, and the rescue party brought him along to the hospital as well. His right hand was badly shattered, and the night supervisor, fearing that it might be necessary to amputate, suggested sending for Doctor Townsend, whereupon the wounded man cursed the physician with fluency, and, the major, listening attentively, thought, considerable accuracy. Major Michael Kettlewell was finding it difficult to rid his mind of prejudice in this case.

Now, with a single stride, he stepped from the grass-grown roadside to the weedy turf which flanked the carriage drive. Like the cursed wire of Flanders, the Russian thistle tore at his ankles, but he had the satisfaction of knowing that his footsteps made no sound. Unless the blinds in Doctor Townsend's reception-room fitted somewhat better than blinds usually do, someone had entered the office in his absence, and turned out the light. Distinctly he remembered locking both the outer door and the one which opened on the passage-way.

The carefully turned key grated in the lock, frustrating his desire to enter quietly, and groping for the electric light, he stiffened to sudden attention. There was a movement in the passage.

"Who is there?" he called out sharply.

There was no answer. Again the noise, this time more remote. Somewhere in the house a door opened but did not shut. A draft rustled the papers on the table. At the same moment his fingers closed upon the electric bulb; it was warm.

The door from the passage to the reception-room stood open, with the key lying on the floor, but the passage itself was dark and empty. Only from the room where they had laid the dead woman stole a sliver of light.

At this door the major knocked and, receiving no answer, entered. In a large chair drawn up to the fireless grate the doctor slept, his fair hairless face pathetic in the wan light.

With a view to testing the genuineness of the slumber, the major waited quietly. Presently a clock on the mantel commenced to strike twelve, and on the third stroke the sleeper's eyelids quivered.

If he was faking it was well done.

"I am afraid I have been asleep," he apologized, breaking the silence which followed the twelfth stroke. "Is there something you want?"

"I want to know who entered the office in my absence, turned out the light and decamped by the passage as I came in. Also who opened a door in the house just now, and did not close it?"

"What door are you talking about?" snapped the doctor defensively.

"That, I have not had time to discover."

"H'm," mused the doctor. "I certainly thought I locked all the outside doors, but I may have forgotten the kitchen. My wife usually attended to that, after washing up from the evening meal. Anyway, I thought you were going to be in the office for some time."

"My duties called me elsewhere," said the major briefly.

"H'm! most unfortunate. Had you told me you were likely to be called out, I should have kept a sharper look out. But I suppose there is no harm done."

"I rather expect there is, but I have had no time to investigate. Good night, Doctor."

"Good night."

As the physician had suggested, the kitchen door looking out on shadowy Cemetery Lane stood open. A search of the grounds failed to disclose the intruder, and dry as stubble the rank grass revealed no footprints. Some distance from the door, however, the shaft of light from the major's electric flash focused on a soggy wad of absorbent cotton, smeared with dust and with a deeper, darker stain. Furnishing a clue to the motive of the intruder, it sent the major back to the surgery with the sickening conviction that no finger-prints would ever aid in the solution of the Townsend murder.

A cursory examination confirmed his worst fears, but with microscope and torch he worked for an hour before admitting how thoroughly the job was done.

Someone had been reasonably sure of no interruption. Someone who had evidently no fear of the doctor, who had slept through everything, until awakened by the familiar striking of a clock which he had heard nightly for years.

Despite his efforts to keep an open mind, Major Kettlewell's suspicions, considerably strengthened by the events of the night, returned to settle upon the doctor. From what the wounded miner had spat out in his angry distress, the attempted lynching could have been no surprise to him, since he had stopped the car at the Nicola Hotel, and without reserve accused the unconscious stranger of the crime. The murdered woman had been popular with the miners, having nursed their families through the influenza outbreak of 'nineteen, but without whisky to jazz up the party there would have been no lynching. Every second night during the summer the major had heard the starvation whistle with its doleful declaration, "No work tomorrow," and he very naturally wanted to know in view of the miners' desperate poverty whose money had paid for the whisky.

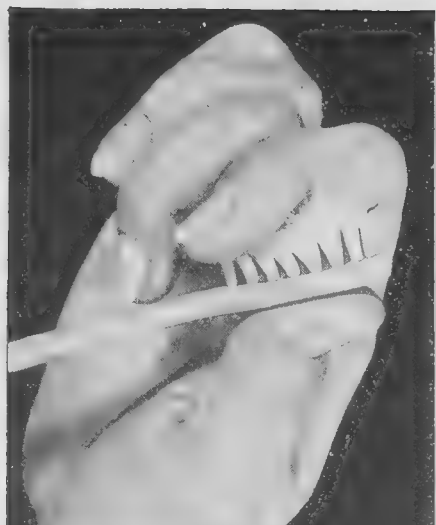
Steadily the conviction deepened that Doctor Townsend had hoped for developments which would take the officer abroad that night. In the early part of the evening he had fidgeted unbearably and chattered unwarrantably in an obvious effort to distract attention. In one breath he had accused the stranger, and in the next tendered his unsolicited medical opinion that his wife met her death not later than three o'clock in the afternoon, amplifying this by the statement that at that time he was just leaving Nicola.

It was well known in the village, where the dead woman had many friends, that in all matters she had ruled her husband absolutely. Hospitable, dignified, too domineering to be jealous, and with her affections centred on her son by her first marriage, she yet failed to view with equanimity the doctor's attentions to other women. It is doubtful if with her firm hold on the family purse strings, and with women what they are, she had any cause for resentment. On the other hand there was a craftiness about James Manson Townsend not too skilfully masked by a simplicity too childlike to be genuine.

Suddenly the major realized how very tired he was. There was no reason why he shouldn't go home, have a good sleep, and prepare for tomorrow's, or rather today's inquest.

He went back to the surgery, flashed on the light, and with that rare gift of concentration which was

[Continued on page 55]



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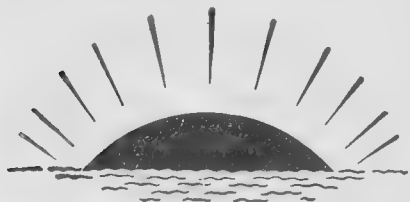
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CALAMITY HOUSE

Continued from page 54

his, made a mental picture of everything as he was about to leave it.

The key lay on the floor where it had fallen when pushed out by the skeleton used by the intruder. Absently, he picked it up and fitted it to the lock, then with his hand on the electric globe paused to stare in unbelieving wonder at the case of instruments. Was the murderer mad, or simply laughing at the quite futile efforts of an easily circumvented policeman.

Massive and highly polished the missing surgical instrument lay in its appointed place on the faded velvet pad.

THE Coroner for the neighboring district of Yale glanced briefly at his jury. Chosen from no particular occupation, they were, like most coroners' juries, fairly representative of the town in which they lived.

Duly sworn, the local banker managed somehow to convey the impression that inquests, necessary enough in themselves, were yet entirely beneath the serious consideration of financial giants, so that the two miners, still a little pale from their recent inspection of the corpse, fidgeted uneasily in their chairs at his side. It was obvious that the plumber, who hailed from Manchester, had already made up his mind about something to which he was prepared to stick doggedly. The accountant from the mill, with a disconcerting habit of peering at everyone through large shell-rimmed glasses, had, the Coroner noticed, subjected the body from which the miners turned hastily away, to this same prudent inspection. The postmaster, having discovered too late that he might as a civil servant have refused his services, was plainly resentful.

"Gentlemen," said the Coroner, avoiding the eye of the jurymen last mentioned. "It is unnecessary for me to point out to you the extreme gravity of the case which we are called to consider, nor need I explain the dignity of the obligation which I feel sure you will assist me to creditably discharge. As a member of the medical profession I will say, for your information, that the wounds which caused the death of Mrs. James Manson Townsend are of a nature which precludes all possibility of their being self-inflicted. We have therefore, gentlemen, to deal with manslaughter or murder.

"The condition of the body indicated that death took place at least twenty-four hours ago. Digestion stopped, I should say, about three hours after the victim had eaten, which if the noonday meal was served at twelve o'clock would place the hour of death at three, or a trifle later. Major Kettlewell! call your first witness."

"My first witness," said the officer, looking hard at the two miners who shifted uneasily in their chairs, "is in the Glenlogan Hospital, suffering from injuries to his head, a sprained wrist, numerous bruises and a decidedly sore throat. Under these circumstances, am I permitted to read his duly sworn testimony?"

Permission being granted, he read. "I, Clarke Helmer, geologist, of the city of Seattle, in the State of Washington, being duly sworn, depose as follows:

"I am twenty-eight years of age. "In the pursuit of my profession, I have spent the last two weeks exploring the Selkirk Mountains. I entered Canada at Osoyoos on the fourteenth of September.

"Yesterday, while endeavoring to locate a rare fauna at Fish Lake, I lost my footing and rolled a considerable distance down the mountain, spraining my left wrist. After motor-ing several hours, I came to the house of Doctor Townsend. I entered the office, which is an extension of the house, with the object of obtaining the professional services of the doctor. It was then twenty minutes past four, and the doctor was not in his office.

"I seated myself at the table in the reception-room, and spent possibly ten minutes in reading the *Glenlogan Times*. I read it all through, so that the time occupied may be checked. I rose to go, and in rising dropped the paper. It was then that I saw a woman's foot protruding through the partially closed door. That is to say, the door was closed as far as the foot of the dead woman would permit.

"Entering the surgery at the back of the reception-room, I found the body of a woman who had been dead some time, possibly less than an hour, but more than half an hour. The bloodstains were dried upon her face. Seeing no telephone, I entered the house by way of a passage, having first provided myself with a golf club for defence in case the murderer should be lurking within. I located the telephone in the hall, and upon being connected with the police station reported the tragedy to Major Kettlewell and promised to remain on guard until his arrival. Returning to the office I found the place in absolute darkness, and before I could locate a light I was struck from behind with some heavy weapon, and returned to consciousness in the public ward of the Glenlogan Hospital."

"Call Doctor James Townsend," was the Coroner's only comment.

The little doctor entered, pale, determined, and obviously sorry for himself.

With an empiric manner he took the customary oath, investing it with dramatic qualities hitherto unsuspected by anyone present.

"He was," he depose, "James Manson Townsend, a medical doctor, husband of the murdered woman, forty-two years of age, and in good standing in his profession. Yesterday, he had left home shortly after dinner, which his wife prepared at noon. He had gone to pay a professional visit at the town of Nicola, seven miles distant, with the understanding that as his wife was going to attend a meeting of the Ladies' Auxiliary in the Parish Hall, he would return as soon as possible, in order that the house and office should not be left unoccupied for any length of time. Deciding to take a short cut and return by the Blackwell Hill he had a puncture, which delayed him for three-quarters of an hour. He changed his mind about returning by the Blackwell Hill on account of the condition of the road. He reached his garage, which opens on Cemetery Lane, at half-past four. It was twilight, which in September is about that hour. He did not look at his watch, but put his car away, and because thieves had been active of late, picked up the loose tools in the bottom of the car."

"What tools?" interrupted the Coroner.

"Well, the monkey wrench was one."

"Is that the only one that you remember?"

"Yes."

"Go on."

"I crossed, as was my custom, the grounds at the back of the house,

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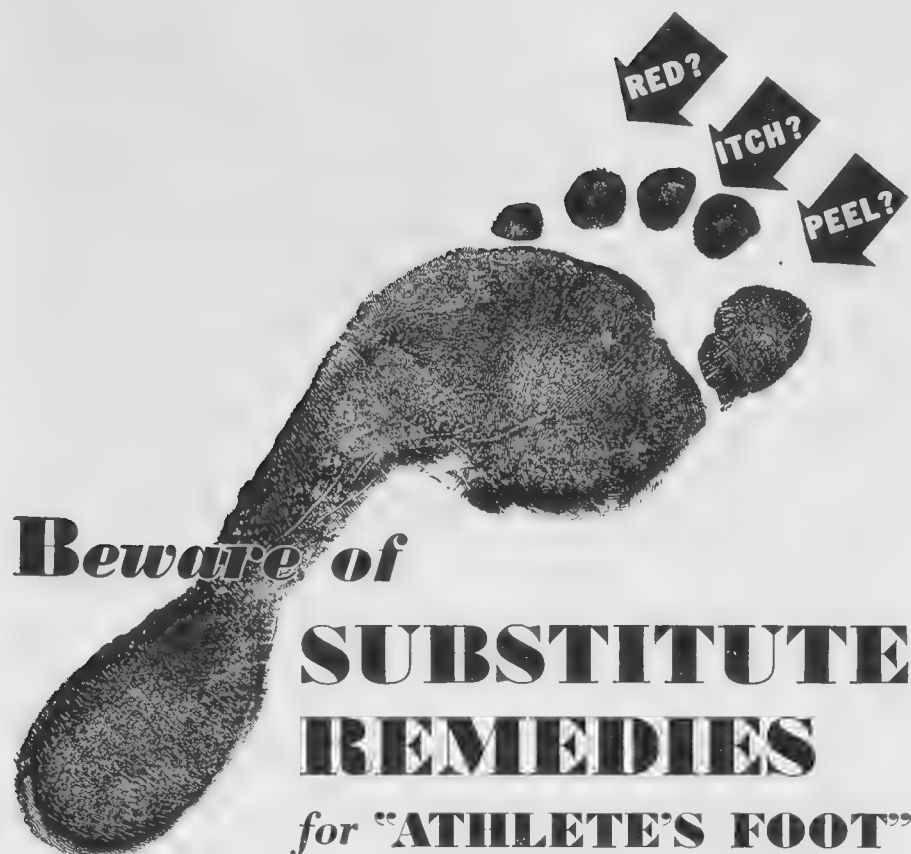
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She Feels Like 48

Aches and pains are not inevitable in old age. When they do come, there is always a cause for them—a cause that can be overcome. Here is a little lesson on growing old by a woman of 78:—

"For the last five years I have taken Kruschen Salts and I tell you truthfully I could not live without them. I am 78 years old. I have not a pain in my body, and I feel as young as I did at 48. I give the credit to Kruschen Salts. No one will believe my age."—(Mrs.) C. M.

Most people grow old long before their time because they neglect one vital need of health—the need for internal cleanliness. Eventually they start the healthy Kruschen habit. Then, probably for the first time in their lives, they start getting rid every day of all waste matter from the system. And almost immediately they feel their youth has returned; they feel energetic and happy. In a word, they've got that famous "Kruschen Feeling."



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HAND CROCHETED BLOUSE WITH COWL NECK

THE sweater blouse of mercerized crochet is a fashion that is here to stay. It will be quite as fashionable this fall and winter as it has been all spring and summer. It has the advantage over the wool blouse in that it is easier to tub and can be kept always fresh looking.

One of the latest Paris models for fall has a cowl neck line which makes the blouse very effective for wear with the jacket suit and gives a soft finish to the neck. Though this blouse may look intricate to crochet, it is no more difficult than just the plain ordinary sweater. One of the simplest of crochet stitches, the knot stitch, is used, and goes very quickly.

Like all these crocheted blouses the one here

shown is made in four pieces, back, front and sleeves, and the pieces are joined together. It should be crocheted from size ten mercerized crochet thread to give it sufficient weight so that the cowl neck line will fall in graceful folds and stay put. The work is done with a number eight steel crochet hook.

To make the blouse for a size sixteen will require seventeen balls of ecru mercerized crochet thread in the smaller size balls, or eleven balls of the larger size.

Back. Ch 132. *1st row:* Beginning in 2d ch, 1 s c in each st; ch 2, turn. *2nd row:* 1 s c in every other s c with rather loose ch 1 between; ch 2, turn. *3rd row:* S c under each ch 1, with ch 1 between; ch 2, turn. Repeat 3rd row until work measures 1 inch. Then work one inch using a half d c (thread over as for d c, but take off 3 loops at one time) under each ch 1, with ch 1 between. Then work 1 inch like the first 1 inch. Begin now and work 7½ inches of the knot stitch as follows: * draw loop of last st out on hook about ¼-inch, thread over and draw through the ¼-inch loop; place hook under single loop at left of st and draw thread through, thread over and draw off the 2 loops; draw ¼-inch loop out on needle, thread over and complete st as before. Skip 4 sts, s c in 5th st. Repeat from * to end. Make a knot st at end of row and draw loops

of end sts out about ⅜-inch instead of ¼-inch. Turn. S c, picking up 2 loops at the right of the knot of preceding row; s c, picking up 2 loops at the left of the same knot. Continue in this way across and repeat to a depth of 7½ inches. The width should then be about 16 inches. This is the

beginning of the armholes. Decrease at the beginning of each row for the next 3 inches by slip stitching to the left side of the 1st knot, and at the end of the same rows by ending the row at the right side of the last knot. Continue for 4 inches without decreasing, using the ¼-inch loops at the ends of rows instead of ⅜-inch. For the next 1½ inches decrease at the beginning and end of each row, using the knot

stitch, the first 4 inches of the 1st row, then change to the s c, ch 1, s c as in the 1st inch of belt, and return to the knot stitch the last 4 inches of the same row. The knot stitches will decrease with each row at both sides, but the centre space will be solid s c and ch 1. Fasten off *Front.* Begin with ch 142 and work the first 3 inches the same as the back. Work 5 inches of knot stitch with ⅜-inch loops at each end, as in the back. For the cowl neck, begin here to increase at the centre 2 sts every 4 rows. To increase, before making the usual s c on left side of the knot, make 2 loops with knot between and then the s c. Continue for 2½ inches, then begin to decrease at armholes the same as the back. At the end of 3 inches work 4 more inches without decreasing at the armholes, but end each row at the turn with ⅜-inch loops. Decrease at both ends as in the back for the next 1½ inches, making knot stitches throughout. Fasten off. *Sleeves.* Ch 100. Work 1 inch the same as the first inch of belt. Then work 1½ inches of knot sts with ⅜-inch loops at the turn of each end. Work the next 4 inches by decreasing at the beginning and end of each row. The last row will be about 2 inches long. Fasten off.

Work 5 loops of 5 ch each at each end of the front belt, and use 5 small buttons on each side of the back belt.



Editor's Note: We have a new instruction booklet giving twenty-two new designs in Irish Crochet, the aristocrat of crochet meshes. The price of this booklet is ten cents. If you wish this, please fill in the coupon below.

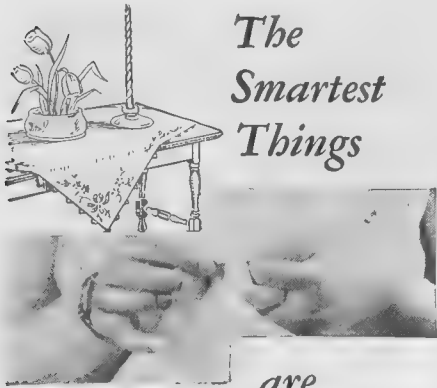
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CALAMITY HOUSE

Continued from page 55

went around the side to the office entrance, and walked through the reception-room to the surgery. The place was in darkness, so that I walked almost on to the body of my murdered wife. As I stood petrified with grief and horror, the lights came on, revealing the atrocious nature of the crime. At the same moment I heard footsteps in the house.

"Did the lights come on over the entire house?"

"Yes. I am on a flat rate, and as the plant operates on part time, no lights are ever turned off in the house or the office, with the exception of the bedrooms and the unoccupied rooms."

"You mean the annex?"

"I mean the annex, and other unoccupied rooms."

"When you heard the footsteps, what did you do?"

"I immediately turned off the lights in the surgery and the reception-room, and coming back to the surgery took my stand in a patch of absolute shadow just at the left of the doorway between the two rooms. From where I stood I could see down the passage three or four feet. Presently I heard the footsteps turn into the passage, and a moment later I saw a man of powerful physique coming towards me."

"There was a light in the passage-way?"

"A small one, just sufficient to expose the man and the weapon he carried."

"What weapon did he carry?"

"I subsequently recognized it as one of my own golf clubs."

"Did the intruder see you?"

"He did not. I have explained that I was standing in darkness, while he had the light behind him."

"Then what happened?"

"The man hesitated for a moment in the doorway to the passage, while I held my breath. Then he groped his way across the surgery, keeping as far away from my wife's body as possible. This brought him so close to me that I feared I must be discovered. I gripped the monkey wrench which I had taken from the car—"

"Along with other tools."

"No! At least I had no other tools at the moment. I must have laid them down."

"Quite so. Go on."

"I waited until he was entering the reception-room, fearing that in the darkness I might miss him. I knew that I was no match for him unless I got in the first blow on a vulnerable spot."

"Did you?"

"Yes. I struck him on the back of the head, and he fell forward with his head in the reception-room and his feet in the surgery."

"What did you do then?"

"I turned on the lights, and discovered that he was unconscious, and likely to remain so for some time."

"Did you telephone for the police?"

"I tried to, but Central could get no answer."

"As a medical man, at what hour would you say that your wife met her death?"

The witness hesitated.

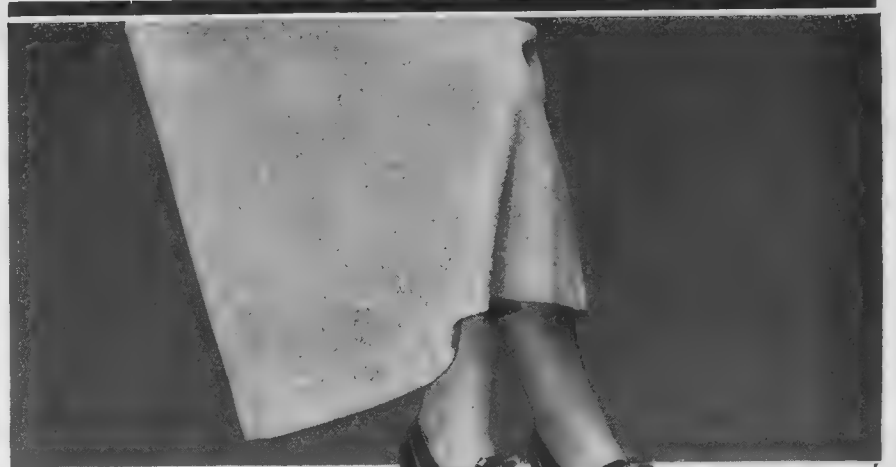
"I had no opportunity to make an examination of the body until the arrival of the police. I really couldn't—Major Kettlewell took complete charge."

"At what hour did Major Kettlewell arrive?"

"I am afraid you must ask the major that."

"Thank you, I probably shall. In the meantime, you say that you

[Continued on page 64]



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CALAMITY HOUSE

Continued from page 57

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returned at about four-thirty in the afternoon?"

"Approximately. Yes."

"And you had only just entered the office when you discovered the body of your wife, and heard the footsteps of an intruder, whom you struck down. After that, how many minutes elapsed before the arrival of Major Kettlewell?"

"Not more than five."

"And in the meantime you were occupied in 'phoning the police?"

"Yes."

"Thank you. That is all. Major Kettlewell, will you please call your next witness, and then step outside and find out from Central at what hour she put the second 'phone call through to the police station."

The two miners rose from their seats and bowed awkwardly to the next witness.

The Coroner administered the oath, and indicated a chair.

"You are Mrs. John T. Agar?" he questioned.

"I am Agnes Agar."

"I hand you for inspection a visiting-card. Is it yours?"

"Yes. It is mine."

"It was found by the officer on the evening of the day on which Mrs. Townsend met her death."

"Yes. I called on Mrs. Townsend that afternoon, and not finding her at home, left my card."

"At what hour did you call?"

"At twenty minutes past three."

"Isn't that early?"

"Not in rural communities," smiled the witness. "Besides, I had an appointment with my husband, and it was to break the somewhat long walk to the cemetery that I called on Mrs. Townsend."

"Your appointment with your husband was at the cemetery?"

"Yes. It was the anniversary of our wedding, and on that day we always go together to place flowers on the grave of our son, who died in infancy. As usual, we had ordered the flowers from Vancouver, and my husband having promised to meet me as soon as he could get away from the mine, which, as a rule, is about half-past four, I decided to start early and pay Mrs. Townsend a call, the Townsend home being on the way to the cemetery."

"Please relate the circumstances in connection with the call."

"There were no circumstances. I simply rang the bell, and upon receiving no answer rang again. There being still no answer, I waited a reasonable time and left my card in the door of the screened-in porch."

"Was that door locked?"

"I do not know. The bell is on the outside of the porch so that it was unnecessary for me to open the door."

"Beyond ringing the bell, you made no effort to find out if Mrs. Townsend was at home?"

"I was paying a call," smiled the witness indulgently.

"You saw nothing to rouse your suspicions?"

"Nothing."

"No one leave the premises?"

"No."

"It did not occur to you that the doctor might be in his office?"

"If it had, it would have made no difference. I had not come to consult the doctor."

"Then you came away about twenty minutes past three?"

"At twenty-two minutes past three to be exact. I remember looking at my watch as I was leaving the Townsend residence, and thinking that I should have a long wait at the cemetery. The superintendent of the mill

was passing in his car. He stopped with the evident intention of offering me a ride when I reached the road. I motioned up Cemetery Lane, and he went on towards town. Ten minutes' walk brought me to the cemetery, and not fancying so long a wait in a place so lonely, I put the flowers on the grave and went home."

"At what hour did you reach home?"

"I cannot say exactly, but sometime before half-past four, since I was able to get my husband on the telephone before he left the mine."

Major Michael Kettlewell was the next witness called, and testified briefly.

"At four-thirty-five on the afternoon of September the twenty-ninth, he had received a telephone call from a man who gave his name as Helmer, and who said that he had discovered the body of a murdered woman in the surgery of Doctor Townsend's office. Witness had arrived on the scene between a quarter and ten minutes to five, and had found the young man Helmer unconscious, lying on the floor, with his head in the reception room and his feet in the surgery. As witness entered the reception-room, Doctor Townsend came out of the surgery, accused the stranger of murder and demanded his arrest. The doctor admitted that he had struck the man with a monkey wrench."

Questioned by the Coroner, witness testified that he had not seen the monkey wrench at that time nor later.

Witness had ordered the doctor to take the man at once to the hospital, and assisted in carrying him out to a coupe roadster which was parked outside. Returning to the office, he found that the victim was Mrs. Townsend, and that she had been dead for some time. Not being a medical man, he based his opinion upon the fact that the blood-stains were dried upon her face, and that a great pool of blood had congealed beneath her head, glueing her hair to the floor. She had many wounds on her face and head, and some on her body as well, but the wound on her right temple, which had bled profusely, was in itself sufficient to cause death, although possibly not immediately.

From the position of the woman's body, witness believed that she had been searching for something in the writing-desk, and that the murderer was standing on her right, close to the instrument case, from which one instrument of considerable size was missing. When struck she had probably attempted to steady herself by the desk, for an outline of her hand was printed in blood on the blotter.

While not prepared to testify that robbery had furnished the motive for the crime, robbery had taken place. Witness had discovered tiny particles of glass on the floor of the surgery, and close to the body he had picked up a small buckle of white gold with a fragment of ribbon attached. The ribbon was of heavy corded silk, and corresponded in width to an untanned bracelet of flesh on the victim's left wrist.

After the crime the murderer had evidently gone through to the kitchen, where he had washed at the sink, and rejecting the roller towel dried his hands on a clean tea towel.

Witness had discovered numerous finger-prints in the surgery, but before he could photograph these, he was called away to prevent the lynching of the stranger whose evidence he had just read. When he returned he found no trace of finger-prints. The

[Continued on page 64]

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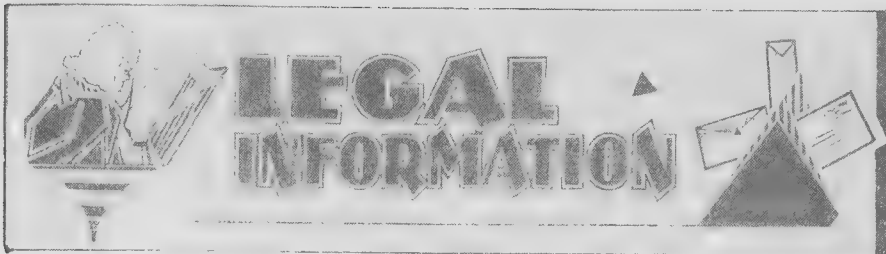
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Winnipeg, Man.

Q.—A assigned to trustee. If A should be willed money afterwards can trustee claim it? Is there a set time that such a claim could be made? How long after assignment can book debts be collected?—McL.

A.—We presume that A made an authorized assignment to a trustee under the Bankruptcy Act. Under this Act all property acquired by A after the assignment automatically vests in the trustee. This is effective up to the time when A obtains his discharge from bankruptcy. There is no other limit on the time during which property would vest in the trustee. The time within which the book debts can be collected is not affected by an assignment. We infer from your question that you mean debts owing to A. These will be payable to the trustee, who may of course take the appropriate proceedings to collect same, subject to the usual limitation that a debtor may plead the Statute of Limitations after six years from his last payment or written acknowledgment of the debt.

* * *

Rivers, Man.

Q.—Is there any way to collect interest coupons from a city bond?

I am informed that this town has made no provision for the interest on these bonds and the coupons were returned with the remark (no funds) attached.

Has a bond holder any redress?—P.W.

A.—A bond of a city or other municipal corporation is very similar to the promissory note of an individual. Upon failure to pay the creditor who holds the bond has the right to take court proceedings to enforce this obligation. It is not usual for the securities of a municipal corporation to be charged upon any specific property. For that reason the only procedure that the bond holder can take is to sue in the courts and have the sheriff collect from the assets of the corporation. In such a case upon action being taken by the one bond holder, the provincial authorities step in and take charge of the affairs of the municipality so as to give the same treatment to all bond holders, and as far as possible to conserve reasonably the assets of the municipality. In Manitoba, if the provincial government department in charge of such matters took charge of the municipalities' affairs, no further proceedings could be taken by a bond holder as such, but his interests would be protected as far as possible by the government department.

* * *

Nelson, B.C.

Q.—Could a man make a will to a woman that he has lived with as his wife and leave all his property and personal effects to her? Would a will made at home become legal after his death in B.C.—A.D.

A.—A man may will his property to anyone, whether or not the beneficiary is his wife.

The disposition of the property is subject to the prior charge of payment of the debts of the testator. The law of wills is very technical so that we

would advise against any person making a will without legal advice. No particular form of will is necessary, so that a will could be made at home, the principal requisites of a valid will being that it must be signed by or under the direction of the testator in the presence of two witnesses, who sign as such. A bequest to a person or a wife or husband of a person who acts as a witness to the will is void, although such person may assist in proving the will after death.

* * *

Quebec, Que.

Q.—1. Is there any law in Canada which prohibits a father from spanking an 18 year old daughter?

2. Up to what age may parents spank their children?—"A Subscriber."

A.—1. A parent may inflict on his children, until they are of age, such force by way of correction as amounts to moderate chastisement. Reasonable use of force is permitted.

2. A parent is not permitted to exert any physical control over a child after the child is 21 years of age. In any case a parent will be criminally liable for using excessive force, and guilty of assault. The Criminal Code provides punishment appropriate to the various types of assault.

* * *

Erskine, Alta.

Q.—What is the law regarding a threshing machine and bundle racks crossing land?

1. Bundle racks full of weed seeds crosses my land going to and fro at time of threshing, but this machine does not thresh for me.

2. Is there any law which can prohibit same from entering my land?—G.A.W.

A.—You have a right to say who will use your property in any way whatever. If any person presumes to trespass on your property by driving across same you can take appropriate action to prevent their doing so. You can prohibit any person from crossing your property in the manner in which you state, especially when such damage would result from this unauthorized use of your property. We would suggest that you notify the party that you are not prepared to permit him to cross your land in the future. You had better do this by a short letter to this effect.

* * *

Souris, Man.

Q.—I have my farm rented, lease running out this fall. I want to take possession when lease runs out. Do I have to notify tenant to leave or not? If so how long before lease runs out do I have to notify him?—G.E.M.

A.—In the absence of any agreement renewing the lease your tenant has no right to remain in possession after the termination of the lease. For this reason you do not need to give him any formal notice of intention to occupy the property yourself. However it might be advisable just as a matter of policy to inform the tenant that you propose to occupy the property at the termination of the lease. We imagine that if you desire to prepare the land after crop that this can be readily arranged with the tenant, unless there is unusual friction between you.



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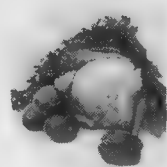
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THIS year more than ever are the thoughts of women turning to ways of feeding their families at the lowest possible cost. And one of these means is making the greatest possible use of their gardens, not only now, but during the months to come, by preserving the surplus fruits and vegetables in jellies, jams, conserves, pickles, relishes, and canned foods. Particularly is it important to store for winter the vitamins placed in our richly colored fruits and vegetables by the strong summer sun, when the food budget will not permit the buying of these fresh foods. But home canning is not always an economy. It is less expensive to buy canned vegetables than to buy them and burn fuel to can them. In addition, much of the food value has probably been lost during the time which has elapsed between the picking, and the canning—sometimes two or three days, although it is decidedly worth while to can vegetables fresh from the garden. Commercial canned foods are prepared under the most ideal conditions, the canneries usually situated where the processes may be completed within a very few hours after the fruit or vegetable is gathered, at the best possible stage of its development.

Successful canning depends upon care and cleanliness. Every one has her favorite method, whether it be cold pack, hot pack, or in the oven. In the latter case, one cannot be sure of success without a thermometer, or an oven with some form of heat control, to be sure that the processing continues for the required length of time, at the correct temperature, which is 275° F. for most foods. Only food products in perfect condition should be used, or spoilage is very apt to occur. Fruit or vegetables a little over-ripe, may be used for jams or pickles quite satisfactorily. Only perfect jars should be used, and always new rubber rings. They should, if stretched to about four inches, return to the original shape and size, and if doubled and firmly folded between the thumb and finger, spring back at once on being released. The jars must be clean, but, as they are sterilized with the fruit, it is not necessary to do this before packing them. Pack with the food to be canned, and fill with hot syrup or water, making sure that no air spaces are left in the jar. We believe now that many foods, especially peas, corn, meat, etc., are better when done by the hot pack method, as it takes so long to heat the solid mass of food right to the centre of the jar, and there is some danger that this inner portion will not be processed for a long enough time to kill all harmful bacteria. Place the rubber ring, which has stood a few minutes in hot water, on the jar, adjust the cover so that it is not quite air tight, and lower the filled jar into the hot water bath, bring rapidly to the boiling point, and continue actual boiling for the time required for that particular food. When using glass topped jars, adjust the long bail in its groove on the top, leaving the smaller bail loose. With all types of screw top jars, tighten the screw cap, then loosen it about half a turn. In a pot or boiler, etc., from which the steam can escape readily, the water should come about two inches from the tops of the jars. Any tight-fitting vessel in which the jars may be kept surrounded by steam, does not require so much. A few inches in the bottom will be sufficient. In all cases, the jars will rest on some sort of false bottom, and will be placed so they are not touching each other. When the processing is completed, remove from the water bath, and completely seal at once, by tightening the screw caps, or clamping down the second bail of the glass topped jars; cool and store in a cool dark place, or if the storage space

is light, wrap each jar in paper to prevent fading the product.

It is wise to heat home-canned vegetables and meats for a few minutes after opening, to make sure that no harmful bacteria are present. This improves the flavor.



Store for winter the vitamins placed in our richly colored fruits and vegetables by the strong summer sun.

FOR jelly making we select fruits which are a little under-ripe. As long-continued cooking destroys the jellying power of fruit, we crush or slice it, to shorten the cooking time before straining. For the same reason we select a large kettle holding at least four times as much juice as we are working with, so that the boiling process may be as rapid as possible. Pectin, acid, and sugar must all be present in the right proportions, if we wish perfect jelly. Experience has taught us that three quarters as much sugar as strained juice, by measure, is a good general rule to follow. Too much sugar makes the jelly soft and syrupy; not enough is apt to make it tough and

stringy, and of inferior flavor. If there is but little pectin in the fruit, it may be easily added, either a commercial brand, or one extracted from apples, orange, lemon or grapefruit skins. Lemon juice or tartaric acid may be easily added if the juice is low in acid. Too much acid makes a jelly which will not hold its shape, and will be apt to have drops of liquid oozing from it as it stands. Some fruit lacking in acid may be combined with it. The most reliable jelly test, after the sugar has been added and a few minutes of rapid boiling has followed, is to take a small portion of the boiling juice in a spoon, cool a moment in the air, then pour from the spoon. When done, two or three drops run together and it "sheets" from the spoon.

FRUIT JUICES FOR JELLIES

Chop, slice or mash the fruit, put in a kettle with a rack in the bottom (to prevent scorching the fruit) cover tightly and simmer till tender, without adding water, unless the fruit is very dry. Strain through a jelly bag without squeezing, bring to the boiling point and seal in hot sterilized jars or bottles. Weeks or months later, add sugar, pectin or acid as needed, and make into jelly.

APPLE PECTIN

Use four pounds of apple skins and cores. Add nine cups of water and boil rapidly in a wide shallow kettle, for fifteen minutes. Add the juice of a lemon if the apples are not tart. Strain through four or five thicknesses of cheese cloth in a colander or large strainer.

FRUIT BUTTERS

Fruits for butters are cooked in water till soft, then sifted to remove the skins, seeds, pits, etc., before adding the sugar. Pulp and some bits of skin will frequently pass through the sieve. Add the sugar and cook till thick and clear.

PEACH BUTTER

Cooked and sifted peach pulp 1 lb.
Sugar 2/3 lb.
Spices if wished

GRAPE BUTTER

Sugar 3/4 lb. Grape pulp (after straining for jelly) 1 lb.
Lemon, juice and grated rind 1

PLUM BUTTER

Plum pulp 1 lb. Sugar 3/4 lb.

APPLE BUTTER

Sugar 3/4 lb. Apple pulp 1 lb.
Lemon juice and rind 1

ORANGE AND CHERRY MARMALADE

Large oranges 3 Water Cherries 2 qts.
Sugar

Use the pulp and yellow skin of the oranges, discarding the white skin. Cut the yellow skin in strips, cover with boiling water and let stand over-night. To this peel and water, add the pitted cherries, and orange pulp. Simmer till tender, measure and add an equal amount of sugar. Cook till thick, and put in sterilized glasses.

GOOSEBERRY CONSERVE

Gooseberries 5 lbs. Sugar 4 lbs.
Juice and rind 4 oranges Seedless raisins 1 lb.

Mix and boil till thick (about three-quarters of an hour) and seal in hot sterilized glasses.

CANNING FRUITS IN THE OVEN

Fill the hot clean jars with the fruit, which has been blanched, peeled or otherwise prepared as necessary, fill with syrup, and [Continued on page 62]

Miss Gertrude Dutton *tells why she makes* *her luscious* DEVIL'S FOOD LAYER CAKE *with Magic Baking Powder...*



“I know from experience that Magic makes most baked dishes look and taste better...”

says cookery expert of Western Home Monthly



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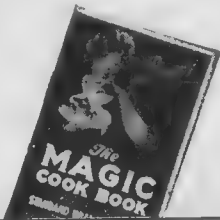
onded by the majority of dietitians and cookery experts throughout the Dominion. They use and recommend Magic Baking Powder *exclusively* because they know it is pure, uniform, dependable.

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DEVIL'S FOOD CAKE

- 2½ cup butter
- 1½ cups sugar
- 3 eggs
- 2½ cups pastry flour (or 2 cups and 3 tablespoons of bread flour)
- 3 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup milk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 3 squares unsweetened chocolate, melted

Cream butter thoroughly; add sugar slowly. Add beaten yolks; mix thoroughly. Add flour sifted with baking powder and salt, alternately with milk; add vanilla and melted chocolate. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Put into 3 greased layer cake tins and bake in moderate oven at 350° F. about 30 minutes. When cool, put together and cover thickly with Sea Foam Frosting.

SEA FOAM FROSTING

- ½ cup light brown sugar
- 1 cup granulated sugar
- ¼ cup water
- 2 tablespoons strong coffee
- ¼ teaspoon Gillett's Cream of Tartar
- Whites of 2 eggs
- ½ teaspoon salt

Boil sugar, water, coffee and cream of tartar without stirring until syrup spins a long thread at 248° F. Pour very slowly over beaten egg whites, beating continually until thick enough to hold its shape. Add salt; whip again and spread thickly between layers and on top of cake.

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place at least two inches apart in the oven which has been heated to 275° F. Keep at this temperature for 30 minutes for gooseberries, raspberries.

Keep at 275° F. for 35 minutes for blueberries, blackberries, currants, loganberries, cherries, strawberries, peaches, pears, pineapple.

Keep at 275° F. for 45 minutes for plums.

Reduce to 250° F. and keep at this temperature for 20 minutes for rhubarb.

Keep at 250° F. for 50 minutes for fruit juices.

CHERRY CONSERVE

Medium oranges 24 Pitted cherries 8 c.
Lemons juice of 4 Sugar 7-8 c.
Water

Cut the oranges into small pieces, using the whole orange, cover with water and cook till tender. Add the cherries, sugar and lemon juice and cook quickly till thick and clear, and sheets from the spoon. Seal in hot sterile glasses.

RHUBARB CONSERVES

There are several delicious combinations of rhubarb and other fruits, which are so good for winter breakfasts. Cut the tender stalks of rhubarb, without peeling, in uniform pieces, add from three-fourths to an equal amount of sugar, and let stand over-night. In the morning, cook till clear, and somewhat thick, then add other fruit, and continue cooking till thick, then seal in sterilized glasses. Some good combinations are:

Saskatoons.
Sliced or coarsely chopped oranges.
Crushed or diced canned pineapple and lemon juice.
Raisins, oranges and walnut meats.
Strawberries.
Chopped figs and lemon juice.
Lemon juice and grated rind and blanched shredded almonds.
Root ginger.

RHUBARB JELLY

Use half as much tart apples, washed, and cut in pieces as of rhubarb, washed and cut, and a little water. Cook till soft, drain through a jelly bag and proceed as for any other jelly, using from ¾ c to 1 c sugar to each cup of juice.

GRAPE MINT JELLY

Wash unripe green grapes and heat till they can be crushed. Add crushed washed fresh mint sprays, and cook with the grapes. Proceed as for other jelly, adding when done a little green coloring if needed. Delicious with cold lamb.

GREENGAGE JAM

Wash and pit greengage plums, and add to a syrup made of three-fourths pounds of sugar and one-third cup of water to each pound of fruit. Cook rapidly till the juice jellies.

GINGERED PEARS

Hard pears 4 lbs. Lemons 2
Sugar 4 lbs.
Root ginger 2 oz. or more

Slice the pears and cover with the sugar, and let stand over-night. Add the pieces of ginger root and cook till the fruit is clear and tender, add the

lemon juice and grated rind after the first half hour of cooking.

GRAPE CONSERVE

Grapes 1 basket Sugar
Raisins, seeded 1-1½ lbs.
Nut meats ½ lb.

Separate the skins and pulp of the washed grapes. Cook the pulp till the seeds may be removed in a colander or coarse sieve. Add the pulp to the skins, three-fourths as much sugar as fruit, chopped raisins and walnut meats, and boil till thick (about half an hour).

PLUM CONSERVE

Pit and cut in pieces, damson plums. To four cups of plums add 1 or more cups of raisins, 2 or more chopped oranges, 5 cups of sugar and a few broken walnut meats. Simmer till thick. The nut meats may be omitted and if wished, more orange used

RHUBARB RELISH

Rhubarb, cut in pieces 2 lbs.
Raisins ½ lb. Nuts ½ c.
Brown sugar 1½ c. Mild vinegar 2½ c.
Salt and spices to taste

Let the chopped fruits, sugar, vinegar, salt and spices, stand about two hours, then simmer till thick. Add the nuts and cook 10-15 minutes longer. Seal in small jars.

PICKLED PEACHES

For each six pounds of fruit, make a syrup of 3 pounds of granulated sugar and 2 cups of vinegar. Peel the peaches and in each insert two or three cloves. In the syrup, put any desired whole spices in a cheesecloth bag. When boiling, drop in the peaches and cook till tender. Seal in sterile jars.

Crab apples or pears may be pickled in the same way. The peaches may be left whole or cut in halves. The pears are halved and cored and pared. The crab apples are left whole, unpared, and usually have the little stem left on.

GHERKINS

For gherkins we use tiny prickly cucumbers. Select 100 of uniform size. To wash them, do not rub them as this is liable to cause bruises. Cover with cold water and let stand an hour or so, then carefully lift to another crock, letting the dust remain in the bottom of the crock, and again cover with cold water for an hour or so, if this seems necessary. Remove from the water, and place in a large crock. Cover with a brine made of 1 c of salt and sufficient boiling water to cover the cucumbers. Cover closely and let stand 48 hours. Drain and pick over, discarding any soft or imperfect gherkins. Make a syrup of vinegar, 1 c brown sugar, or more if a sweeter pickle is wished, ½ c salt, 1 t alum, broken in pieces, a sliced onion, 2 oz. mustard seed, any whole spices liked, such as cloves, mace, celery seed, stick cinnamon, chopped red and green pepper, pepper corns. Sufficient vinegar must be used to cover the pickles. Bring to the boiling point, strain and pour over the pickles. Cover closely and let stand for a week. Reheat the syrup, and pour over the pickles, packed in glass jars, or in a crock, and cover. Let stand at least six weeks before using.



SAUERKRAUT

Remove the outside leaves and the core of the cabbages, and discard. Shred the cabbage, and pack in a perfectly clean barrel, keg or large crock. Use 1 lb. of salt to every 40 lbs. of cabbage, distributing it as uniformly as possible through the cabbage. Put a little salt in the bottom of the crock, then a three or four inch layer of the cabbage (shredded). Pack down with a potato masher or similar wooden utensil, and repeat till all is used. Cover with a cloth and a plate or a wooden cover free from pitch, and weight down to force the cabbage under the brine. Avoid limestone or sandstone, if using a stone weight. Skim off the film which forms on top, daily after fermentation starts, to prevent a scum forming. Fermentation is complete when gas bubbles no longer rise if the container is tapped or jarred. Scum, if allowed to form and remain will cause the kraut to spoil. If it forms, the cloth cover, weights, crock, etc., must be washed, all the brine drained off and new added. To avoid this, the kraut may be canned as any other vegetable, by the cold pack method, or dried.

SPICED SMALL FRUITS

Currants, gooseberries, saskatoons, etc., may be used, and are delicious with cold meats.

For five pounds of fruit, use four pounds of sugar. Cook till thick. Add two quarts of water and one pint of vinegar (alter these proportions if the vinegar is very mild) and any variety of ground spices to taste. Cook for fifteen or twenty minutes longer. Seal in jars or jelly glasses.

UNCOOKED RELISH

Chop rather coarsely, a large head of cabbage, a large bunch of celery, two sweet red peppers, two green peppers, a quart of onions. Add two or more tb. of mustard seed, 1 lb. of brown sugar, salt to taste, two tb. celery seed, and enough vinegar to cover. Mix well and pack in sterilized jars.

SWEET MUSTARD PICKLES

This may be a mixed vegetable pickle, or all of one kind such as string beans.

For a mixed pickle, use a large head of cauliflower broken into flowerets, one quart each of sliced onions, small green tomatoes, cucumbers, wax beans cut in inch pieces, tiny whole cucumbers, button onions, one or two shredded red and green peppers. Let stand over night in salt and water to cover. Cook till tender in water, and toss together after draining, if they are soaked and cooked separately, which is advisable, or the kinds requiring the least cooking might be over-cooked. Prepare a dressing by boiling together 3 qts. mild vinegar, and three lbs. brown sugar, pour into it a batter of:

Mustard 1 c. Celery seed 2 tb.
Flour 1 c. Turmeric 2 tb.
Butter 4 tb. Salt to taste

Add the cooked vegetables and cook 5 minutes longer, taking care that it does not scorch. Seal in jars, or keep in a cold place in a closely covered crock. The mustard dressing is good in salad dressings, later. Have enough

to keep the vegetables in a crock, covered with it, or those on top will dry out and spoil.

SWEET GREEN TOMATO RELISH

Green tomatoes 1 peck Large onions 3
Green peppers 6 Weak vinegar 3 qts.

Chop the vegetables, after removing the seeds and membrane from the peppers, and cook 5 minutes in the vinegar. Drain and put in hot sterile jars. Pour over them a boiling syrup made of:

Vinegar 3 qts. Celery seed 1 t.
Salt 3 tb. Brown sugar 2 c
White mustard seed 3 tb.
Ground spices to taste

GOOSEBERRY CATSUP

Gooseberries 3 lb. Sugar 3 lbs.
Vinegar 2 c. Cloves 2 oz.
Cinnamon 2 oz.

Cook the berries, sugar and vinegar till very soft, rub through a sieve, and add the spices, ground, then simmer till thick, and seal in sterile bottles.

TIMELY MENUS

Luncheon or Supper
Mold of Spinach and Carrot
Fruit Salad
Date and Nut Bread
Tea or Coffee

Luncheon or Supper
Corn and Potato Chowder
Crackers
Deep-dish fresh Fruit Pie
Tea or Coffee

Sunday Dinner
Jellied Soup
Cold Pressed Meat Maitre d' Hotel Potato
Buttered Cauliflower
Ice Cream Cake

Jellied Vegetable Salad
Bran Date Muffins
Rice, Cream and brown Sugar

Dinner
Roast Beef Yorkshire Pudding
Scalloped Cabbage
Berry Cobbler

Dinner
Cold Roast Beef Scalloped Potato
Cucumbers, Tomatoes
Cottage Pudding, Fruit Sauce

Dinner
Beef Steak Mashed Potatoes
String Beans and Carrots
Green Apple Pie

Dinner
Broiled Ham Corn on the Cob
Creamed Potato
Corn Starch Pudding, with fresh Fruit

Dinner
Shank of Beef with Carrots and Potatoes
Cucumber and Tomato Salad
Tapioca Cream

Porch Supper
Sandwiches, assorted
Sardine, Tomato, Cress and Cucumber Salad
Cake with Peaches and Cream

Beef Stew, Vegetables and Dumplings
Fruit Salad Plain Cookies

GREENS

Beet tops, with the tiny beets attached, spinach and Swiss chard are our most frequently used greens. They must be very thoroughly washed to remove all traces of sand and dust, then either steamed or cooked in a very small amount of water, till tender, just enough to prevent scorching. Often enough water from the final washing adheres to the leaves, to cook them in a closely covered vessel. Fifteen to twenty minutes will be required. Chop, season with salt, pepper, butter, and if wished, with vinegar. If the greens are rather old, it may be better to cook in a larger amount of water and then drain them well before chopping, to give a milder flavor.

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BUTTERED NEW CABBAGE

Boil the required amount of cabbage, drain well and chop, adding salt and pepper, and a little butter, and if wished, vinegar. Serve hot.

FAVORITE PUDDINGS

REBECCA PUDDING

Hot milk, 4 c. Cornstarch, ½ c.
Sugar, 4 tb. Vanilla, 1 t.
Salt, ¼ t. Egg whites, 3

Mix the cornstarch and sugar with a little cold milk. Add to the hot milk, and cook in the double boiler for 20 minutes. Fold in the stiffly-beaten egg whites and vanilla, and mold. Serve with a custard sauce, chocolate sauce, or one of the fruit sauces.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING

Hot milk, 5 c. Molasses, ½ c.
Cornmeal, ½ c. Salt, 1 t.
Ginger, 1 t.

Pour the hot milk slowly on the corn meal, and cook in the double boiler for 20 minutes. Add the molasses, salt and ginger, pour into a buttered bakesh, and cook in a slow oven for 2 hours. Serve hot with cream.

SNOWBALLS

Butter, ½ c. Flour, 2 c.
Sugar, 1 c. Baking powder, 3 t.
Milk, ½ c. Egg whites, 3
Salt, ¼ t. Flavoring, ½ t.

Mix as for any cake. Fill buttered cups not more than 2/3 full. Cover with buttered paper, and steam 35 minutes, or a little longer. Serve with fruit, or with chocolate sauce.

CALAMITY HOUSE

Continued from page 58

missing instrument carefully wiped and polished was back in the case. The lights which he had left on were out, and he distinctly heard footsteps retreating along the passage-way to the house. The electric bulb was warm.

The door to the passage, which he remembered locking, was open, as was the kitchen door. Doctor Townsend, who appeared to be asleep in his chair in the living-room, stated that he had heard no one enter, nor had he during the evening left the room where he was keeping watch by the body of his wife.

Major Kettlewell folded his notes and glanced in surprise at the man who entered unannounced, but the intruder was apparently too much in the grip of strong emotion to observe that his entrance had disturbed the orderly procedure of the inquest.

"Swear me," he demanded.

The Coroner did so.

"I am Peter McTaggart," he said, without waiting to be questioned. "I am a truck and transfer man, and I have a contract to haul gypsum from the mine to the railway station. Ordinarily, I take the long way round, in order to avoid the stiff grade of Cemetery Hill. But yesterday I had a rush order to load a car, and I had put two men on at the station and two at the mine, so it was worth my while to take a chance of burning out my brakes on the hill. I took my last load to the station at four o'clock in the afternoon. At four o'clock they commence switching, so you see I must have come along Cemetery Lane, close to the Townsend place, at about twenty minutes to four. The people here know all about the Townsend place, but for your information, Mr. Coroner, I will say that it was built by an English mine-owner on

[Continued on page 65]



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CALAMITY HOUSE

Continued from page 64

the plan of a country estate. It is good river land, and between the Coldwater and Cemetery Lane the Englishman laid it out in gardens for half a mile, which brought it up to the cemetery but across the road. He built a cottage for his gardener about half-way between the house and the end of the estate. This brings the cottage within five minutes' walk of the cemetery.

"When the war came, the Englishman beat it for England with his wife and kid, and later the gardener went over with the Canadians. He left his furniture and never came back, and two old prospectors came down from the hills in the middle of winter, and unknown to anyone took possession. That was in 'sixteen, and it was a hard winter with deep snow. Anyway, in the early spring one of the old chaps came into town one night, raving mad and all but dead of starvation. His mate was dead; had been for weeks. Well, we sent the survivor down to Essondale, and buried what was left of the other old one, and gave the place a wide berth. I told you the gardener never came back, but if you'll take a walk over to that cottage, you'll find that it is occupied, or was. And Mrs. Townsend had evidently got on to it too, for yesterday afternoon I saw her looking in the window. That was at twenty minutes to four. She was dressed in the plaid coat she has worn for the last five years, so I couldn't mistake her. I'm no detective, but from the gypsum mine I can see pretty near the whole valley, and I've seen people hanging around Cemetery Lane a lot of late, and they weren't dead ones neither. And the road's been cut up pretty bad by a heavy truck. I took an interest in those truck marks for I thought my opposition was cutting into my contract with the gypsum people."

The Coroner leaned forward.

"You suspect bootlegging?"

"Yes."

"Will you swear that bootlegging has been going on in the gardener's cottage on Doctor Townsend's property?"

"I will not."

"Then I'm afraid that we must rule out that part of your testimony."

"That suits me. I've said too much now for a man whose work takes him out at all hours alone. And just while we're on the subject, Mr. Coroner, if there is such a thing as protecting a witness by keeping his evidence out of the papers, I hope you will see that it's done in my case."

"I think I can arrange it, and I feel sure that the members of the jury will respect your wishes in this matter." The jurors nodded. "And now, Mr. McTaggart, if you have nothing more to tell us, you are excused."

As the voluntary witness left the room, the Coroner turned to the policeman.

"At what time was the second call to the police station put through, Major?"

"There was no second call," said the officer dryly.

"THAT Margaret Charters Townsend came to her death by blows from a surgical instrument, in the hands of a person or persons unknown," was the verdict which the major did not wait to hear. When the jury withdrew to consider the evidence, he left the house, and with long leisurely strides made his way down the carriage drive and in the direction of the town. Once across the bridge, and out of sight of the

house, his deliberate air did not persist. He glanced over his shoulder, and satisfied that the turn in the road screened him from observation, plunged into the thick undergrowth which fringed the river's edge.

Here, where the scrub poplar shivered, and the scabrous bark of tall cottonwoods hinted at the rottenness beneath, through trailing festoons of wild jasmine he fought his way, until through the trees he saw the white headstones on the hill. A trifle disappointed at not finding what he sought, for at this point the stream was at its slenderest, he scanned both banks narrowly and went on. A hundred yards upstream, where the river curved sharply, and where the thicker vegetation bespoke a slower current, he came on a tiny island. It was conveniently close to that side of the river on which he stood, and stepping stones had been laid from the water's edge with a careful irregularity which betrayed design. A dozen men might have passed this spot daily and failed to notice that the stones afforded a safe footbridge to the island. And even had one remarked, it is doubtful that he would have troubled to investigate them, since it was difficult to see how communication with the farther bank, washed by a swifter current, could be effected.

Convinced, however, that he would find some means, the major picked his way carefully across the stones, and in a tangle of rank growth where the poplars fought for life, discovered a well-trodden path, and following this came upon a rude raft drawn up on the farther side of the island, and fastened to a long and rusty chain, the other end of which was passed around the bole of a giant cottonwood which so far had escaped the common blight.

The officer pushed the roughly constructed ferry into the water, and picking up a stout pole which lay conveniently at hand, scrambled aboard. To his satisfaction he found that the current had been so accurately gauged that the raft grounded, with the chain stretched taut, no more than a stone's throw from the gardener's cottage.

From the outside the place looked as if it had not been lived in for years. Its windows were thick with dust, and heavily curtained with cobwebs, and the front door stood open revealing the dismantled interior. The major stepped inside, and sniffed appraisingly. A sour odor of home-brewed spirits competed unsuccessfully with a more penetrating acrid smell. It was evident that the cottage had been vacated in haste during the night, for in an inner room a lantern burned feebly, and the drawers of a heavy bureau had been jerked out on the floor, in order to quickly empty them of their contents.

Taking up the lantern, the officer went through to the kitchen. This room held nothing, was indescribably filthy and reeked sourly of mash. The gardener's furniture had either been carried off piece-meal by pilferers or taken along by the bootleggers, who seemed to have made rather a thorough job of moving in spite of their needs of haste. There were neither bottles nor labels to testify to the illicit activities which had undoubtedly taken place, but a heavy discharge of soot from the cookstove pipes covered the centre of the floor, and through this a heavy article, presumably the still, had been dragged. The footprints of two men were clearly outlined in the black powdery deposit. [Continued on page 66]



Tea "fresh from the Gardens"

When the Outdoors is Calling

When you leave dull care behind and answer the call of the outdoors — remember the world's most popular ready-to-eat cereal, —Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

These delicious flakes of toasted corn are always satisfying at any time of the day. So easy to digest they help you feel fit and cool.



Laura La Plante



And what could be more refreshing for breakfast than Kellogg's and cool milk and fresh fruit? Or lunch? Or a late snack? Fine for children's suppers!

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are always oven-fresh in the patented sealed WAXTITE bag. Served by restaurants, hotels. Sold by all grocers. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario. Quality guaranteed.

Enjoy a bowl of Kellogg's



Colour Beautifies

Coloured lamps, correctly used, will add so much beauty to your home that visitors will compliment you on its attractiveness. Coloured lighting is one of the least expensive means of beautifying your home and one of the most effective.

COLOURS
Amber-orange
Flame
Ivory
Old Rose

LAC^o MAZDA LAMPS

Sweet Odors Kill

And Kill Quickly, Every
Fly or Mosquito

Science has discovered that a flower grown in Japan repels and kills winged insects. Now the extract of these flowers is employed to completely free your home—and keep it free—from these germ-bearing pests.

That flower extract is the basis of Fly-Tox, developed in Mellon Institute of Industrial Research by Rex Research Fellowship. Ten years and over \$100,000 have been spent by us in perfecting it.

The result is a perfumed mist, called Fly-Tox. Used as we direct, it creates in a room a pleasant cloud of vapor.

An all-pervading mist, harmless to people, stainless to walls or furnishings. But that mist kills every insect that it touches. And they can't escape.

Think what that means to your home. Complete and constant protection from these germ-bearing pests. These insects, by their feet or stings, carry the germs of over 30 diseases. They carry these germs to your food or to blood streams. Many thousands of people—especially children—die from these infections every year. Fly-Tox offers you an easy, certain, economical way to complete protection.

FLY-TOX ONLY

A Rex Research Product

Use Fly-Tox only, and always in the new-type Fly-Tox sprayer. Use it because of its marvelous efficiency. Every lot is tested on flies in our laboratory. Use it because its extra

strength means great economy to you. You cannot take chances in protection of your home. Get Fly-Tox at once. Sold everywhere. Harmless to people. Stainless. Fly-Tox is made in Canada.

Who Is Your Favorite Radio Star?

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY has added yet one more popular feature to the extensive number it already carries. Watch forthcoming numbers for pictures and short talks on the various celebrities of the air.

CALAMITY HOUSE

Continued from page 65

From his pocket the major produced a small rule and bent to make some measurements, when a vile odor of burning wick took issue with the fermentation in the air, and the lantern went out. Outside the short October twilight had thickened to sudden darkness, and fumbling for his electric flash the officer straightened himself with a single noiseless movement. Someone was coming.

He heard the curiously light footsteps circle the house and hesitate before the open door. A moment later he flattened himself against the greasy wall; the prowler had entered and was on his way through to the kitchen. He passed so close that the officer was tempted to lay hold of him as he went by, but the desire to know what he was after enjoined patience.

Straining through the darkness he held his breath when a scraping noise replaced the light footfall. And then quite suddenly he sneezed, and understood. The man was groping for something in the soot.

Complementing the sneeze there was a startled flurry, and a draft of pure air blew through the kitchen. The front door banged shut, but the major paid no attention. The draft had closed that, the man was making his escape through the lean-to woodshed.

His fingers closed on his flash as the flying figure reached the open.

"A Chink!" he breathed, and stumbled down the broken steps in hot pursuit.

The fugitive sped across the yard, dodged behind a pile of slab wood, and climbing the fence like a cat, scuttled into the tangle of green that bordered the river, and snapping off his torch the major followed. In the direction of the hill and away from Calamity House, he could hear the dry reeds snap as the Chinaman fled through.

The furious chase through the undergrowth continued to the cemetery where the river bends sharply to hug the hill. Here the floods in spring-time had piled logs and boulders and waste matter of all sorts, to which the obliging villagers had added their quota in the form of tomato tins, broken crockery, and last winter's ashes. Through this unsavoury mess the Oriental scampered, and, hopelessly outdistanced, the Englishman plodded doggedly after.

While the latter was still floundering helplessly in the middle of the debris, his quarry made his way up the slope, and took to his heels down the open road, which, a hundred yards farther on, curved and hid itself from view.

When the officer reached this place, the Chinaman was nowhere in sight. The pines cast their heavy shadow on the unfenced road, and carried their serried ranks to the mountain top. There was not a sound. The pursued had made sanctuary, and the only thing to do was to go back to the cottage and find out what had brought him back there in the first place. Somehow the officer couldn't believe that he had returned to eradicate the footprints. At any rate they were still there, the fugitive's, and others, unmistakably those of a white man, a man of generous proportions, who walked heavily on his heels.

Focusing the flash on the floor he measured them carefully, jotted the figures in his notebook, and going down on his knees poked about in the sooty dust which lay inches deep on the floor. Not succeeding in locating what he sought, he went out to the woodshed and returned with a flat board. With this he scooped aside

the thick layer of dust and exposed a thick iron ring attached to a plank in the flooring. He pulled and the trapdoor rose slowly, disclosing a considerable excavation beneath. The major looked dubiously at the ladder placed upright with a rusty lantern dangling from its middle rung, and decided against going down. This was a two-man job.

Replacing the trapdoor he put the soot back on top of it, and satisfied that none would suspect the discovery he had made, went out, closing the front door behind him.

Deciding to return by Cemetery Lane, he stopped for a moment beneath the cottage window through which the victim had looked. Undoubtedly the voluntary witness had told the truth, but it worried the major that on this particular window the dust had not been disturbed. He had expected to find otherwise. How the woman had expected to see through these smeary panes was a matter for conjecture. One would have expected a lady of her domineering disposition to have broken the window if it had interfered with the investigation she was pursuing. After all, it was her own property. Major Kettlewell smiled wryly. Perhaps that was the reason. Never having practised thrift himself, he was slow to follow the mental processes of one utterly given over to it, but the thought came tardily that this undoubtedly explained her restraint. Possibly she hoped to bully the truth out of her husband later, or, she may have been interrupted. Anyway, she had been there. Peter McTaggart had seen her and sworn to it.

The officer's way homeward led down the lane past Doctor Townsend's garage, and curious to see if the door had a lock in view of the testimony about the tools taken to the house for safekeeping, he stopped. There was a padlock, but it hung loose on the staple at the side. Quite suddenly he sent the door gliding smoothly on its traverse.

"Another puncture, Doctor?" he asked easily.

The man to whom he addressed the question blinked in the uncertain light.

"Yes!" he stammered. "No! that is, I was afraid it wouldn't hold, and tomorrow is the funeral."

"Of course," agreed the other readily, "and I suppose you have no spare."

"No! It keeps me humping to pay for four tires these days."

"Electric lights out of order?" glancing at the candle stuck upright in an empty beer bottle.

"Since last week," grumbled the doctor. "It's a nuisance, and I'm on a flat rate, too."

"Maybe that accounts for it," consoled the officer. "Have you looked at your battery?"

"No, I haven't," said the physician with unnecessary heat, "and I don't want you to either. You're apt to short-circuit the house, and I don't want to be in darkness there."

"My dear chap!" said the other soothingly, "electricity has been my particular hobby for years. I won't short-circuit anything, I promise you."

"Let it alone," said the doctor sulkily. "I won't have it touched. I suppose I still have some rights."

"All you ever had, I imagine," conceded the major. "But you need some light just the same. If you can't trust a patch made in broad daylight, you certainly can't expect to do a workmanlike job in the dark. I'll

[Continued on page 67]

Wash off grime?...



Yes, Gillett's Lye
actually lifts off grease
without scrubbing

WHY let house-cleaning wear you down with endless hours of rubbing and scrubbing?

Use Gillett's Pure Flake Lye. This powerful cleanser makes short work of heavy cleaning jobs.

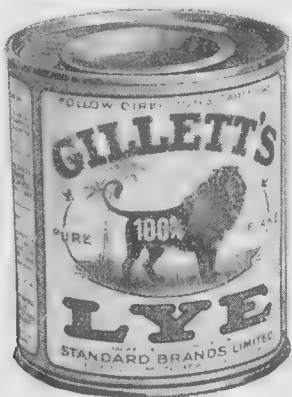
Keep on hand a solution of one teaspoonful of Gillett's Lye dissolved in a quart of cold water.* Use it to quickly clean up pots and pans, the kitchen floor, sinks and bathtubs.

And, once a week, pour Gillett's Lye—full strength—down drains and toilet bowl. It cuts away grease, removes obstructions, frees trap and drain pipe. Takes off stubborn stains—without harming enamel or plumbing. . . .

But be sure to get the genuine Gillett's Pure Flake Lye. Ask for it by name at your grocer's.

FREE BOOKLET: Send for the Gillett's Lye Booklet. It gives you many labor-saving uses for this powerful cleanser and disinfectant. Address Standard Brands Limited, Fraser Ave. & Liberty St., Toronto, Ont.

*Never dissolve lye in hot water. The action of the lye itself heats the water.



GILLETT'S
LYE EATS DIRT

CALAMITY HOUSE

Continued from page 66

hold my torch, if you'll bone into it." The doctor flung down his tools like a petulant child.

"I wish," he said snappishly, "you'd go away. You make me nervous."

"I say, I am sorry," apologized the major. "I had no idea I was making a beastly nuisance of myself."

In his agitation he turned the flash directly on the doctor's eyes, and when the little man snorted angrily, hastened to make amends by pointing it to the floor.

"Look here," he said suddenly, "you'll have another puncture if you leave things like this lying about."

Stooping, he picked up and triumphantly exhibited a bit of jagged glass.

"Now where do you suppose that came from," he demanded eagerly. "Let's see if any of your other tires have gone flat."

Disregarding the other's silence he made the rounds of the car, kicking the tires lustily.

"Seems to be all right, but of course you can't tell in this infernal murk. Have you tried the lights lately. Sometimes these blighters fix them and don't say a word about it."

He fumbled with the switch which he had just located, and the garage was flooded with white light.

"There you are," he beamed delightedly. "Now we'll have a look at this second patch; perhaps it will have to come off too."

Before the doctor could interpose, he ran his supple fingers over the inner tube. It was as smooth as when it came from the factory. Dropping the tube, he picked up the casing. It was intact. As he had suspected from the first, there had been no puncture on the road from Nicola, and fearing that his evidence might be questioned, the husband of the dead woman had hurried from the inquest to the garage intending to supply the concrete proof of what he had testified to.

Putting his hand in his pocket Major Kettlewell brought out the piece of ragged glass.

"You may need this," he said quietly, and laid it down beside the unused rubber "shoe."

The doctor was shaking with rage and fear.

"Look here!" he blustered, "if you suspect me of anything, why don't you come out straightforwardly and say so?"

"Perhaps I shall—later," replied the officer significantly.

Switching out the light, he stepped out into the shadows of the lane. The door slid noiselessly shut on its traverse. The doctor was at liberty to continue his work, if he thought it worth while.

THE funeral of Mrs. Townsend took place on the afternoon of the day following the inquest, and Glenlogan loyally following the Hearse, allowed itself considerable latitude in discussing the burial place chosen by the doctor.

For twelve years no Glenlogan man or woman had been buried in this desolate spot, where the Selkirk Mountains mirror themselves in the fathomless waters of a dismal lake.

Doctor Darrach slept in the cemetery on the hill, and the townspeople wondered what his son, who had arrived from Vancouver that morning, thought about it. No one was willing to admit that the doctor was animated by jealousy of the dead. On this point they showed a pleasing unanimity. On all other matters they were as usual divided, so that the fourteen miles to and from the cemetery passed quickly and pleasantly.

It was late afternoon when the doctor and his stepson returned from the funeral. Empty and ominous in the October twilight, the house received them, but in the kitchen someone had thoughtfully laid out a supper of cold meat and salad, with a frosted cake for desert, and deftly the boy laid the fire and measured the coffee for the percolator.

Always since the death of his father, it had been his pleasure to help his mother with her domestic duties, and at the thought that never again would he hear her dear words of appreciation, the first tears he had shed that day filled his tired eyes. It was so unfair. Although she had always hated the place, and from the first opposed its purchase, she had worked hard to make it a home, only to meet a horrible death within its dreary walls.

How happy they had been in their first little home, the home which his father called the House of Blue Bottles' Wings. He could still hear the deep voice quoting from some absurd rhymster.

"I shall build a little house of Blue Bottles' Wings,

With a penwiper for a door,

And I shall sit there for ever and ever,

Thinking of things, and writing them on the floor."

And then the executors of the Englishman's estate, unable to sell the house, advertised for sealed bids, and no one would bid on it but his father, and of course his father got it. And from that time everything went wrong—everything. His mother, who had always loved money, grew steadily more parsimonious, and not without some justification, for the house seemed always to be asking for something, reaching out for the last frayed banknote in the doctor's pocket. And with all that was spent on it, it began to look down at the heel, weeds sprang up in the tennis-court and on the gravelled drive, and shutters hung loose. And then his father got the hospital idea. The air, he said, was wonderful for diseases of the respiratory organs. He cashed in his insurance policies to build the annex, and brought Doctor Townsend in from the coast. The patients didn't come, but influenza did, and for the first time every ward was full. And they died. They died like flies, and in their delirium they began to see things, so that for all the General Hospital would not receive them, there was no one finally, no matter how sick or destitute, who would come. And while the epidemic was at its height his father died, raving like the others about something which stood by his bed counting on its mutilated fingers. His father who once had lived in the House of Blue Bottles' Wings. The townspeople were right, there was something wrong about this place. His mind went back to the day of his father's funeral, when he had heard a man whisper, "Calamity House."

Doctor Townsend, entering at that moment, pulled up two chairs to the kitchen table, and with an arm about the bowed shoulders gently forced the boy to sit down.

"It won't hurt you to cry a little, Charters," he said kindly. "And tomorrow I think that you had better return to the university. I shall be lonely, son, but we mustn't let the shadow of this tragedy lie too heavily on your young life."

[Continued on page 69]

TELL YOUR HUSBAND

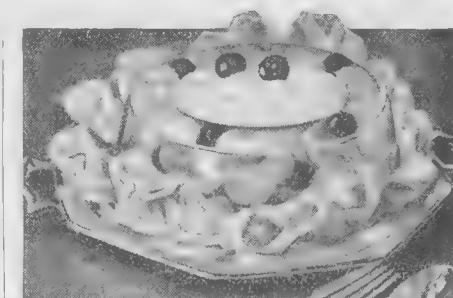


how you stopped food waste

"... so I sent for the free books, George, and I haven't thrown away a quarter's worth of food since. Of course, I knew many delicious things can be made with Knox, but I never realized before how Knox Sparkling Gelatine could be used to cut down the cost of other foods."

Thousands of thrifty households where Knox Sparkling Gelatine has been a standby for years, aren't getting the full benefit of Knox food-saving simply because they do not have the Knox recipe books. There are recipes in these books applying to every single food in your kitchen... money-saving ideas for using tomatoes, small quantities of left-over canned fruit, yesterday's roast, that cupful of milk or the remainder of your breakfast coffee, for instance.

Of course, Knox doesn't contain sugar, coloring or flavoring—so never conflicts. A package makes four different dishes, six servings each. Try the thrifty Salad illustrated below. Be sure to send the coupon below for FREE Knox famous recipe books—including the new one "Meals for Three," which is especially valuable to small families.



FRUIT OR VEGETABLE SALAD
(6 Servings)

1 level tablespoonful Knox Sparkling Gelatine
1/2 cup cold water 1 cup boiling water
1/2 cup mild vinegar or 1/2 cup sugar
lemon juice 1 1/2 cups fruit or vegetables, fresh or canned, cut in small pieces
1/2 teaspoonful salt

Soak gelatine in cold water about five minutes and add boiling water, vinegar or lemon juice, salt and sugar. Cool, and when mixture begins to stiffen, add fruit or vegetables. If canned fruit is used substitute fruit juice for part of the boiling water. Turn into wet mold and chill. Remove from mold and serve on lettuce leaves garnished with mayonnaise or cooked salad dressing.

KNOX
is the real
GELATINE

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140 St. Paul St., West, Montreal.

Send me your FREE books, "Meals for Three," "Food Economy" and "Dainty Desserts and Salads."

Name

Address

City.....Province.....



(Robert Campbell, aged 9, of Biggar, Sask., sent us in the verses that follow, and a gold button goes to Robert with our best wishes.)

GREAT ADVENTURES

*Now, don't you bark or whimper, Bunch!
The fish are swimming round my spinner,
And soon we'll catch a bass for lunch
And half a dozen perch for dinner.*

*The puppy found a woodchuck hole,
I found a spotted partridge feather.
We crossed the brook, we climbed the knoll,
And both came running home together.*

—Arthur Guiterman.

TWO YOUNG POETS

Two sisters, Sylvia and Betty Tillard of Lousana, Alta., have sent us in some verses they have written themselves. Sylvia already has a gold button, so if she will send it to us we will have a star put on it. A gold button goes to Betty, and we hope she will enjoy wearing it.

THE CAMP IN THE MOUNTAINS

*Oh, it's fun to be in the mountains,
Where the snow-clad peaks are high,
And the wonderful sun paints all the snows,
With his skilled and colorful eye.*

*Oh, it's fun to be in the mountains
With nothing to do but play,
You can hunt for the mountain flowers
Or fish in the streams all day.*

*Oh, it's great to be in the mountains
Where the picnic "snacks" taste good.
You can ride on the strong pack horses
Or play tag in the spicy wood.*

*When the sun sets on the mountain tops
Then the sky is a rainbow hue,
And the shadows softly creeping
Play hide and seek with you.*

*Then you snuggle down in your hammock
With the stars and moon alone,
And you ponder on the times you've had,
Since the mountains were your home.*

—Sylvia.

WILD FLOWERS

*The red of the tiger-lily,
The scent of the purple sage,
The white of the yellow eyed daisy,
That have grown here for many an age.*

*Oh, these are the flowers of the summer
That no man's hand has sowed.
That grow on the banks of the river
Or close by the side of the road.*

*The blue of the early crocus,
The mauve of the violet sweet;
Let us gather the brown eyed susans
That cluster around our feet.*

*Oh, these are the wild flowers we gather
Which only the Lord hath sown;
And they springing up in their beauty
In Nature's own garden have grown.*

—Betty.

CLOUDS AND THE SUMMER SKIES

Is there anything you like better in the world than lying on your back under the trees and watching the sky? It is like a lovely changing picture, different every minute. Perhaps it is only the moving leaves or the swaying tops of the trees that make the changes; perhaps it is the clouds that come and go, perhaps the birds that make the pictures, but whatever it is, everyone, old and young, loves to watch the sky. And yet how little we know about it, that great blue canopy that encloses our earth? Do we know anything even about the clouds that move swiftly or slowly against the background of blue?

First of all we do know that clouds are minute particles of vapor gathered from oceans, rivers, and lakes; that if you go up



BY BOBBY BURKE

high enough in the mountains or in a plane to pass through a cloud it is just like passing through a slight mist. This mist when it gathers to a great size then becomes so heavy that it descends in rain. This happens more quickly if these clouds encounter a layer of cold air, for just as a cold surface held to the steam-kettle spout will make the steam condense and drop in water, so the cool air will condense the clouds and make them rain, and, if it is very cold, snow or perhaps hail.

On this page you will find four little pictures that show you the great divisions of clouds, and from these you will soon be able to name the different clouds as they float above you.

First there is the Cirrus, thinnest and swiftest of clouds. It is named Cirrus because it resembles a wisp or curl of hair. These clouds are feathery, and generally perfectly white. They are usually seen on clear days, drawn like scarves across the sky. Often at evening they gather in banks. They are the highest of all the clouds, but one. The average height above the earth is 5½ miles.

Cumulus is a Latin name, as is Cirrus, and it means mass or heap, and describes the big fluffy woolly looking clouds that often precede a thunder storm. They are low clouds, seldom being more than 2 miles above the earth. These clouds appear mostly at the hottest hour of the day, in the hottest weather, and are caused by the fact that a warm moist current of air ascends from the earth to the upper and cooler atmosphere and is further cooled by expansion. This sudden cooling and condensation makes clouds with peaks of ice, and often results in hail.

Stratus is the third Latin word used to name clouds, and this as you will see means clouds in layers, or strata. Stratus clouds that appear in the late morning usually mean rain, but if they appear in the early morning or evening this does not necessarily mean rain. The Stratus is the slowest and lowest form of cloud.

The fourth cloud, the Nimbus, is the heavy low flying storm cloud filled with rain. Any cloud from which rain is falling is called a Nimbus cloud and quite often you have a chance to see one when we have a sun shower, rain pouring down from one cloud while the sun shines. It holds no definite shape but often spreads quickly over the whole sky.

There is one other thing about the sky that may help you to become weather

prophets, and that is the rings around the moon.

The close circle around the moon, nearly always colored, usually indicates rain, and there is an old saying that the number of stars within the circle will indicate the number of days before the rain comes. The large circle known as the halo, and almost colorless, indicates a coming storm, while if the halo is large it means the storm is coming almost immediately. Is this not all interesting? And how wise you can all be now with Latin names and weather prophecy

THE FRENCH PICTURE



The Flower Seller

FRENCH streets are always exciting because the visitor can see so much without going inside the stores at all. Flower-sellers are often to be found in the central square of the city. Most of them are driven in to their stand early in the morning and they remain there all day. Very often their boxes of plants and pails of cut flowers are just placed on the sidewalk. The lady in the picture had provided herself with a large red umbrella to keep off the sun and she spent most of her spare time knitting. When it was very hot she sometimes used to fetch water from a magnificent fountain in the centre of the square and sprinkle her flowers to keep them fresh. This particular place was a specially good position for a flower-seller because it was close to the bench on which people sat while waiting for their street car to come. The gay flowers and the sparkling fountain nearby make a very attractive picture on a hot day.

A WONDERFUL CHILD

There is a word that is rather hard to pronounce, and it is often used to describe a child who does something wonderful for her age. This word is prodigy and it is applied to a little girl who has a terribly hard name, Ruth Slencznski—and this little girl recently made her appearance as a pianist in the city of Berlin in Germany. She is only six, and so small that she could

hardly climb on the piano stool, yet she has been compared by musicians to the young Mozart. Her programme consisted of music by Bach, Beethoven, Schubert and Chopin, and she played with feeling and remarkable expression. She is indeed a prodigy.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF PUPPY

By Elizabeth McKenzie

THIS morning Mother and I got up very early. Oh! I just felt glad I was alive, the air was like soft hands stroking me, the grass and weeds were all wet. Mother says that is dew. I pushed my nose here and there amongst the grass and licked the dew off. It tastes better than just plain water. I looked over to where the sky meets the earth. It was such a lovely color that I said to Mother, "If that was something to eat and was as pretty, I am sure it would taste nice." "The idea," said Mother, "You are always thinking about something to eat but I don't think you will ever eat the sky. People and animals who are so greedy will eat until they hurt themselves some day," she added. This made me feel rather silly so I lay down outside our door for a while and kept quiet.

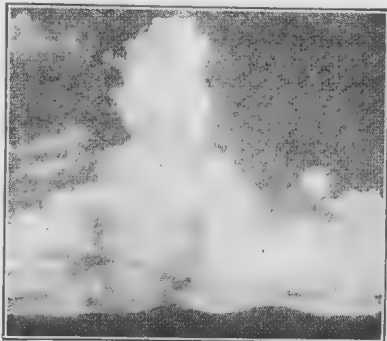
Presently a sound of grunting came from a pole fence which has a little house in one corner. Mrs. Pig lives there with her four baby pigs, they are round bodied, pinky-white, little things with sharp turned-up noses and little ears that flop over at the tips. Their funny little tails look just like the pink worms Mrs. Hen sometimes feeds her children, only the tails are a lot fatter and curl up, uncurl, wave around and curl up again in such a nice wiggly way that I like to stand by the fence and watch them.

So when I heard the grunting I went over to see if the baby pigs were up. One little pig was rooting in their trough to see if he could find anything to eat so I said, "Good Morning!" "Have you any brothers and sisters?" he asked. "No! I replied, "I had a brother but they gave him to Joe Mason so now I am alone." "Well," said the little pig, "you are a lucky fellow for you can have all your food for yourself while I have to gobble mine for fear I should not get my share."

Just then Mrs. Burns and Peggy came up and poured a pailful of milk into the trough. Mrs. Pig came grunting up with her family and all began to suck and gobble, making such a noise. The little pig who had been talking to me got into the trough with all four feet. Peggy took a stick and pushed him out, saying, "Give the others a chance you greedy piggy." The food smelt so nice that I tried to push my nose through the fence but I could not reach any so I gave a great sigh for the smell of the food made me hungry. Peggy noticed it and said, "I believe you are hungry Puppy old fellow, come over to the house and see if Mother can find something for you." So off we went and Mrs. Burns found me a bone. Good Mrs. Burns! As I was eating it I thought Mother might like some of it so I carried it to our house and put it at the back of our bed.

After dinner I had nothing to do. Mr. Burns and the hired man were out behind the barn mending something and Peggy was helping with the dishes so I thought I would go over and see the pigs again. I looked in and there lay the little pig who had spoken to me in the morning stretched out stiff, making a sort of half grunt which did not sound right so I said, "What is the matter," but the pig only rolled its eyes. I thought something was wrong so I barked, "Come! Come!" Peggy came running over saying, "What is the matter," but as soon as she saw the little pig and heard its queer grunt she said, "Come on Puppy! We must get Father, that greedy pig has eaten so much it can hardly breathe." Peggy called "Father! Father!" Mr. Burns came from behind the barn and Peggy told him all about the pig. He called the hired man and they lifted the pig out of the fence and fixed it up in a box by itself. "It will not get anything to eat for a day or two," said Mr. Burns, "And we will feed it just a little at a time for a week if it gets over this stuffing."

When Mother came home I told her about the greedy pig and she said, "What did I tell you in the morning." Oh! I guess she was right, she always is. I showed her the bone and she said, "You are a kind thoughtful puppy but I am not hungry now so you may have it yourself." I began at once to chew it up. I think Mother is very wise and kind.



CUMULUS (Upper)
The slow-moving summer cloud.



STRATUS (Upper)
Clouds that have settled into layers.



CIRRUS
The thinnest and swiftest of clouds.



NIMBUS (Upper)
Heavy, low-flying rain clouds.

CALAMITY HOUSE

Continued from page 67

His stepson hesitated for a moment while he winked back the tears, and if possible his pallor increased.

"Thank you, sir!" he said dully. "I had not thought of returning for the present."

The little doctor smiled indulgently. "Oh well! There's lots of time to discuss it. In the meantime, let's try to eat a little supper."

When the meal was over he went back to the subject.

"I am sure, Charters, that your mother would have wished you to return to the university."

"Leaving her murderer unpunished?"

The man's brittle patience snapped. "The matter of your unfortunate mother's death is in the hands of a competent policeman. A boy of your age would only hinder him in his efforts to bring the guilty person to justice. Besides, I have my living to make, and I cannot afford to have you hanging around town following up imaginary clues and possibly offending people. If there is one unmitigated pest it is an amateur detective. From now on the matter shall be left entirely in the hands of the authorities." He smiled wryly. "I'm off detective work myself, and you're off to Vancouver, and that's that."

The boy pushed back his chair and rose.

"If I refuse," he said dubiously, "I suppose you couldn't order me out of my own father's house."

The doctor looked genuinely hurt.

"I do not think, Charters, that even your grief excuses that remark."

"I'm sorry, sir!" said the boy respectfully, and the other, mollified, went on.

"I want to do right by you, son, but I rather imagine that I am your guardian, and if so, I must insist upon obedience in a matter of so much importance as your education. Do you know if your mother left a will?"

"I know that she made one, for she showed it to me when I was home on vacation last summer. You know how thrifty mother was. Well! she had written out the will in order to save the lawyer's fee, and then she was rather scared about its legality. So I took it back to Vancouver and showed it to my room-mate, who is a law student, and she was greatly pleased when he said it was perfectly legal, because she had known enough to write it out by hand and to leave it unattested."

"I wonder where she would be likely to put it?"

"I imagine when I returned it she put it back in the little secret drawer which father had put in his writing-desk when he was treasurer for something or other. She took it from there. Shall we look?"

It was the first time since his mother's death that Charters Darrach had entered the surgery, and he winced at the few stains which the first cleaning had failed to quite remove. The writing-desk with its fresh white blotter stood open, and at the back in a little secret drawer they found the will, together with several other documents.

The masterful personality of the dead woman, domineering but just spoke from the grave.

"I, Margaret Charters Townsend, being of sound mind, hereby declare this to be my last will and testament, and I hereby revoke all other wills."

"I leave to my husband, Doctor James Manson Townsend, the entire balance which stands to my credit in the local branch of the Bank of Montreal. I also leave to my husband, One Hundred Shares of Stock in the

Glenlogan Gypsum Mine, and Canadian Government Bonds to the value of Two Thousand Dollars. This will reimburse him in full for all the money which he has from time to time given me to bank in my name, which money was not understood between us to be a gift outright, and is consequently not at my disposal in equity.

"To my dear son, Charters Darrach, I bequeath the rest of my estate real and personal, including the residence known in Glenlogan as Calamity House, which said residence is situated on Lots 1 to 32, in Block 12, Parish Lot 39, registered as Plan 17, being on the Eastern boundary of Cemetery Lane, in the town of Glenlogan, in the Province of British Columbia. Including also One Thousand Shares of stock in the Lone Star Mine."

"I hereby appoint my husband sole guardian of my dear son until he comes of age, when he is to have full control of his property and affairs."

"Should my son die before reaching his majority, the whole estate is to go to my husband, Doctor James Manson Townsend."

"Witness my hand, this second day of July in the year Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-four,

"MARGARET CHARTERS TOWNSEND."

The doctor finished reading and laid down the will. He was trying to remember something.

"The Lone Star," he said presently. "Isn't that the place where they made the lucky strike last week?"

"Yes! It's a peculiar thing, but I had just dashed off a telegram to mother congratulating her on being a rich woman, and when the boy entered with your message I thought it was in answer to my call. Has it ever struck you how skimpy life is with all of us?"

"Skimpy?"

"Yes, like this, for instance. We both know how poor mother loved money, and we both know the wretched little economies she practised. Economies which never got her anywhere, but which took a lot of happiness out of life for all of us."

The doctor, endeavoring not to show that the conversation irked him, rose.

"Well, Charters!" he said, "the fact that you will be a rich man, a very rich man, while I shall never be other than a poor general practitioner in a rotten little hole like Glenlogan has rather bowled me over. The gypsum mine hasn't paid a dividend, to my knowledge, in the last ten years. What did she want to soak my good money into it for? Who the devil wants gypsum, anyway? It makes cabbages grow big or something. But gold! We all know something about gold, and saint or sinner we all want it, and want it badly. And my money bought the Lone Star shares just as it bought the shares in the gypsum mine. And I'll say I worked hard for it. Turning out in all weathers, risking my neck on mountain trails to bring half-breed brats into the world. Pulling drunken

loggers through the d.t.'s. I'll say I worked for it. Oh! I know what you're going to say. I know she saved it out of her housekeeping allowance, and out of her rent for this house where the devils from hell walk nightly. I don't begrudge her that. But what right had she to sink the money she insisted on banking for me in a worthless mine. If you plastered the country with gypsum it still wouldn't pay a dividend, for the profit is all eaten up trucking the damned stuff down the mountain to the railway station."

"I suppose she did it for the best," stammered the son.

"I suppose she did," agreed the doctor peevishly. "The things she did for the best usually turned out the worst. I'm sorry, Charters, I shouldn't have said that."

He put out a hand, short and broad, with the thumbs curiously clubbed.

"Let's call it a day, son. We're both of us tired. Tomorrow we can talk over our plans, and if you don't want to go back to the university God knows that I'll be glad enough to have you here."

"Thank you, sir!" said the boy gratefully, and noticed that the hand of the other burned into his palm.

THE Glenlogan General Hospital was a well-managed institution, heavily endowed by a rancher who had married a squaw and considered his half-breed children better off without money.

In a private ward, Clarke Helmer, propped up on pillows and looking remarkably fit, put out a tentative hand to the bell and withdrew it suddenly without ringing. He wanted to see the nurse but he couldn't drink any more water. He couldn't eat any more gruel either, and it seemed too trivial to ask to have the shade raised or lowered. If the sun had been shining he would have taken a chance, but Iron Mountain was between him and the sun, and this introduced the element of time. It was four o'clock, and at five the day nurse had her evening meal. At seven she went off duty and the night nurse came on. He wasn't interested in the night nurse. Miss Marion Crofts' month of night duty had terminated on September thirtieth. This was the second day of October.

With a resolute air he laid his hand on the bell, only to withdraw it guiltily as the door opened.

"Do you feel well enough to see a visitor?" inquired the nurse professionally.

The young man looked at her as though he expected to read his condition in her chaming face.

"I don't know," he replied dubiously. "Perhaps you'd better keep me under observation for a minute or two. I imagine I have a temperature."

"What makes you think that?"

"Oh! Lots of things."

"You were normal this morning," producing her thermometer.

"So the night nurse said." His manner conveyed the impression that he hadn't entirely trusted night nurses of late. "As a matter of fact, I'm not nearly so strong as I look. I thought this afternoon I was taking measles."

"If you take anything infectious we can't keep you here." There was a hint of malice in the girl's violet eyes.

"Maybe it's only nerves," countered the patient promptly. "There's a certain strain attached to hanging."

"Are you going to see Major Kettlewell," asked the nurse severely, "or are you going to make feeble jokes?"

"Is it Kettlewell? I'm sorry. I wouldn't have kept him waiting. Will you show him up please?"

[To be continued next month]



"The Only Way"

THERE is only one real way to test a pipe tobacco. Smoke it!

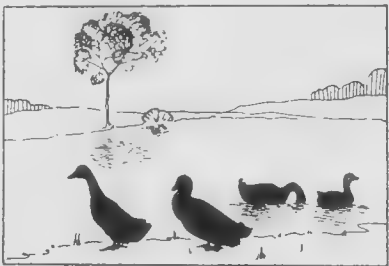
That's how we would like you to test OGDEN'S CUT PLUG. Choose your favourite pipe . . . pack it well with OGDEN'S, then settle back in your armchair and luxuriate in the contentment a really good tobacco brings.

Notice how evenly, how slowly it smokes, down to the last fragrant shred; how its coarse, generous cut prevents clogging. Notice too, how mellow it is, without a trace of bite . . . the result of ageing and careful blending. And when you have finished this test . . . just see if you can resist another bowl-full!

OGDEN'S CUT PLUG is packed in half-pound vacuum tins in order that it shall reach you as fresh and full-flavoured as when it left the factory. Try it. You will find it to be the most economical pipe tobacco you can buy.

OGDEN'S CUT PLUG

If you "roll your own," use
Ogden's fine cut
cigarette tobacco





Democracy in Action

THE continent-wide hurly-burly of the presidential election campaign in the United States is now midway in its course. Every fourth year we Canadians, as if we were standing on the sidelines at a football match, can watch the stirring spectacle of democracy thus being put to the test in the great country to the south of us. In like manner, our neighbors to the south can watch us when we are passing through the turmoil of a Dominion general election campaign. In an article in the Political Quarterly not long ago, Rt. Hon. Lord Passmore says, "that often in election campaigns in the old world as in the new slogans have been used which their proclaimers have desired greatly a few years later to have forgotten." Lord Passmore made a list of such slogans, including the two promises made in the general election campaign in Great Britain in December, 1918, namely, to "hang the Kaiser" and to "make Germany pay the whole costs of the War on both sides." Most countries have had experience of politicians who in election campaigns have acted in the belief that, as the English statesman and historian Rt. Hon. W. E. H. Lecky wrote of war, "no matter how noble the purpose, if you are going to win, hideous methods must not only be accepted and condoned, but stimulated and encouraged and applauded." Everybody who knows anything about politics knows that there have been such politicians. But that does not alter the fact that the self-governing nations of the world must work out their own salvation by political action, that is to say, by their citizens, men and women, doing their duty in regard to politics all the time.

The Three Perils to the Public

UNREASONING political partisanship is a great evil. It is a great danger of democracy. The Philosopher would not say it is the greatest. As a matter of fact, there is less of unreasoning partisanship in this country than there used to be. There are, in The Philosopher's opinion, three chief hindrances to good citizenship. They are indolence, self-interest and unreasoning partisanship. Of these three, indolence is the most general and it is the worst. Indolence, which means lack of vigilant and intelligent and public-spirited interest in public affairs, is the most harmful of the three to the public good, because it can be made by self-interested politicians to serve their evil purposes. The most noxious of the three is self-interest, or, to give it another name, love of money, because it perverts individual honesty and makes use of party feeling, perverting it from being loyalty to certain principles and ideals into being partisanship of the unreasoning kind.

Progress and Human Values

WHAT is progress? The only true measure of human progress is in human values. Progress is the advance made slowly against hindrances and obstacles by accumulated human effort, successful here, unsuccessful there, sometimes baffled because it is misdirected, sometimes driven astray, sometimes turned back, but always persisting and

always, on the whole and in the main, getting forward. That advancement towards the betterment of human life cannot be truly measured by material values, important as material things are to true progress. Under and beneath all the marvels of modern material developments—railways, steamships, land telegraphs, ocean cables, telephones, wireless transmission, automobiles, airplanes and a thousand and one other miracles—the main web of human life is permanent. The joy of an Egyptian peasant child of the time of Moses in a clay doll was the same as that of an infant princess in King Pharaoh's palace in a jewelled doll, the same as that of an Indian papoose with a buckskin doll in a wigwam standing five hundred years ago where the corner of Main Street and Portage Avenue is in Winnipeg today, the same as that of a child today, in a cottage or in a palace, in an infinitely better doll—and her grief as great on its being taken away from her. All the joys and other emotions which make up the stuff of which daily life consists, all the experiences which we human pilgrims between birth and death go through—hunger and thirst, love and grief and the facing of death—are the same today as they were thousands of years ago. And so the real human values are based on the things which all we humans share.

Nobody Can Know It All

THE beginning of a new year in the whole system of public education, the trooping of thousands of boys and girls to the schools, has caused The Philosopher to do some thinking about education. An insatiable appetite for knowledge is a normal heritage of every human being. The great and exceptional human beings retain their intellectual curiosity as life carries them on through childhood and youth into maturity. Most of us, as children, are rebuked or discouraged by explanations that do not explain, and so our eagerness to know soon becomes blunted and our eyes blinded to the mystery of the world. Too often the process known as "education" adds to that blunting and blinding. It sometimes creates the false belief that it is possible to know all about anything. Real education never stops while we are still alive. Mental growth stops when intellectual curiosity ceases.

Childhood's Magic

CHILDREN, thank Heaven, are not philosophers. If, instead of being happily simple-minded beings, they were capable of philosophizing about life and its problems, what wisdom might not we grown-ups learn from childish lips about the happiness that can be got out of "make believe" and imagined toys, and what food for thought in regard to some of the things about which we are so greatly concerned, but which cannot truly be said to be more real than toys or more substantial than shadows! Children can play happily with imagination-made toys, creating for themselves their own "pretending" world, into which we who have left our childhood far behind us cannot enter, because we have lost the magic of childish imagination.

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THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

WINNIPEG Bannatyne and Dagmar MANITOBA

The subscription price of The Western Home Monthly to any address in Canada, the British Isles, or in the United States is:
\$1.00 FOR ONE YEAR \$2.00 FOR THREE YEARS
ELSEWHERE THE RATE IS \$1.50 A YEAR

Is your information up-to-date on Canada's magazines?

IF YOU are under the impression that Canada has any lack in the way of important magazines, or if your knowledge of the advertising situation is based on conditions of a few years ago—

Then it is time to bring your information up to date.

The fact is that, editorially, typographically, in circulation and in influence, the leading magazines of Canada compare favorably with those of any country in the world.

They have won their way in competition with magazines coming into Canada from both the United States and Great Britain. They are rapidly displacing the best of "foreign" magazines because their enterprise and high character appeal to Canada's pride in things that are purely Canadian.

With their enhanced prestige and influence, Canada's magazines have become the national media to an extent not surpassed by the

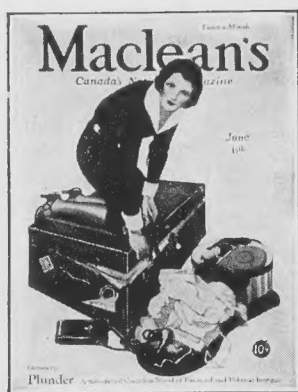
strongest groups of magazines in any other country.

With a net paid circulation totalling more than 780,000 copies each issue, the five magazines listed on this page now provide a coverage of better than every second urban home from coast to coast. Their circulation is more than two and one-half times what it was ten years ago. Their prestige and influence has been enhanced accordingly.

The use of these magazines is now giving scores of advertisers national publicity of a character and value which cannot be equalled through any other form of advertising at anywhere near the same low cost.

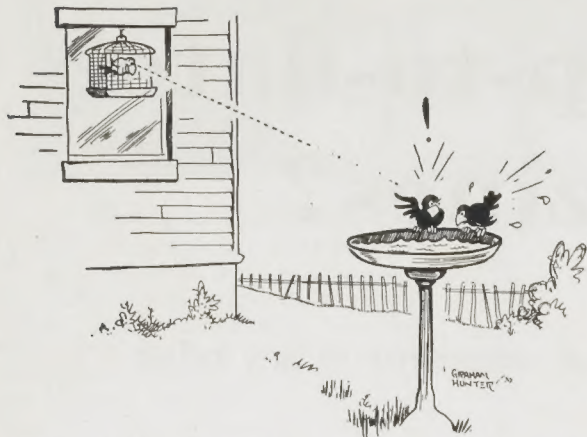
Much convincing data is available concerning the economies, results and other advantages of magazine advertising in this country. Your enquiry will be promptly met by any of the magazines listed below or by the office of the Magazine Publishers' Association.

In Canada the trend in advertising is toward the magazines



THESE FIVE MAGAZINES ARE OF UNIFORM PAGE SIZE; ALL ARE ABC AUDITED; AND ALL ARE MEMBERS OF THE MAGAZINE PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION OF CANADA, 204 RICHMOND ST. W., TORONTO

WHAT *the* WORLD is SAYING



"There just *ISN'T* any privacy around here any more, Emma!"

Except The Kind Got From Signing Notes
Eventually all education will be free.—Vancouver Province.

Even Though The Motor Knocks
Auto owners always boost their own machines.—Ottawa Journal.

In This They're Like Radio Listeners
The Russians are hoping that the first ten years of their Five Year Plan may be looked back on as the worst. They are suffering much, and hoping to get something better later on.—Quebec Evenement.

He Might Be Made An Honorary Aberdonian
A Frenchman has succeeded in writing 3,000 words on a postcard.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

Or Any Political Candidate, Either
It isn't probable that any radio announcer is really as genial as he sounds.—Windsor Border Cities Star.

How Would You Call That A Good Deed?
Sir Harry Lauder suggests that every Boy Scout should learn the bagpipes.—Toronto Globe.

Perhaps The Glass Wasn't Quite Fresh
In Rangoon an Indian mystic died after eating broken glass, it is reported.—London Daily Express.

Thus It Is That So Few Are Contented
A wise person needs little to be happy, but nothing satisfies a foolish person.—Victoria Colonist.

How About Making An Evening Dress?
You cannot do much in this world without backing.—Port Arthur News-Chronicle.

And Often Both The Arguers Are Wrong
There is a right side to every argument, and there is a wrong side.—Neepawa Press.

No Doubt He Finished Yards Ahead
A Montreal citizen has just won a spaghetti-eating contest.—Quebec Telegraph.

Ain't Nature Grand!
Loud peals of thunder stopped a joint debate at McConnell, Man., on June 1.—Winnipeg Evening Tribune.

As A Bawl-kin Representative
A man in Memphis has twenty-one children. He should be given a seat in the League of Nations.—Duluth Herald.

A New Mental Standard Might Help, Too
Sir Arthur Salter, for ten years Director of the Economic and Finance Section of the League of Nations, suggests that there should be a new metal standard for the world's currency.—Winnipeg Free Press.

Now He'd Need A Red Tail-light, Too
Diogenes was the ancient Greek who went around in a tub with a lantern, looking for an honest man.—The Pas Herald.

Or Going Around A Corner Too Fast In An Ox-cart
Another difference between the pioneer era and the present is that the Selkirk settlers were not speed crazy. Not one of them was ever injured by trying to rush across a level crossing in front of an express train.—Brandon Sun.

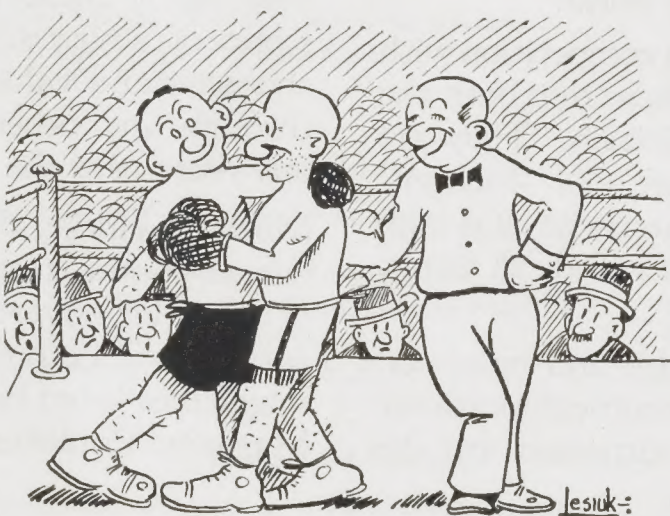
That's The Way We Always Pronounce It
There still seems to be some difference of opinion about the correct pronunciation of "gladiolus."—Montreal Gazette.

Prison Methods Are More And More Humane
"Crooning" is tuned off on the radio receiving sets allowed in the Sing Sing penitentiary.—Review of Criminology.

And What A Saving Those Street Pyjamas Are!
The idea that the modern girl is extravagant is all wrong. Quite a few are going without silk stockings this summer.—Toronto Star.

He Would Only Have Been Rich
Adversity has made many a great man, who without it would not have achieved true success.—Calgary Herald.

But She So Seldom Reaches That Age!
A famous stage and film beauty says that a beautiful woman should be at her loveliest at forty.—Ottawa Citizen.



"May I have the next dance?"

If They Are Not Completely Forgotten
How valuable to the world the lessons it has been learning so painfully will be ten years from now!—Edmonton Journal.

Their Husbands Often Get A Whistful Look
A characteristic look which inveterate women bridge players often get is spoken of as "the bridge stare."—Niagara Falls Review.

The Latter Gets Blended With The Scene
One difference between the chameleon and the pedestrian is that the former blends with the scene voluntarily.—Minneapolis Journal.

Trying To "Make Up" For Lost Time
A Chicago beauty specialist says that women over forty use more cosmetics than their younger sisters.—Saskatoon Star-Phoenix.

Ye Ed In A Hypercritical Mood
Sometimes we think that the population of large parts of this country is too dense—just north of the ears.—Fargo Tribune.

It Doesn't Build Up The Trunks Any, Either
"Tossing trunks around keeps down your weight," says a retired baggageman in an interview in a Montreal paper.—Brockville Recorder-Times.

It Is Still Found In Many Post Offices
This is the centenary of the invention of the steel pen, before which goose quills were used. A man died not many years ago in London whose grandfather made the first steel pen.—Manchester Guardian.

Looking Backward From The Future

We can tell our grandchildren that they are lucky not to live in 1931, when folks had to drive the same car two years.—Hamilton Spectator.

A Parting Shot, So To Speak

In New York the other day a gangster's bullet is reported to have passed through a gent's hair without hurting him.—St. Thomas Times-Journal.

Poor Shooting By Politicians

Two public men in Poland have fought a duel, in which neither was hurt. That is the only type of duel we would approve of.—Halifax Mail.

Educational Value Of The Radio

Our youngest has learned that it is bedtime when the "ping" sounds at the end of the Rube Spinach bedtime hour.—Chilliwack Progress.

Without Noticing The Difference?

In the Yale Institute of Human Relationships several months have been devoted to study of the behavior of chimpanzees.—Toronto Mail and Empire.

To Produce A Coolness

Experimenters are testing devices for cooling the atmosphere in dwelling houses. Have they tried the arrival of a number of relatives along about dinner time, with nothing much in the house to eat?—Chatham News.

Often The Target Has Had To Be Buried

This is a country in which many a woman with a true aim has made her mark.—Priscilla Patton in Chicago News.

And That, If In Time, It May Save Nine

It wouldn't do any harm to learn that a patch isn't always affixed by vulcanizing.—Owen Sound Sun-Times.

This, Perhaps, Proves Something Or Other

Statistics show that out of 3,714 convicts in the Dominion Penitentiaries, 504 admitted having been drunkards and 872 declared they had always been total abstainers.—Brantford Expositor.

Maybe He Meant To Start A Drug Store

The police arrested a man in Calgary and are bewildered at the variety of articles found in his possession, including stolen plumbing and masonry tools, surgical instruments, automobile parts, two cameras and a quantity of spoons, knives and forks.—Moose Jaw Times-Herald.

Who Said That Romance Is Dead?

A New York girl is reported by a friend as being so much in love with the young man she is going to marry that for his sake she has given up smoking, drinking and swearing.—Buffalo Express.

You Never See An Incubator Leave The Nest

Whatever else may be said about them, modern mass methods of production are unquestionably the most efficient in many cases.—Moncton Transcript.

Why Didn't He Put It On The Stove?

The latest biographer of Thomas Carlyle relates that the crusty philosopher always rose in the morning earlier than his wife and put the kettle on himself.—Glasgow Herald.



Irate Householder: "So you won't talk, eh!!"

CHARM!

Happy companionships, enchanting
seaside surroundings, and Winchester
cigarettes have an incomparable
charm for all who appreciate the
really worth-while things of life.



THERE *is*
SOMETHING IN
knowing how
TO MAKE
CIGARETTES



d'un Mélange Parfait

Winchester
CIGARETTES

Blended Right!

FOR A

Fresh Start

and a Quick Getaway

in School or Work

Parker's Famous Duofold Pen
that writes with "Pressureless Touch"

Matched to perfection by the Parker Duofold Pencil



New, Quick-Starting Ink Keeps Pens from Clogging

A new discovery in ink-making, called Parker Quink. Dries on paper 31% faster than other inks . . . yet DOES NOT DRY on the point.

Contains a secret solvent which dissolves the sediment left in pens by other inks. This ends pen clogging. Quink cleans your pen as it writes. Get Quink today and your pen will work like a charm.

A Gift that 9 People in 10 would rather have

NOTHING could help more towards a fresh start in school or business this Fall than an efficient, pressureless writing Parker Duofold—the aristocrat among pens. This handsome streamlined beauty, with its velvety-smooth, instantly responsive point, its smart streamlined shape and its greater ink capacity, is the reigning favourite in offices, homes and schools in every part of Canada.

And justly so—because none other combines such efficiency and grace with such a wide choice of attractive jewel-like colours—Sea Green and Black, Black and Pearl, Green and Pearl, Burgundy and Black, Jade, Lapis Lazuli Blue, Chinese Lacquer Red or Conventional Jet. None other has Parker's double usefulness and value in convertibility from pocket to desk set use at will. None other sets so low and unobtrusively in pocket or handbag.

It is the Parker Duofold that has brought Paris, London and Berlin to the new world for their pen styles. Yet these same streamlined Parkers, with the same radiant non-breakable Permanite barrels and the same delightfully smooth points that write with Pressureless Touch, are made here in Canada. You can buy them *right in your home city*.

Go to the nearest pen counter and ask to see them.

THE PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN CO. LIMITED
TORONTO - - - ONTARIO

Parker Duofold

\$5 ▲ \$7 ▲ \$10

Pencils to Match \$2.50 to \$5

100% BRITISH—MADE IN CANADA



Pictured...Parker's smart Burgundy and Black—Junior and Senior models, also Lady's size \$5 and \$7; Pencils to match, \$2.50 to \$4.25.